The Bodley Books

THE ENGLISH BODLEY FAMILY

AND

THE VIKING BODLEYS

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THE BODLEY BOOKS.

As originally published, this series of books consisted of eight volumes which appeared year by year between 1875 and 1884. Each was independent of the other and could be read by itself, but the same characters were introduced, and there was a gradual growth of the children who make up the younger members of the Bodley Family. After the fifth volume appeared there was a break in the time of the story : the young Bodleys were supposed to be men and women and to have children of their own, and to travel with them in Europe. It is now found convenient to reissue the eight books in four double volumes. The series in this shape is as follows : —

I.

Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country. — This contains some of the doings of Nathan, Philippa, and Lucy Bodley, their father and mother, the hired man Martin, and Nathan's Cousin Ned, upon their removal from Boston to Roxbury. It introduces, also, Nathan's pig, the dog Neptune, Lucy's kitten, Lucy's doll, Mr. Bottom the horse, chickens, mice ; it has stories told to the children by their parents, by Martin, and by each other. Martin's brother Hen is referred to occasionally.

The Bodleys Telling Stories. — In this book Nathan's cousin, Ned Adams, a young collegian, is shown as much of the time living with his cousins, and Nurse Young becomes a part of the family. The children are entertained with a good many stories, especially from American history ; they have a Mother Goose party, and go on a journey to Cape Cod. Hen remains in the background.

II.

The Bodleys on Wheels. — The family enter a carryall and drive, accompanied by Ned on horseback, along the coast of Massachusetts Bay from Boston to Gloucester, and thence, through Ipswich and Rowley, to Newburyport, and so home again. Their drive leads them through historic places and by spots made famous in poetry and legend. On their arrival home they find Martin's brother Hen in the barn, just back from a long voyage.

The Bodleys Afoot. — Hen entertains the children with yarns, and, Ned Adams suddenly appearing, it is proposed that he and Nathan should take a walk to New York. They set out by Dedham and the old road to Hartford, through Pomfret ; but at Hartford, where they stay a few days with some old relatives, they are joined by Mrs. Bodley, Phippy, and Lucy, who go down the Connecticut River with them to Saybrook, and then go back to Boston, leaving the boys to continue their walk to New York. They are stopped, however, at New Haven, by a dispatch from Mr. Bodley, which brings them back at once by rail.

III.

Mr. Bodley Abroad. — The reason of the dispatch is that Mr. Bodley is unexpectedly called to Europe, and in this final volume of the first series he goes abroad, while the rest of the family go for a fortnight to Cape Cod, and then return to Roxbury. Mr. Bodley does

not return till Thanksgiving time, but he writes letters home, and, after he returns, tells stories of Europe. The children, besides, have their own journeys and adventures, so that Europe and America appear in equal proportions. Mrs. Bodley, who stays at home, has been to Europe before, and thus is able to enlarge on what Mr. Bodley writes home ; and Hen, who has gone off on a voyage, stumbles upon Mr. Bodley abroad, and comes back before him with fresh yarns.

The time of the preceding stories is about 1848–1852. About thirty years is now supposed to elapse. Nathan and Phippy Bodley, having married a sister and brother, are the heads of families themselves, and a new career opens in

The Bodley Grandchildren and their Journey in Holland. — In this volume the two families, with the grandchildren, start from New York, after first making themselves acquainted with the doings of their Dutch ancestors there in the days of New Amsterdam, and spend several weeks in Holland, seeing sights, taking an object lesson in history, and especially *making the connection between American history and Dutch history*. They are Americans visiting Europe not merely for the pleasure of travel, but for the purpose of tracing back the footprints of their ancestors.

IV.

The English Bodley Family. — After a summer spent in Holland, the grandchildren and their parents go to England with their appetite whetted for new feasts in historic fields. By a singular chance they fall in with an English family bearing the name of Bodley. Their long-lost ancestors have been found, and the descendants of these ancestors, though very distant cousins, prove to be hospitable and friendly. The autumn is spent in historic pilgrimages, and the connection between English and American life, as discovered by youngsters of both nations, gives an international character to the story.

The time is the summer and autumn of 1881.

The Viking Bodleys. — The family party, with the exception of their Cousin Ned, after a winter spent in Italy, return to England and cross the North Sea to Christiania. They go as far north in Norway as anybody can go, and then return after having done their best to discover their Viking ancestors among the fjords of Norway. From Christiania they go to Copenhagen, visit the haunts of Andersen and enjoy Denmark. They have now, after seeing Scandinavia, got at the earliest European life which was connected with America, and they return home, never again to set forth on their rambling journeys. This is the last of the Bodleys.

The time is the summer of 1882.

A PEEP AT ST. PAUL'S.

The Bodley Books

IV.

THE ENGLISH BODLEY FAMILY
AND THE VIKING BODLEYS

BY

HORACE E. SCUDDER

ABUNDANTLY ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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THE ENGLISH BODLEY FAMILY.

CONTENTS OF THE ENGLISH BODLEY FAMILY.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	AN OLD FRIEND	9
II.	A CURIOUS ENCOUNTER	29
III.	OLD AND NEW ENGLAND	43
IV.	A RAINY DAY	62
V.	A COUNTRY WALK	86
VI.	ROUNDHEAD AND CAVALIER	95
VII.	A PILGRIMAGE	117
VIII.	A GROUP OF WORTHIES	129
IX.	LONDON TOWN	147
X.	A LITTLE CHURCH	178
XI.	A LOOK THROUGH WINDOWS	189

THE ENGLISH BODLEY FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD FRIEND.

On the last day of August, 1881, a party of Americans left Rotterdam, in Holland, by the steamer which sailed for Harwich, in England, and at five o'clock in the morning of Thursday, September first, this party landed at Harwich in a sleepy condition, and took the Great Eastern Railway direct for London, which they reached in a little less than two hours. It was not the first time that Americans had landed in England, and so there was no great to-do made over them, either in Harwich or at the Liverpool Street station in London, where they left the railway train. It was only when they left their cabs at Albany Street, in the West End, that these sleepy Americans really seemed to wake, and it happened in this wise.

The house at which they stopped was Mrs. Godolphin's Family Hotel, although to the naked eye it could not be distinguished from a boarding-house; here they had secured quarters while they were to stay in London, and the door was opened by a neat looking maid in a cap, who appeared to have sat up all night waiting for them, for she was the only person to be seen up and down the street. Houses and people all seemed fast asleep. The maid was very silent, as

if she were afraid of waking some one in the house, and the whole party went through the doorway almost on tiptoes. They went in this order.

First came a gentleman somewhat over forty years of age, bearing a handbag with the initials N. B., which was as much as to say, "Take notice, this is Nathan Bodley;" directly behind him walked a boy who looked as much like Nathan Bodley as a telescope shut up looks like a telescope open, and so it was very clear that the boy was son of the man; if one only happened to know that Nathan Bodley's father was named Charles, he would understand in a moment why Nathan's son was also named Charles. Charles he was, — Charles Bodley.

Behind Charles Bodley was a girl of exactly the same age. If they had been brother and sister they would have been twins; as it was, they sometimes went in the family by the name of the twin cousins. Charles Bodley turned to the girl as they all went stealthily up the steps, and whispered hoarsely: "Sarah, if it was a little darker I should think I was a burglar."

"We 're not guilty of flat burglary," said she, "for this house is not let out so."

"It could n't be flatter than that joke," he replied. The conversation was not worth repeating, except for the information it gives that the girl's name was Sarah. She took her name from her grandmother, Madam Sarah Bodley; and since she was Charles Bodley's cousin, and Charles's father had no brothers, it follows that her name was not Bodley but that of her mother's husband. Philippa Bodley had married Philip Van Wyck, and thus Sarah was Sarah Van Wyck. Behind Sarah came her father and mother, and last of all was Nathan Bodley's wife, careful Mrs. Blandina Bodley, who always

was the last, because she stayed behind to rummage the carriage and see if any bags or parcels had been left.

Thus they all passed into the narrow hall which led from the doorway, and stood huddled together for a moment in front of the hat-tree, and the collection of railway schedules which hung from the wall. At this moment Charles Bodley discovered a straw hat, a broad Panama, hanging upon one of the limbs of the hat-tree.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "Is this a hat which I see before me, the rim toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee! Where is the head that belongs to this hat? I should know the hat anywhere."

"Is n't that just like Ned!" said Mrs. Van Wyck, looking at the hat. "Nathan, Ned is here, and has hung his hat up as calmly in the public hall as if he were in our house."

"It was to welcome you," came in a great whisper from the stairs above, and in another moment Professor Edward G. Adams, first cousin to the Bodleys and second cousin to their children, came skipping down the staircase. The maid looked on amused at a respectful distance as these Americans embraced each other.

"When did you get here, Ned?" asked Mr. Nathan Bodley.

"Last night, when you were tossing about on the North Sea."

"We did n't toss at all," said Sarah. "The North Sea is a slandered piece of water."

"I wish the Atlantic were," said Cousin Ned, with a sigh. "However I 'm over here now, and England may have another revolution before I venture out of sight of land again."

"Your rooms are ready, please," said the maid, and off they went to make ready for an early breakfast. Professor Adams had joined his cousins in England, after they had spent a summer in traveling, and meant to stay with them a month, for in spite of his cowardly

speech his passage was already taken for the steamer which was to leave Liverpool on the 29th of September. He had promised himself a jaunt in England with them, and for that month they were to go where he wanted to; afterward they might do what they pleased.

"You see," he said, as they were chatting at breakfast, "I'm a sort of antiquarian society all by myself. Our American scholars are digging up bones and saucepans in mounds in the West, and little copper gods and what not, and I've not much taste for uncivilized rubbish. I prefer the rubbish which belonged to my own family, and I've a mind to see if I can't dig up Sir Walter Raleigh, or Adam Winthrop, or some other pre-United States American. I shall need some aid, and I propose to take these children along with me. Now I have one sublime idea, it's the only original notion in archæology that I ever had, and it's so simple that I hardly dare mention it. But I must keep it shut away until next week at any rate. Come, where shall we begin our researches?"

"Do give us some notion of where you're going to drag us for a month, Ned," said Mr. Van Wyck. "I am reasonably trustful, but I should like to know where I am to have my letters sent from time to time."

"Be quite at ease, Philip. I don't mean to go much beyond the telegraph line in this wild country. I'll tell you in general my plan. I want to look up some of the beginnings of America in England. I'm getting ready to write my book on Earlier America, and I wish to see if I cannot find a few of the foot-prints of the first Americans here. They left the country between two and three hundred years ago, but they must have left some signs behind them."

"We saw some marks of a number nine shoe in Holland," said Charles Bodley.

"To be sure. Holland was one of the stepping-stones to America."

"And one of the jumping off places, too," said Sarah.

"The softest spot to jump from!" said Charles, with mock disdain. "However, I never again shall find fault with the Dutch for coming to New York. Poor people! no wonder they wanted to leave Holland."

"You know you did n't want to leave yourself," said his cousin. "The very last thing you said when we left was, 'We bid you an affectionate farewell.'"

"So I did. I was so glad" —

"Come, come, children! eat your breakfast and stop sparring," said Mr. Bodley. "Ned we 'll give you the children to-day if you want them. Philip and I want to go to Alexanders' to get our letters and some money."

"And Blandina and I want to go to Regent Circus to spend it," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Well, while your mothers go to the Circus," said Ned, "we 'll go to the Tower and see the lions."

"I suppose," said Charles, "that if we are to begin our historical researches in England, we might as well begin as far back as the Tower. But if that was a real circus that mother was going to, the Tower could wait. On the whole I 'm resigned to the Tower, though I know Sarah wants to go shopping. Own up, Sarah."

"I may look into a shop window on the way to the Tower," said she.

To the Tower then they went, and as it was not a free day they paid their shilling apiece, which was to admit them into special rooms and buildings.

"Who are these extraordinary-looking lunatics?" whispered Sarah to her cousin Ned, as they saw some substantial looking Englishmen in curious costume, with hats trimmed with bits of ribbon, who appeared to be on duty within the Tower.

"They are the warders of the Tower, and go by the name of beef-eaters."

The Tower of London in the time of James I.

"Is that their chief occupation?" asked Charles.

"They look well fed, but their name is a corruption of *buffetiers*: the Yeomen of the Guard in King Henry VIII.'s time were personal attendants of the sovereign, who stood near the royal sideboard or *buffet*. These fellows wear the dress which the yeomen wore then. Look hard at them, Sarah. They won't mind it, and if you shut your eyes to everything else, and especially don't look at yourself and Charles, why, you can fancy yourself living at the time when the

Cabots were hunting for America. John Cabot looked on just such people as our friends here."

Sarah and Charles did as their cousin told them, and looked so hard at the beef-eaters that one of them, a good-natured fellow, smiled and half nodded in return for the scrutiny he was undergoing. He was standing near by and now stepped forward and spoke to Mr. Adams.

"They never saw a beef-eater before, eh? You don't have them in America?"

Charles and Sarah looked at each other. "It's Cousin Ned's hat," whispered Charles.

"You guess quickly," said their cousin Ned. "This young lady is from Holland, and the young gentleman is from England."

"Indeed, I'd never have thought it."

"To be sure, they left some time ago, and they've been in America ever since."

"Oh, well now; that makes it plain."

"Yes, they left in the seventeenth century."

The beef-eater stared at this serious looking gentleman with spectacles, who stood so calmly under his Panama hat saying such nonsensical things.

"Oh, ah, yes, to be sure; quite so," he said at length. "So their ancestors went to America."

"I should n't wonder if you 'd had some of their ancestors here," said Cousin Ned, looking about him.

"Well, now," said the beef-eater, who was by no means a dull fellow, "was n't there a General Burgoyne who fought in your Revolution?"

"To be sure there was," said Charles promptly; "we beat him at Saratoga."

"I thought I 'd heard something of the kind once," said the beef-eater. "Americans have mentioned it before. Now I served under his son, Field Marshal, Sir John Fox Burgoyne. I was with him at Sebastopol. He was a fine man and a great soldier. I 'll show you where he 's buried."

"Was he buried here in the Tower?" asked Cousin Ned in surprise.

"To be sure, sir," said the beef-eater as he led the way. "He was Constable of the Tower, like the Duke of Wellington before him, and he 's buried beneath the altar at St. Peter's. There 's others lie there too. Two queens and two dukes, and many great and noble ones."

The beef-eater said this with great impressiveness, and as they came to the door of the church, he stopped them and pointed to a large oval of dark flints in the pavement.

"D' ye see that?" said he. "There 's many a drop of blood has wet the pavement here. This was the place where the private executions took place. Here fell Anne Boleyn, and Lady Jane Grey, and the Earl of Essex."

The children looked with awe on the spot, and carefully walked around it when they went into the little church. A drummer boy was there, looking about at the monuments; he had apparently come in from some pageant or funeral procession, and was so young and fresh that he made a strong contrast to the old warder, who was making his way to the chancel. The boy stood looking at a stone in the pavement, and the beef-eater stepped to his side.

"Ay, my lad, here 's the end of all service!" said he, as he pointed to Sir John Burgoyne's grave. "He was a fine man, sir," he went on to Cousin Ned and his party. "He was pretty deaf when he

THE BEEF-EATER AND THE DRUMMER BOY.

was an old man, but he was a cheerful old soul. I mind me of some lines he wrote.

"'You wish me a happy New Year, as a toast,
And a kindly good act it appears;
But when you perceive I 'm as deaf as a post,
You should wish me *two* happy new 'ears.' "

The beef-eater was so pleased with his company that he kept on with them in their rounds, and took them to see the celebrated places in the Tower, though there was no need of a guide, for everything was labeled, and there were guide-posts and signs in every direction. They saw the Traitor's Gate, and went into the quaint Norman chapel of St. John's. They visited the room where the crown jewels were kept, and looked through the show case, with its heavy iron bars, at the dazzling crowns, and maces, and salt-cellars, and cups, and garters, and all the other barbarous or beautiful jewelry which the English empire owns and exhibits for a sixpence. They walked through the armories, where were wooden knights in armor and all manner of curious and hideous weapons.

"It does n't seem to me that these knights were so very large," said Charles, as he stood before one of the dummies loaded down with iron mail.

"No," said Cousin Ned, "I have been looking at these gentlemen on foot and on horseback, and I don't think any one of them is larger than I am, certainly not larger than our good friend, the warder here."

"There were giants in those days," said the beef-eater, solemnly.

"Yes, so we always say, but we imagine them to have been big, because they lived so long ago and hacked away at each other so constantly. But if these figures are truthful, they were rather undersized."

"They must have been very uncomfortable," said Sarah. "I should think that when they fought they would merely have tumbled against each other like Punch and Judy."

"Each was as badly off as his neighbor," said her cousin Ned. "There is always just about as much power of resistance as of attack. When a heavier gun is invented, a heavier armor plate is made for a ship's side. Gunpowder, however, put an end finally to these iron suits of clothes. They were only useful against iron spears and swords."

They saw room after room decorated with guns and bayonets and swords and pistols, arranged with elaborate ingenuity in all manner of figures, but nothing could make these beautiful.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

"They are all cruel and horrid," said Sarah, with a shudder, as they came to an end of the glittering steel.

"Yes," said Cousin Ned, "and it 's an insult to art to arrange them in arches and columns and paneled ceilings. It is quite as juvenile as making houses out of tape and buttons, as the dry goods stores do in their windows."

Among their wanderings they came to a cell leading out from one of the rooms in the White Tower.

"Here," said the beef-eater, "Sir Walter Raleigh was confined."

"Ah," said Charles, "we 've found a real American at last."

"The walls are fourteen feet thick," said the beef-eater.

"'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent, and quiet, take
That for an hermitage,'"

said Cousin Ned; "but, Mr. Warder, critics tell us now that Sir Walter never lived in this little den. You must learn to generalize in your historical facts, and be content to say that Sir Walter Raleigh lived for fourteen years or more in the Tower, and his wife and two sons lived with him. It was here that he wrote his 'History of the World.'"

"Was it after he had come back from Virginia?" asked Charles.

"Raleigh never went to Virginia," said his cousin, "but he sent out expeditions, which met with miserable failure. None the less he was one of the great Englishmen who dreamed of an English empire in America, and his dream had a good deal to do with bringing that empire to pass."

"We don't know that we have stepped in his foot-print, then," said Sarah.

"No, but as we have walked pretty well about the Tower and its grounds, I think we must have crossed Sir Walter's tracks somewhere. At any rate, we've had our friend, the warder, to look at, and it was just such a jailer that Sir Walter had. I hope his jailer was as good-natured."

The beef-eater gave a grim smile.

"We don't shut up people here now," said he, "except an unruly soldier in the guard-house, but we shut up the Tower just the same."

"Do you go round and lock up every night, like a good housekeeper?" asked Ned; "and see that all the doors and windows are fastened?"

"Well, we do, sir," said the beef-eater. "Every night, just before the clock strikes eleven, sir, the head warder, in a long red cloak, with his big bunch of keys, comes along with another warder, who carries a lantern, and goes up to the main guard-house. Then he calls out 'Escort keys,' and out comes the sergeant of the guard with half a dozen men, and they follow them out to the outer gate. Every sentry they pass gives the challenge, 'Who goes there?' 'Keys,' says the warder, and they go on. Well, sir, they lock and bar every gate, and they come back in the same order, until at last they come to the main guard-house again. Then the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot, and asks, 'Who goes there?' 'Keys,' says the warder. 'Whose keys?' says the sentry. 'Queen Victoria's keys,' says the warder. 'Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well,' says the sentry. 'God bless Queen Victoria!' says the head warder, and the guard responds, 'Amen!' Then the officer on duty gives the word 'Present arms!' the guns rattle and the officer kisses the hilt of his sword. The escort fall in among the rest of the soldiers, and the head warder marches across the parade to deposit the keys in the lieutenant's lodgings. There 's a wicket open in the outer gate till twelve o'clock, but there 's no getting in or out after that."

"Dear me!" said Charles, "what a lot of ceremony; I suppose it 's just the same as Queen Victoria's going round England every night and locking up. Do you do it every night?"

"Every single night," said the beef-eater. "They say there 's not been a riot in London from Jack Cade down to the Chartist riot in '48, but the leaders were planning to seize the Tower."

"I suppose they wanted to help themselves to the arms," said Charles.

LOCKING UP THE TOWER.

"And the sleeve-buttons and other trinkets," added Sarah.

"Well, we shall sleep easily to night," said Cousin Ned, "when we know that the Tower is well locked up. Shall you be on duty to-night?" he asked the beef-eater.

"Ay sir, I shall be in the guard."

"We 're ever so much obliged to you for going round with us, and as you 'll have to be up so late, I think you 'll need a bit of comfort," and Ned shook hands warmly with him, and left something in his palm. The warder took off his hat with its blue and yellow ribbons as the three nodded good-by to him and passed out of the gateway.

"What a sensation there must have been in London," said Charles, "when people came back with news about America, in Sir Walter Raleigh's time."

"Yes, indeed," said his cousin. "People did not travel then as they do now, and there were no newspapers to tell every day what was happening all over the world the day before. It is hard for us to realize the prodigious impression which the stories of the new world made upon men then. It must have seemed as if anything might happen. The gentlemen who came back from Virginia went to court and told their stories, and the sailors told theirs in the inns, and I fancy that most of the stories were stretched in the telling."

"It would have been more strange," said Sarah, "if the Americans of those days had come to England."

"Some of them did. You remember that Pocahontas did, for one, and there used to be signs at inns in London which bore the figure of the Indian Queen, as she was called. People were very curious to see her, and watched for her when she came upon the streets, very much as a Japanese or Chinese was stared at a few years ago with

us. She came with her English husband, Rolfe, and several other Indians were with them. They came over partly to be educated, but Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, sent one of them, it is said, to find out all about England. The story goes that he began to cut notches in a stick, to count up the people whom he saw, but gave it up as a hopeless affair. The English called the Indian chief by fine names. Old Powhatan was an emperor, they said, and they made a great fuss over him. You know they even sent him out a crown to wear. They took all their notion of Indians in America, from China and India, and it is very hard for the English to get ideas out of their heads after they are once in. Pocahontas was presented at court, and King James shook his head a little at one of his subjects marrying into a royal family. They made something of the same kind of fuss here over Queen Emma, of the Hawaiian Islands, a few years ago. There 's a wonderful amount of glory about the name of king or queen to an Englishman. However, Pocahontas appears to have been a very sensible sort of girl. Poor thing! she pined away in England, and died before she could get back to Virginia. She was buried in a church at Gravesend, but the church was long ago burned."

Pocahontas.

"We seem to have begun near the beginning, Cousin Ned, in our historical researches," said Charles. "Virginia was the first English colony."

"We ought to have gone to Spain," said Sarah.

"Or to Norway, to find a Viking ship," said Cousin Ned.

"Oh, we're going to Norway next summer. I suppose we shall be at the head-waters of American history then."

Pocahontas at Court.

"There is more than one point from which we might start," said his cousin, "in studying American history; but wherever we begin, we should find it possible to go a little farther back. The beginning of Christianity would not be too far back to go."

"That's the trouble with history," said Sarah, with a sigh. "You never can get at the beginning of it."

"It's like a person," said Charles, philosophically. "If you give his biography, you have to tell who his father and mother were, and it's only a matter of convenience to stop there."

"Very true, and so if we were studying the English settlement in America, we might keep going back and back to explain what sort of Englishmen they were who went to America, and why they went."

"They were pushed off," said Charles, sententiously. His cousin laughed.

"They were both pushed and pulled, Charles. When Englishmen began to flock to America, it was not only because England sometimes wanted to get rid of them; to get rid of the Puritans or to get rid of the beggars and homeless people, but because there was a great attraction in a new land. All sorts of wonderful things might be there, and especially there would be room there for those who were crowded at home, and there might be riches for the poor. It is just so to-day. Multitudes are leaving Europe for America, partly because they have a hard time in Europe, and partly because their friends in America, who have gone before, invite them by the messages they send over."

"What crowds we have seen marching up Broadway with bundles on their heads and in their hands," said Sarah.

"Yes, from Walter Raleigh's time down, England and a good part of Europe have been moving over, bringing their bundles with them; but, after all, the best and most important things they have brought have not been in their bundles, for they have brought over institutions, and laws, and beliefs, and manners, and customs."

"We 've some institutions of our own," said Charles, stoutly.

"So we have, and a great deal of the best there is in America has grown up out of the life people have led there; but it never must be forgotten that our freedom and government and civilization generally have been built upon the ideas that Englishmen brought over with them. We are a continuation of old England."

"And Holland," added Sarah.

"To be sure, and of the old world in general. There 's no such thing as a brand new nation, made out of new people. We say that the United States was born on the Fourth of July, 1776; but that 's only a convenient way of saying that on that day the nation, which had been growing ever since the earliest colonies were born here, had come of age. It was its Freedom 'day,' as used to be said of boys when they were twenty-one years of age."

"Well," said Charles, cheerfully, "I 'm glad we 're not a colony of England still."

"It would be awkward," said his cousin. "I think it would make us feel like men in jackets and women in pinafores."

CHAPTER II.

A CURIOUS ENCOUNTER.

THIS party of Bodleys, Van Wycks, and Adams was in light marching order. They were such old travelers that they had reduced all their luggage to the smallest possible compass, and only needed a half hour at any time to make themselves ready for a journey to Nijni Novgorod or Afghanistan. The language in such cases would

be the only preparation not to be included in half an hour. So it caused no special commotion when Mr. Bodley proposed the next morning that they should go to Warwick for Sunday, stopping over night at Oxford, and giving that place parts of two half days. They left Mrs. Godolphin's Family Hotel shortly after noon, and whizzed away to Oxford in an express train, which took them the fifty-four miles in an hour and a quarter without stopping.

"I put up at the Mitre when I was here in '65," said Mr. Bodley, "but I think we 'll go to the Randolph this time. It is more like a college building than the Mitre, and I wish to feel as scholastic as possible."

"Yes," said Professor Adams, "this generation has felt the weight of the old Oxford architecture. It has thought about it and dreamt of it so much that when it has set about building a hotel or a shop here, it has been unable to get rid of the college idea. The Randolph now might be mistaken for a college building."

"It looks as much like a college," said Mrs. Phippy Van Wyck, "as the vergers in the cathedrals look like the dean and chapter. I could easily mistake the one for the other until my sixpence was wanted."

"Just so," said her brother. "Now when the Mitre was built, the country cottage appears to have been the model, and nobody thought of being ecclesiastical. But we have changed all that. Time was when the church and the kingdom and the nobleman had all the great buildings, now everybody wants to have his share of greatness."

The Randolph was as comfortable as it was stately. They put their few bags and belongings aside in their rooms and sallied out for a walk.

"We 'll only take the outside of the town to-day," said Professor Adams. "We will walk about this Jericho till we are tired and let the walls fall flat to-morrow."

"Somehow it seems very familiar," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Yes," said her husband. "It 's like London in that respect; we all feel at home in London as soon as we begin to walk about the streets. I suppose that what we know of London and Oxford is not merely what we have already seen, but the whole sum of our reading and imagination added to our sight. The sights are fresh, but they answer immediately to some intellectual knowledge we already have."

"Oh, here 's Maudlin College!" said Mrs. Bodley.

"Exactly," said her husband, surveying it, but refusing to give up his little speech. "Exactly. You had seen a picture of Maudlin, and had it already in your mind."

"But it does not look just as I had imagined it would."

"No; the imaginary object was a little out of line, and you are trying to adjust the focus."

"It is like a stereoscopic picture, Phil," said Mr. Nathan Bodley, "made up one half of a real, one half of an imaginary picture, and both together blend into one perfect pleasure."

"That 's nearly it, Nathan, though it 's a little mixed."

"I don't think I shall try to describe Oxford," said Mrs. Bodley with a sigh. "The charm is indefinable."

"No," said her husband, "if you were to empty a guide-book into your journal, you would still fail to convey the impression the place makes upon you."

"It 's the repetition in so many forms of the scholastic idea," said Mr. Van Wyck. "That is presented in stone and brick in the most

diverse fashion, but there is a unity in the midst of all this diversity. The arches, the walls, the inclosures, the towers, the bells, the windows, the sculpture, all these illustrate that combination of church and school and home which the university supposes."

"It's half monkish still," said Cousin Ned, "and how completely the university makes the town. I've no doubt there are some excellent people here who don't care a copper about the colleges; but then the world does not care a copper for them, and would not cross the ocean to see them."

"I suppose it is the lasting of the mind in stone through all these centuries that affects us," said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "I don't think the castles and forts, which represent force, impress us nearly as much as these college buildings, which represent mind."

The children had caught some of this conversation, but they had been perplexed by one word.

"That college was n't for crazy students, was it?" asked Charles of Sarah.

"Perhaps they put the drunken ones away there, when they are getting over their wickedness. Father, why Maudlin?"

"You must ask an Englishman, Sarah. He spells it Magdalen, but the English language here is one thing when it is spelled and another when it is pronounced."

"How foolish it would be to expect anything else," said Cousin Ned. "It is just as impossible to get all people to pronounce alike as to make them all mean the same thing when they use the same word. No two violins will produce exactly the same sound, and no two human beings will pronounce a word exactly alike."

"I think I can make myself understood when I pronounce the word dinner," said Sarah demurely, and they all laughed and agreed

that they were at this moment thinking of the same dinner, for they had been walking in and out of the streets and lanes, and were reasonably hungry, and ready to make their way by the nearest route to the Randolph.

In the same dining-room where they were seated there was another party of a gentleman and two children who were of the age apparently of Charles and Sarah, and, like them, were a boy and girl.

"Charles," whispered Sarah, "I don't want them to hear, but I really think that boy looks a little bit like you." Charles crooked his little finger to Sarah under the table.

"Hook on," he whispered. "I was just remarking that to myself of the girl. She certainly looks like you, Sarah. There 's no mirror in that direction, is there ? "

"Don't look so hard over there. It is rude. But I hope I shall not meet that boy in the dark and think it is you."

"No, he would not like his hair to be gently pulled, and then turn about and think for a moment it was that gentle sister of his."

The other family had been looking stealthily at our friends, but they had begun their dinner earlier and were the first to leave the room, so that Charles and Sarah could speak more freely, and they began at once to ask their parents eagerly if they had not noticed the likeness.

"They were like and they were different," said Sarah. "I can't explain it, but I feel as if I had seen them before."

"That 's always the way," said Cousin Ned. "I 've been perplexed ever since I came over with the likeness of English people to my friends in America. I have already met the shadows of half my intimate friends."

"Depend upon it," said Sarah, "they are English Bodleys. They

can't be Van Wycks, I suppose, so I'll abandon them to Charles. They're your cousins, Charles."

"By what remove?"

"Oh, by an Atlantic remove."

They did not see the English Bodleys, as they amused themselves with calling them, after dinner, nor again at breakfast the next morning.

"Where is the summer?" asked Charles, as he drew on a light overcoat. "Cousin Ned, we haven't had a hot day since we came over, so far as I remember, and it's really chilly this morning."

"Hot weather and ice are necessities in America, and luxuries over here," said Cousin Ned. "But come, let us make our procession and see if we can't effect an entrance through some breach into Jericho this morning."

"I know where I want to go," said the boy, as they went along. "I just want to see the Bodleian Library."

"That's a noble ambition," said his father, "and I really think it would not be showing respect to one of the great heads of our family if we did not visit his library."

"Nathan," said his sister, "don't you remember a visit we made once to Aunt Lucy in Newburyport, and how we found the grave of the Rev. John Boddily?"

"To be sure. That is the way, Aunt Lucy said, that some of the family spelled their name in England. I am very much pleased that a Bodley should actually have founded a library."

"Well," said Cousin Ned, "if all your adventures, Phippy, when you were a child, had been written out, and then the adventures of these grandchildren added, there would have been quite a Bodleian Library by this time."

"Let us be thankful they were not," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "I should be sorry to hear people talk about those tiresome Bodley books. Now this is something worth while," she added, for they had climbed the staircase of the library and stood within the hall.

"Your ancestor was a most excellent man," said Cousin Ned. "I don't know how much he had to do with arranging affairs so that Sarah here should be half Dutch, but he was the English minister to the Hague at one time."

"I have no doubt he talked with one of my Van Wyck ancestors," said Sarah, "and recommended him to go over to New Amsterdam."

"It would have been a remarkably forehanded recommendation, Sarah, for Sir Thomas Bodley founded this library in 1598, after he had returned from Holland, and he died in 1612."

"Very well, I abandon him at once," said Sarah. "I only let him sit at table with one of my ancestors to gratify Charles. But look, Charles, there are our English Bodleys, come to look up their librarian, or whatever he was." The gentleman and children whom they had seen the evening before were just passing out of the library and looked back with a half recognition at the Americans.

"I wish we could see a portrait of Sir Thomas Bodley," said Charles, "and see if these people look like him. I am confident they are his descendants."

"There is a portrait in the picture gallery," said Cousin Ned, and up stairs they went into the picture gallery, which was also a museum.

"Here is Guy Fawkes's lantern," exclaimed Sarah, "very solemnly certified to. See, it was given to the university by the son of the man who took it from Guy. I wish we had the bit which was in the mouth of the horse that Paul Revere rode."

"This is an American relic," said Charles, calling the party to him. "Here is a chair made from the timbers of Sir Francis Drake's ship. I shall proceed to sit in it. Now, Cousin Ned, before I go any farther, I really must pay my respects to Sir Thomas Bodley. Show us his portrait."

The portrait of the English knight was a fine one, and the family all stood looking at it, and expressing their admiration of it. While they were thus engaged the gentleman and his two children, who had preceded them, also came up and stood looking at it. Sarah and Charles looked at them out of the corners of their eyes, and mentally made comparison of their features. Then they telegraphed to each other that these young people really did look like the portrait. Mr. Nathan Bodley, who had watched this play with some amusement, turned to the gentleman and said good naturedly: "That 's a fine portrait of the founder of this library."

"Quite so," said the Englishman. "I 'd rather have my name connected with a library than with a — a — brewery, say."

"Yes," said Mr. Bodley. "It must be a fine thing for the descendants of this gentleman to reflect that their name is kept alive so honorably."

The Englishman gave a queer, amused look at his children, and then said: "You seem to be interested in Sir Thomas. Have you seen his chest?"

"No."

"It is here," said the Englishman's boy, who spoke now for the first time, and the whole party followed him, as he led them to a large oaken chest, the lid of which was open.

"What a lock!" exclaimed Charles.

"It 's very intricate," said the gentleman.

"But certainly very beautiful," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"It is indeed," said he. "The iron is wrought very gracefully. I doubt they do anything better in Sheffield to-day."

"I suppose he kept his books and papers in it when he was in Holland," said Mr. Van Wyck.

"No doubt," said Charles, with a very grave air, looking at Sarah. "That is why he had a patent lock like that."

"And why should he need a particularly strong lock in Holland, my lad?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, I was only teasing my cousin, sir, who is Dutch."

"Ah! I should not have thought it."

"That is," pursued Charles, "her ancestors were."

"Quite so," said the gentleman.

"Now I"—

"Charles," said his mother, at this point, "I want to show you this curious washed out picture of Mary Queen of Scots," and so the two parties separated with slight bows.

"You must not fancy that strangers care about your cousin's descent," went on Mrs. Bodley.

"But I wanted to lead the way in conversation," said the boy. "In a moment more we should have had all our ancestors down and dusted."

"Yours would have been found to be Paul Pry," said Sarah. "I never saw such a boy. He always talks as if we each had just one ancestor apiece."

"Well, where there are so many, one is obliged to pick out his favorite one," retorted Charles. "You are always boasting of Governor Stuyvesant. As if I had n't Governor Winthrop on my side!"

They visited one or two of the more famous college interiors, but Cousin Ned insisted stoutly on their not seeing too much. "It 's like reading," said he. "Read one book after another without stopping, and you will not remember anything but a confused collection of facts and names. Now you have seen the Bodleian Library, — of course you had to see that, — and Christ Church Hall, and Merton Library, and All Souls' Chapel, and when you remember Oxford you will remember those interiors." So they went back to the Randolph, took a hearty lunch, and were off in the afternoon for Warwick.

"It is curious, now," said Cousin Ned, as they were rolling along, "how one remembers the most casual and insignificant things, and forgets the most important. It is ten years since I was in England, and I took this same journey; but I do not remember anything about it, except that there was a small boy in the carriage with me who had stuffed an apple into his jacket pocket, and worked diligently for a quarter of an hour trying to pry it out. I watched him all the way and finally he had to give it up, and his mother got him a cake at Banbury, to make up for his disappointment."

"Oh, do we go through Banbury?" asked Sarah. "Shall we see Banbury Cross?"

"No, nor the cock horse, I am afraid, but if I 'm not greatly mistaken, we shall find cakes sold at the door of the train when we run into the station. How does the rhyme go, Sarah?"

"'Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To see what Tommy can buy;
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple-pie.'

What is Banbury Cross, Cousin Ned?"

"It is n't any longer, Sarah. It disappeared years ago. It was

one of the holy crosses set up in England, like that at Charing, only the Charing Cross is a modern copy of the old cross. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Roman Catholics attempted to have a religious show out of doors; but the Puritans, for Banbury was a famous Puritan town, fell upon them, and not only drove them off, but took axes and hacked down Banbury Cross. And now nothing is left but the cakes."

"Let us hope they are good," said Sarah. But when the train stopped, and little peddlers sold the cakes, the children found them neither white loaf, white cakes, nor apple-pies, but rather indigestible short cakes, with plums in them. However they ate them faithfully, as historical relics, Charles said.

At Warwick they got into the omnibus which was marked for the Warwick Arms, and were set down at the door of that pleasant inn. An exceedingly respectable waiter received them at the door, and ushered them into the house.

"You had a letter from me, I suppose," said Mr. Bodley. "I wrote from London to engage rooms. Mr. Bodley and party."

"In a minute, sir," said the waiter, and disappeared, returning with a letter addressed to "Mr. Bodley, Warwick Arms."

"What's this?" asked Mr. Bodley, puzzled by the letter. "Ask the clerk if there was not a letter from Mr. Nathan Bodley, engaging four rooms."

At that the landlady, or her sister, or her niece, stepped forward with a courtesy.

"Your rooms are ready, sir," she said. "Tom, they are to have the rooms that were made ready this afternoon. Tom did not understand, sir. He thought you asked for your letter."

"Whom is your letter from, Nathan?" asked his wife, as they went along to their rooms.

"It is very singular!" said he, reading the letter; "have you been ordering any books, Blandina?"

"Why, no."

"This is a letter from Mr. Nutt, a bookseller. I was in his shop the other day, but I certainly never ordered a copy of Palfrey's 'New England.' He writes that he cannot find it, and asks if he shall send to America for one. I never asked him to see if he could find one in London. I 've got a copy on my shelves at home. It certainly is very curious."

There was an hour yet before it would be time for dinner, and so the whole party set out for a ramble through the town. They passed under the castle walls, and caught glimpses of the castle; they saw the outside of the Church of St. Mary's and Leicester Hospital. This was a fine old half-timber group of buildings, and upon a bench outside the door, overlooking the street, were three or four of the old pensioners, dozing comfortably. The charity dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the Earl of Leicester took an old religious building and made it an asylum for twelve impotent men, who keep alive the memory of the founder by wearing on their old-fashioned gowns Leicester's crest of a bear and ragged staff.

"What a comfortable life these old fellows must lead," said Cousin Ned. "I believe the preference is given to men who have been wounded in service, and here they doze away the last end of their lives."

"More comfortable, no doubt," said Mr. Van Wyck, "than many of the cottagers about here. For my part, while I would not shut up any hospitals, I would open a few more house doors. If people only knew the blessing there was in having an old man or woman in the house, at the fireside, there would be more grandmothers adopted than there are."

"You 're right, Phil," said his wife. "I would not give up my childish recollections of our old nurse Young for a great deal. Father brought her back to live with us, after she was too old to go out, and she lived and died in our house. She was a great deal better than a statue or any other piece of art. When I am old I hope to be sufficiently picturesque to my grandchildren to be allowed to sit with my cap on by their fireside."

"Oh, I shall make you very useful, mother," said Sarah. "You won't be permitted to sit idle. You will read to your grandchildren when they are taking their supper, just as grandmother used to read to Charles and me when we were little; and you will have to water the plants. Oh, I know you would be miserable if you were merely to sit still and be picturesque."

They had come back to the Warwick Arms just as the omnibus drove up from the station, where it had been to meet another train. What was the entertainment of our friends to see their Oxford acquaintances get out from the omnibus! The gentleman gave a good-natured bow to Mr. Bodley.

"Ah! you came on in advance of us, I see," and then, as he went in, he said to the waiter, who took his bags, "Is there any letter here for me, — for Mr. Bodley?"

The waiter looked from one gentleman to the other in a solemn fashion, as if he could not quite fathom the mystery.

"There is," said Mr. Nathan Bodley, upon whom light broke first. "I owe you an apology, sir. My own name is Bodley, and I was handed a letter when I came, addressed to Mr. Bodley. It never occurred to me that there might be two of that name at the Warwick Arms at once, and I opened it. It puzzled me extremely, because I knew the writer, but could not make out why he should write me as

he did." He handed the letter to the Englishman, as he said this, who had listened with a perplexed air, while the children stared hard at the other young people.

"It 's very extraordinary," said he. "Quite so. To be sure. I think I 'm not mistaken in saying that you are from America, now?"

"Yes, we are from America. But you are English?"

"I shall be happy to exchange cards with you;" and with that the Englishman pulled out his card which showed him to be Mr. John Bodley, living in Salisbury. "I never met before with any of my name from America."

"The Bodley family in America is not large, and I don't think many have been over here. Their travels have been confined chiefly to America."

"Quite so. These are my children, John and Margaret."

Thereupon Mr. Nathan Bodley proceeded to introduce the different members of his party.

"You know I was quite amused," said Mr. John Bodley, "when you spoke of Sir Thomas Bodley's descendants this morning, for we claim him as an ancestor."

"We fancied we saw a resemblance in your children," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "We trace our own ancestry to the family of Sir Thomas, and really we made our visit to Oxford as much to see his portrait as anything."

"We must find out our connection," said the Englishman, and so after dinner the two parties sat together, and by dint of putting their genealogical knowledge into a common stock, made out that there were once two Bodley brothers, one of whom stayed in England, and from him descended Mr. John Bodley, while the other went to Massachusetts and from him came Mr. Nathan Bodley and Mrs. Phippy Van Wyck.

"Well," said Charles, as he bade Sarah good-night, "what do you think of that boy and girl?"

"I don't know," said Sarah. "They did n't say much."

"I can't help thinking how it would be to be English," said Charles. "I know I can't be, and I would n't be anyway, but I just wish I knew how it felt."

And young John Bodley was saying to his sister Margaret at the same time: "Madge, I never saw any real Americans before. They 're not nearly so different from other people as I supposed they would be. I wonder now if that boy has ever shot a buffalo."

CHAPTER III.

OLD AND NEW ENGLAND.

THE next day was Sunday, and the entire party of English and American Bodleys went to church in St. Mary's Church. There was a fine, long nave, which was divided from the choir by a very slight, interruption, the choir being nearly of the same breadth, and thus the eye could travel a long distance. The party was given seats in the broad aisle, and the American children watched the people come into church with some curiosity, for they wished to see if it seemed like home. It was very much like home, so far as that families had their own seats, and came in in companies, and took their places. Just at eleven o'clock there was a bustle; a man wearing a long scarlet coat walked quickly up the aisle, and opened the door to a slip which ran lengthwise with the aisle and was opposite the children.

Then came a man in a long cape cloak of mouse color, bearing a gilt or brass mace about two feet high, with a crown at the top. This he screwed into position in front of the seat, and then came his lordship the Earl, with four or five other gentlemen, followed by another long cape-cloaked servant, who could be told from the first by a patch over his eye. When the Earl and his party were fairly installed, the three servants faced about and marched out of church. Charles and Sarah nudged each other. So this was the Earl of Warwick. They watched him in his seat, which was surmounted by his coat of arms, while before him was a big red cushion for his prayer-book. He gaped, he tickled himself, he rubbed his head — he was mortal. He looked like a respectable and dull old bank president. When service was over the three servants came in, and amongst them succeeded in unscrewing the bauble and opening the door, and so the Earl of Warwick marched out again.

"What did you think of the Earl of Warwick, father?" asked Charles, as they walked back to the inn.

"He seemed quite well behaved. I did n't see him staring at us all the service."

"He 's very quiet in his tastes," said Mr. John Bodley, who was walking with them. "He does n't go in for hunting, you know, and he 's really quite embarrassed. He 's expecting his eldest son, who has just married Miss Maynard, the great heiress."

"How interesting!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "You see, Mr. Bodley, we are Americans, and we can't help being a good deal impressed by earls. An embarrassed earl now! it seems almost as unnatural as a king out of employment."

"Oh, I assure you, Mrs. Van Wyck, it 's quite common, quite common. But his son will make it all right."

"It 's pleasant," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "to think that that excellent gentleman will not have to spend the rest of his days at Leicester's Hospital and wear a long blue cloak."

"Quite so. Very good. Yes, when the castle was burnt in 1871, it entailed a heavy loss upon the Earl. Have you seen the castle?"

"We 've not been inside yet. I thought, perhaps, we should let this castle go and find one more out of repair."

"Very good. Then you should see Kenilworth."

"We mean to do so while we are here."

"Now you have no castles in America, Mrs. Van Wyck, but you have one very old ruin, — very precious old ruin indeed, — which I should like amazingly to see. John, what is the name of that poem of Mr. Longfellow's which you learned the other day?"

"'The Skeleton in Armor.'"

"Yes, yes. That 's a fine ballâd, and I understand you still have the remains of a tower built by the Norsemen at Newport, in Rhode Island. I don't know just how near you live to Newport, but I fancy you know the place."

"Oh yes, indeed, I have been there, and have seen the old mill."

"But it 's very old. It 's quite before the time of the landing of the Pilgrims, I believe. You see I do know a little about your history."

"If you had only been able to get from Mr. Nutt that copy of Palfrey's History," said Mr. Nathan Bodley, "you would have had all your pleasing fancies about the Newport tower sadly destroyed."

"Dear me! Why, I sent for Palfrey's History, because I was told that was your authority, and I thought I 'd book myself about that and some other things. I 've been quite interested in your country

of late. This sad business about the President brings us all together so, and then my children have been set to reading Longfellow."

"Well, since you failed to get your Palfrey, Mr. Bodley, I 'll lend you my cousin here. Mr. Adams is Professor of American History and Literature in one of our colleges, and his principal business is to knock away all our old ideas and supply us with new ones."

"I like the new ideas best," said Cousin Ned, "and I always try to provide myself with one before I part with the old. Curiously enough we are in a very good neighborhood for looking into this matter. I thought at first, Mr. Bodley, that you had come here to make a historic examination into the Newport tower. I began to think you were stealing 'a march on me.'"

"Why, how now?"

"Take a walk with us to-morrow, and I will show you," said Cousin Ned.

"That 's Cousin Ned's secret," exclaimed Sarah. "He told us he had a magnificent idea which would come out this week."

"Not so very magnificent, Sarah," said her cousin. "Pray don't expect too great things. I think I said it was the only original idea I had had for some time. But really you must n't make too much of it. It 's a poor thing, but my own!"

The next day the entire party put themselves under Cousin Ned's guidance, a little curious as to where he would lead them. They were all good walkers, and the day was an admirable one for walking. The sun rarely came out from the clouds, but there was no rain, and the only drawback was to be found in the flies, which sometimes buzzed about their heads in a disagreeable fashion. The road which they took was the Banbury road, leading past the castle gate.

"Are we going to London, Cousin Ned?" asked Charles, as they came to an aged stone which served as a mile-stone and told the distance to London.

"This is the road but we shall stop short of the city. What singular stones these are." They were three-sided stones, and the lettering was often hard to decipher. The guide-posts at the forks of the roads were very simple, and rarely gave distances, but only names of hamlets and obscure villages. It was a pretty rolling country through which they were walking. An ascent now and then gave them a view of a wide stretch of land under high cultivation, dotted with noble oaks and elms. Everywhere was the richest green, while a dewy, moist atmosphere lent a soft charm to the landscape, which was brightened now and then by the distant sunlight. About five miles from Warwick they left the Banbury road and took the old foss way.

"We are now really stepping on antiquity," said Cousin Ned, "for this old foss way, as it is called, is the remains of one of the great Roman roads, and possibly of an even earlier British road."

"Where does it start and where does it end?" asked Mr. John Bodley.

"The most northern limit is at Lincoln."

"That was a Roman camp."

"Certainly, and colony too, as the name shows. Two roads led from Lincoln: one almost directly south to London and thence to Canterbury and Dover; the other, on which we are, passed through Nottingham, Leicester, crossed Watling Street, kept on in the direction we are going, and so by Gloucester and Exeter to Dartmouth."

"What is Watling Street?" asked Sarah.

"Oh, I know that," said John Bodley, suddenly. "We 've been to

it from Rugby. You go to Church Over, that 's between four and five miles from Rugby, and there 's a big mound right by Watling Street. It 's a Roman mound."

"But what is Watling Street?" asked Sarah again. "You have n't told us that."

"It was a Roman military road," said John. "Some of the fellows have been to Tripontium. That was a Roman station on Watling Street."

"Just think of reading Cæsar in school," said Sarah, "and then taking a walk to see an old Roman station."

"That 's nothing," said Charles. "We have lots of mounds in America made by the Indians."

"Have you, really?" asked John. "Did you ever see an Indian? but of course you have."

"Well, not exactly," said Charles. "And these mounds were made by Indians who lived long before the Indians that were living in America when we first went over." John stared at him.

"I thought you were born in America," said he.

"So he was, John," said Cousin Ned. "That 's only Charles's way of making himself an Englishman of the seventeenth century."

"I 'd like to see an Indian and his mound," said John. "But I 'd rather see the Indian if I could only see one."

"So it goes," said Mrs. Van Wyck, philosophically. "John wants an Indian because he can't get one; and Sarah wants a Roman because she can't get one. But, Ned, where are you taking us to on this Roman road."

"That 's the point I am aiming at," said he, pointing up to a hill-top that lay on their left. They all looked in the direction which he showed them.

CHESTERTON MILL.

"A mill!" said John. "Nothing but an old mill."

"Newport tower!" exclaimed Sarah.

"That is it, Sarah," said Cousin Ned. "We 'll turn off here and make for it." So they crossed the fields for a mile or less, passed cattle and sheep grazing, and climbed the turf slope till they stood by the old mill, which had a deserted look about it.

"Now, do you mean to say that this looks like the tower at Newport that the Vikings built?" asked Mr. John Bodley, incredulously.

"To be sure," said Cousin Ned. "The likeness is very close, except in the material used. This is of dressed stone, and there is some work about the capitals and bases of the pillars. The structure at Newport is built of undressed stone, and is ruder every way, but the general character is the same."

The party walked about it and climbed a staircase, but the door into the chamber above was locked. Six arches, perhaps six feet apart, held up the chamber, and a round cap surmounted the structure. Upon the head of a window in the cap was the date of 1632. The arms of the windmill were there, but idle, for there were no sails upon them. The walls had been scratched and penciled over by numberless visitors.

"Well," said Mr. John Bodley, "I don't see but this is an old windmill, and I never saw one like it in England before, but what has it to do with the Newport tower? What place is this that we are in?"

"We are in Chesterton," said Cousin Ned. "Down there in the hollow are the marks of an old Roman camp by the foss way, and I suppose Chesterton got its name thus. But come, let us try that stone house yonder. I want to test my theory a little."

"I had forgotten," said Charles. "This must be Cousin Ned's pet theory. By all means let us test it. Do you keep it in a coop, Cousin Ned, at that house?"

They all moved down a road which led from near the mill to the house which they had seen. It was built of the same stone as the mill, and there were marks about the doorway and the niche above it, which showed it to have been built by the same hands as those which built the mill. The place had a somewhat deserted air, but so large a party could hardly help bringing out whoever might be within. As they skirted the building they saw that it was also a mill, — a water-mill, — for a sheet of water was behind it, and the wheels were in motion. An old woman appeared in a little doorway and said the master was in the yard below, making a rick, so down they went, and found a stout young farmer, who stopped his work to have a chat with the visitors.

He had known the mill six and twenty years, and had heard of its likeness to the Round Tower at Newport. It was the only structure of the kind in the county, and, so far as he knew, in the kingdom. That and the water-mill were built at the same time, so that when there was no water, the windmill was used, and when there was no wind, the water-mill was used. The machinery in the windmill had been changed from time to time, and had just been put in thorough repair. Oh yes, the mill had always been kept going. It was built originally by the Peyto family, to whom the estate belonged, and had passed from their hands into those of Lord Willoughby de Broke, who now owned it. If the gentlemen wished to follow the matter, they would find the Peyto family buried in Chesterton Church, a mile away across the fields.

"By all means," said Mr. John Bodley. "Let us cross-examine

the dead Peytos;" and so they followed the farmer's directions, and crossed the fields to the little church, — a little old gray stone building, with a dumpy tower, sitting sleepily in an ancient church-yard, with a brick wall protecting it from careless intruders. There was a thatched cottage just back of the church, and Mr. Nathan Bodley went to the first door, and brought out, with his knock, an old woman, who looked somewhat startled at the large party which had assembled before her door.

"Have you the key to the church door?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"I 'm very sorry, sir. Until I was taken ill, I used to have the care of the church, but it 's been taken from me. The keys are kept by two girls now, who live with their old father in the next cottage, but they 're gone away for the day. I 'll see," and so she knocked at the next door and tried it. "It 's locked, sir, they 're gone away. They 're often away."

"That 's too bad," said Cousin Ned. "But we can speer about the outside." As they were walking slowly about the church-yard, an old man leaning on his stick came with difficulty up the hill and shambled into the yard, cap in hand.

"Good-day," said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "This is an old church. I 'm sorry we can't see it, but the woman in the cottage over there tells me the key cannot be had."

"She 's a wicked woman, sir," said the old man, and his eye flashed. "She 's a false, wicked woman; she 's a liar."

"Well, can you get us the key?"

"Certainly I can," and off he hobbled.

"He uses plain English," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Perhaps he learned it from this sun-dial," said Mrs. Van Wyck, and she pointed with her sunshade to a dial over the porch, with the

somewhat ungracious inscription : "See, and be gone about your business."

"It is not very polite," said Mr. John Bodley. "I take it, Professor Adams, that it 's a rebuke to you and me for coming to look at the bones of the Peytos."

"Well, we will obey the first injunction first ; here comes our angry friend."

The old man poked with his key at the lock of a very small door, which led not through the porch, but directly into the church. He was grumbling and muttering at the time, evidently still in a passion over the wicked woman.

"She can't be so very bad," said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "She went with me to your house and we knocked, and could not get in, and she said the girls had gone off for the day."

"So they had, sir : they had gone to see their aunt. But she knew I was in the potato field. I saw you, sir, and mistrusted you had come to see the church. The wicked woman ! she tries to prevent people from going in, ever since my daughter had the keys. Ten people ! " said the old man, as he straightened himself and counted the little company. But the thought of a fee from ten people so mollified him that he became suddenly very gracious, and opening the door, let in the company to view the church.

The church had a single aisle with a timber roof. It had been repaired from time to time, but the walls were old. The old man's chief interest, however, was in the monuments to the Peyto family. There was one to Sir Humphrey Peyto and Anna his wife, recumbent figures in marble, while in relief behind them were their ten children. Great was the old man's uncertainty over the sex of two of these children. Five of the ten were unmistakably girls, two

were as surely men, one was an infant, but the other two had been a riddle apparently ever since the monument was set up, and the old man went ardently over the point of dress, face, and general appearance of these epicene creatures, sometimes verging to a confident assertion that they were monks. The ten were all kneeling, and had their hands placed together in the attitude of prayer; the dress of the women and of the doubtful beings concealed their legs; the sculptor had not this help in treating the men, and he had been obliged to fling the legs to one side in a hopeless way, since the men must face the spectator and could not be presented on their stumps. It was evidently a painful problem to the sculptor, which he had solved courageously but unsuccessfully. The date was 1585.

Another tablet recorded the virtues of one Mrs. Margaret Peyto, by whose will the estate had come into the hands of Lord Willoughby de Broke somewhere about the middle of the last century. The old man shook his head over this. He felt that the glories of the Peytos had been eclipsed, and he offered some dark hints that the property had not been altogether righteously obtained by the present owners. He took the party into the vestry, and showed them an old Peyto coat of arms which had been sent into dusty banishment; he took them by a narrow flight into the tower loft, and showed how he rang the chimes on the bells, grasping two ropes with his hands, and placing his foot in the noose of a third. He rang a little tune and then stood and rubbed his leg for a long time, explaining that he had once had a paralytic stroke.

He was a garrulous old fellow. After the party had ransacked the little church and looked at every monument, he followed them into the church-yard, and talked incessantly of himself and the parish. Upon that hill yonder was the old manor-house, which was taken down long ago and farm-houses made out of the stables.

"Do you see those trees yonder, sir?" he asked of Professor Adams, to whom he had especially attached himself. "Well, there was once a row, a double row of them from the 'ouse on the 'ill, over there, and an avenue led through them, and there was a double row of himages, sir, up to the 'ouse, so they call the 'ill the himage 'ill to this day, sir."

"And what is that arch in the brick wall on the other side of the church-yard?" asked the Professor. "See, Nathan, what a singularly graceful one it is."

"It is bricked up now, sir, but the Peytos used to come to church that way, and there was a little door into the church on that side for them to use."

"What highly exclusive Peytos," said the Professor.

"They were that," said the old man, taking the phrase as generally complimentary. "Things have changed now. I 'm seventy-three years old. I learned to read myself, sir. I had my Testament and my Prayer-book, and I followed the minister in the desk, and then after a while I got a Bible, and then I could follow both Lessons."

"So you came to be clerk finally, I suppose," said the Professor.

"No, sir. I was not schollard enough for that. I never had a pen in my hand. I could not write, sir, or I might have been. But my children could all read and write. And my youngest daughter, she 's twenty, and takes care of the church. Why, she can sit down and write anything, — *anything*, sir: she 's just like a lawyer."

"How many children have you?"

"My wife brought me eleven, and seven of them are living; no, stop; not seven, only six, for one died a year ago." Poor old fellow! he had so long counted and told off seven, that he forgot for a

moment how the number had been reduced. He received with profound gratitude the money which was given him, and muttered more maledictions on the wicked old woman as they moved away.

"It 's a pity the old Peyto manor-house is gone," said the Professor. "I have no doubt it is one of Inigo Jones's houses. That arch in the brick wall was by Jones, I am sure; and there is a very clear tradition that Jones built the two mills, the water-mill and the windmill. The images on the hill were, I suppose, garden statues such as were in fashion then. Yes, if the Peytos and their house were here, I should make bold to try to get entrance."

"Why, what would you do inside, Cousin Ned?" asked Sarah.

"Ah, that 's it, Sarah! what should I do? I should interest the most living Peyto in my theories, and hunt through his ancestral papers with him to establish it."

"Now, Cousin Ned, what is that theory of yours? I know it has something to do with this walk, and the old sexton, and the wicked old woman."

"Yes, everything we have seen to-day confirms my theory. I have been to Chesterton before, but I did not go to the water-mill or to the church."

"Well, Professor Adams," said Mr. John Bodley, "here is a shady place. I for one am a little tired. Suppose we all sit down and have your theory spread before us."

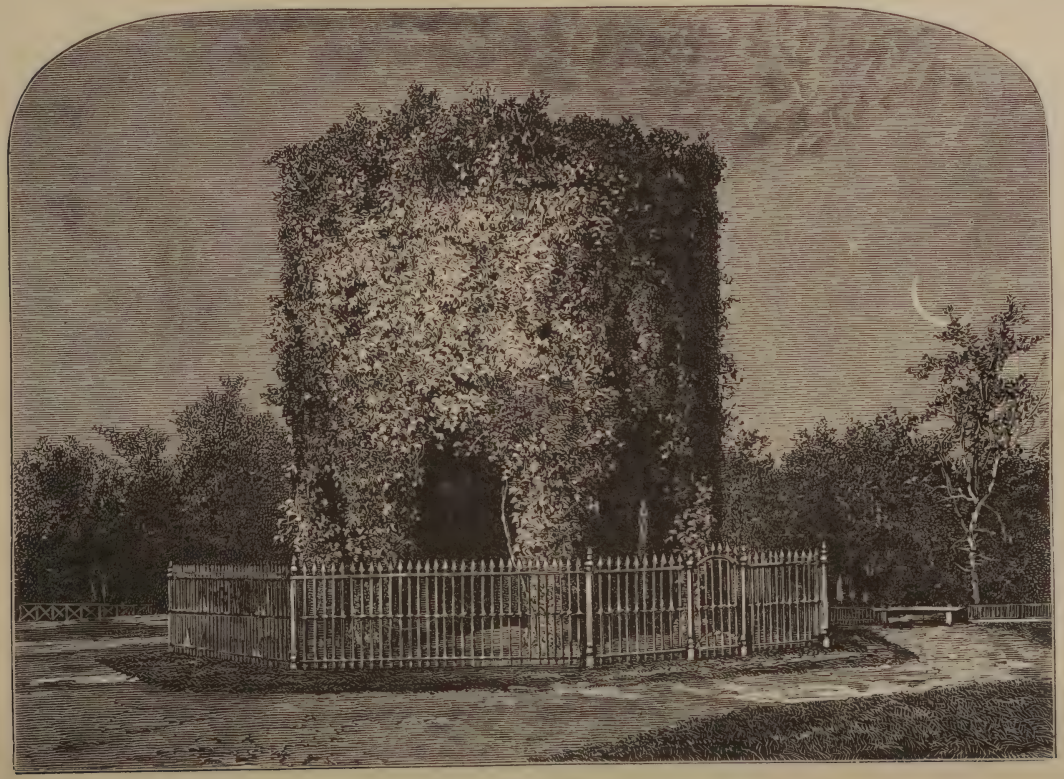
"We 'll lunch off it," said Charles; "I for one am a little hungry."

"It does not offer a very hearty meal," said Cousin Ned, "but you are welcome to all there is of it. Mr. Bodley, you regretted that you failed to get a copy of Palfrey's History the other day. If you had received the book you would have read that Dr. Palfrey had no doubt in his mind of the likeness between the Newport tower

and this Chesterton mill. He came to Chesterton to see it, and he gives in his history a picture of each of the structures so as to show their resemblance. The Newport tower, he says, once had a hemispherical roof and a floor above the arcade, though both have now disappeared. The most interesting connection of the two, however, is through the man who appears first to have owned the Newport tower. Governor Arnold, of Newport, in his will, which is dated in 1677, directs that he shall be buried on a spot 'lying in my land in or near the line or path from my dwelling-house leading to my stone-built windmill in the town of Newport.' In another part of his will he speaks of 'my Lemmington farm;' and as it was very customary for New England people when they first left home to give the names of their old English homes to their new settlements" —

"Just as they do now in New Zealand," interrupted Mr. John Bodley.

"Yes, and as Eastern men in the United States repeat the names of their homes in the new Western settlements. So, there is a tradition that the Arnolds of Rhode Island were from Warwickshire, Dr. Palfrey says; and he thinks that Arnold, who was a young man of twenty when he came to America, may easily have remembered Chesterton mill as one of the wonders of the county, and repeated it when he built his stone-built windmill. Now that is where my theory comes in. Arnold was sixty years old when he built the mill. That is to say, an old writer reports that in 1675 the first windmill had been blown down, and as Arnold refers in 1677 to his stone-built windmill, Dr. Palfrey's very natural conjecture is that he built this Newport tower to replace the structure blown down, and that since the mill had been blown down, he built a solid one that would stand. But it was forty years after Arnold had seen the



THE ROUND TOWER AT NEWPORT.

Chesterton mill, and my objection is that his memory would have failed to supply him with the exact proportions and with details of the structure. So my little theory comes in to put this matter straight. I conjecture that Arnold, through influential friends, obtained from the Peyto family a copy of Inigo Jones's plans and measurements. He remembered the Chesterton mill, and was ambitious to copy it, but he needed drawings and details. Where could he better go for these than to the original designer of the mill? But Inigo Jones died in 1652, and he could not get the plans from him. Since, however, Jones built both the mills, and either built or added to the manor-house, for I am sure that arch in the brick wall was of his designing, he was most likely a friend of the Peyto family, and in the Peyto manor-house would be preserved the detailed drafts of the great architect. Now what I want" —

"Wait a moment, Cousin Ned," said Charles. "Who was this Inigo Jones? His first name makes up for his last."

"He was an architect in great favor in the early half of the seventeenth century. His name is said to have been given him by a Spanish godfather. He was a man of fine taste, and many admirable buildings and squares in London are the result of his designs. He was often called upon also to plan the pageants and masques which were so popular then, but as the glories of those pageants were built chiefly of pasteboard, there is nothing to show for them now. As I was saying, what I want is that by a happy chance I shall come upon a letter or writing of some sort which shall make it plain that Benedict Arnold, the Governor at Newport, availed himself of Inigo Jones's plans in building his stone windmill. I think it would be a great find."

"Can't you write the letter yourself, Ned?" asked Mr. Nathan Bodley.

"I may be driven to that," said the Professor, "but I should prefer the real article to a forgery."

"Perhaps the papers are in a box under the corner-stone of the Newport tower," suggested Charles.

"Then they are in the safest place imaginable, for the Newport people will not let the old building fall down yet awhile. But I am afraid that when the vines upon it pull it to pieces there will be no corner-stone found. Governor Arnold had no idea how much interest posterity would take in his mill."

"Well," said Mr. John Bodley, "you have destroyed a very pretty fiction, but after all Mr. Longfellow's poem will keep building it up again. You see such an ignorant fellow as I am would have continued to believe in the Norse tower, if you had not chanced to come along with your inconvenient learning."

"Yes," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "if it were not for the poets, we should believe the historians, and they would keep us on bread and water if they could have things all their own way."

After resting they all walked to Leamington, where they dined, and walked back to Warwick in the cool of the evening, well satisfied with their day's excursion.

CHAPTER IV.

A RAINY DAY.

The day that followed was a wet one, and no one stirred out of the house in the morning. The old inn afforded the children some

entertainment. In the room which Cousin Ned occupied, and where he was busily engaged writing, they amused themselves with watching from the window what went on in the court-yard of the inn. The window itself was an old one. Upon one of the small panes of glass were scratched names and dates and words which were easily deciphered. Lieutenant Thompson, of the Londonderry regiment, had evidently been shut up in the room on a dull day, for he had traced on the glass his name and date, July 21, 1795, and above his name, "Love — Lovely Miss M. Williamson."

"See, Cousin Ned," said Sarah. "Here is a romance begun on the window-pane. I wonder if the gallant Lieutenant Thompson married the lovely Miss Williamson."

"He probably ran away with her," said John Bodley.

"And carried her off to America," said Charles.

"Where she lived, in a windmill," said Margaret. "That would translate the 'Skeleton in Armor' into modern prose."

"And long after," resumed Sarah, "his bones, covered with a pair of overalls and a miller's coat, were found by Professor Adams as he was taking a walk near the windmill."

"You ruthless little nineteenth century people," exclaimed Cousin Ned. "As a punishment, when I have finished my writing and we have had lunch, I mean to take you to Stratford, to show you where Shakespeare was born and died."

The boys and girls left the Professor alone so that he could get through his work earlier, and after lunch he took them in charge and carried them by rail to Stratford, only eight miles or so away. The older people, who had all been to Stratford before, chose to remain in the inn to sight-seeing in the rain; but our party were not daunted by the rain, and trudged along through Stratford streets in their india rubber coats and waterproofs.

"There 's a good deal of Shakespeare in this little town," said Charles, as they walked. "Here is a Shakespeare inn, and I just saw a Falstaff inn."

"And Great William Street," said Sarah. "I suppose that William Shakespeare was the Great William."

"Yet I suppose," said Charles, philosophically, "that the boys once called him Bill."

"Will, more likely," said his cousin. "Then there is Hathaway Court and Arden Street. It is like a great Shakespeare bazaar. We must make our first visit to the house where he was born."

A big sign upon a street corner pointed "To Shakespeare's House," and the house was easily found. The buildings on either side had been taken down to lessen the danger of fire, and behind the house was that in which the custodian lived, the house itself being used wholly as a Shakespeare museum. It was some little time before the bell was answered, and then the custodian opened the outer door and let the party in.

"I hope you are not tired of answering this bell," said Cousin Ned, politely.

"Oh no, sir," she said. "I opened the door for twelve thousand people last year."

"And not one of them was a Shakespeare," said Sarah.

"Indeed, miss, there were two or three Shakespeares among them. There 's one living in this town now."

"Does he write plays?" asked Sarah, demurely. "It was that kind of a Shakespeare I was thinking of."

"He 's a cordwainer," said the woman. "This is the room" —

"Oh, do tell us first what a cordwainer is," said Sarah. "I 've always read about cordwainers, and never knew what they were."

"Why, a cordwainer," said Margaret, "is a shoemaker."

"It 's a much finer name," said Sarah. The woman who showed the house was not well pleased with the interruption. It was so much easier to take a party from one room to another and name off the things she had shown to the thousands of earlier parties, and to use just the same words! Poor thing! how fresh at first must have been her interest! how eagerly she must have studied everything with reference to the interesting objects of her museum! and how dull must be the same old story to her, after she had told it twenty thousand times or more!

The children went through the rooms and looked at the curiosities. They sat in the chair which Shakespeare was said to have sat in. They saw Shakespeare's school desk, very old and much hacked, and his seal ring, and his mug, and the stirrups he wore. There was no clothing, and not a scrap of his writing.

"What would not people give for a letter of Shakespeare's!" said Cousin Ned.

"Half the people would not believe it was his," said the woman, with a sigh.

"Then you have people come here," said he, "who doubt if Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare?"

"Yes, sir. There are more every year."

"Well, Stratford, and this house, and the church, and grave, are formidable witnesses to a belief in Shakespeare, and I don't think people are going to abandon the belief to satisfy a few theorists who all agree only to doubt."

"What if the house should burn down!" said Charles, as they walked away.

"They never allow any light or fire in the building," said his cousin, "so that the chances of destruction are lessened. It's an

interesting shrine, but how much more indestructible Shakespeare's dramas are! No fire can destroy them. No, not even the critics can conceal them," he added.

On the way to what is called Shakespeare's New Place, where he went to live when he returned, a comfortable citizen, to Stratford, they passed a beer shop with a painted sign above it, representing the old mill at Chesterton. They came to New Place. Not a vestige remains of Shakespeare's house but the supposed foundations of a portion, covered with netting for further protection. Here one can trace the lines on the earth upon which the walls stood.

"Well!" said Cousin Ned. "This rubs out Shakespeare pretty effectually. If I were a disbeliever in Shakespeare, I should call this pretty good negative proof. This reminds me of the wit's account of the Charter Oak: that the hole in which the Charter was hid was brought over in the tenth century, and the Oak which was to surround it was planted in the eleventh century."

There was a pretty walk up to the church through an aisle shaded with lime-trees, and the children stopped at the porch to read the notices posted on the door. One of them was headed: —

"The return of the Church-wardens and Overseers of the Poor of the borough or township of Stratford-upon-Avon. . . . of men qualified to serve on juries."

"Here is William Shakespeare's name in the list!" exclaimed Margaret Bodley.

"To be sure," said Sarah. "He is our old friend the cordwainer. See, he is set down 'Shakespeare, William, cordwainer, a freeholder.'"

"But what a singular place to post the notice," said Charles.

"Why?" asked John.

"Why, it 's on a church door. I should think it would be on the

STRATFORD CHURCH.

town-hall door, or the court-house, or the police station. And here are all these notices."

"We always have them so," said John. "I don't see anything odd about it."

"You would have seen just such notices once on church doors in New England, Charles," said his cousin. "You are used to seeing the church kept quite distinct from the town. It is under the control of a society in America, that has nothing to do with overseers of the poor or juries. By the way, Charles, what do you mean by a parish?"

"A parish? why — why, it is the people who go to some particular church."

"Is that your idea of a parish, John?"

"No. A parish is a town or a part of a town."

"You are both pretty nearly right. In England a parish is a territory under the government of some one church, and the officers of that church have a certain authority over all the people within that territory. People all belong to one parish or another, whether they go to the parish church or not. In America a parish has no territorial bounds; it is made up of people who voluntarily connect themselves with some particular church. The parish priest in England is a magistrate as well as a preacher and pastor, and a good many affairs are under the control of the parish which with us are managed wholly by the town."

"Then what did you mean," asked Charles, "when you said that in New England notices used to be on the church doors?"

"The Englishmen who came over to New England first were used to something like our town government as we now have it, only it was parish government, and so at first when churches were built

they were built for the whole town, and all the people had to support them. The church and the town were pretty much the same thing; but little by little, as the towns grew, and new churches were formed, and the people differed in religious matters, the power came to reside in the towns, which had territorial limits, and not in the churches, which were built in the towns. The New England town is the old English parish with changes and additions. Most of the changes took place, I think, because, as the people elected both their ministers and their town officers, they came to separate the ministers more and more from the town officers, to make them look after the spiritual affairs, while the town officers looked after the temporal. But come, let us go into the church."

They passed into the cool, dark church, and made their way to the one point of interest in it, to where Shakespeare's bones were laid and Shakespeare's bust stood upon the wall above. They read the familiar lines upon the stone which is supposed to cover Shakespeare's remains: —

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
> To dig the dust enclosed here.
> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones."

"I should think it would make everybody want to pry up this stone," said Charles.

"It does excite one's curiosity," said his cousin. "Who do you suppose wrote the lines?"

"Why, Shakespeare."

"Before or after he died?"

Charles hesitated.

"Why, of course, before he died."

"Well," said his cousin, "do you think it was before he wrote 'Hamlet' or after?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Do you think that the man who wrote these lines was capable of writing 'Hamlet'?"

"I really never thought. But did n't Shakespeare write these lines?"

"Perhaps he did, and perhaps, also, he wrote

> "'Steal not this book for fear of shame,
> For here you see the owner's name.
> At the last judgment God will say,
> Where is that book you stole away?'

No. It is a piece of doggerel, such as one finds on old grave-stones cut by country stone-masons. There used to be a stock of these old rhymes, from which any one could draw. I suppose the stone-mason who was called in when Shakespeare was buried thought he must give poetry to a poet, and so cut these lines."

"How strange," said Margaret Bodley, as they walked away, "that great Shakespeare should be buried here in a country church, and not in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner."

"When he died, Margaret, he was by no means so famous as now, and then I do not think that Westminster Abbey was at that time made the resting place of famous poets outside of London. Chaucer and Spenser both died near Westminster. Shakespeare, you know, has a monument there."

There was a footpath from the neighborhood of the church to Shottery, and they walked by it to take a look at the cottage where Anne Hathaway, whom Shakespeare married, had lived. The rail-road had somehow done more than give a modern air to the place;

it had seemed to cheapen nature, and the children thought the muddy path they trod must be very unlike the one which Shakespeare took when he strolled across the fields to see Anne. Her cottage had others like it in the neighborhood, — thatch-roofed, old grandam looking cottages, — which quite satisfied the eye, and the little hamlet could easily have seemed to them the same as that which Shakespeare looked upon if it were not for the dreary, dull brick houses scattered about, and the slovenly roads. All the rusticity seemed to have gone out, and only the meaner side of poverty to have been left. The party strolled about Shottery and came back to Stratford, where they bought a jug or two and some wooden ware, all marked with pictures of Shakespeare's house and the church, and so went back to Warwick.

The rain had not ceased all day, and indeed it had grown so chilly that a fire had been built in the sitting-room which the Bodleys and Van Wycks used, and here, after dinner, the entire party gathered.

"Could you not connect Shakespeare in some way with Chesterton mill and the Newport tower?" asked Mr. John Bodley of Cousin Ned.

"I am afraid that as Shakespeare died in 1616, and the mill was built in 1632, it would be rather difficult to get him any nearer than the spot where the mill afterward stood. He very likely walked along the old foss way, and perhaps stood on the hill, for it is not much farther from Charlecote, where Shakespeare went poaching, than Charlecote is from Stratford. I am afraid I have exhausted my ingenuity on Chesterton without working in Shakespeare."

"Ned," said Mr. Nathan Bodley, "could n't you invent the necessary papers to prove your little theory about the mill?"

"I have been guilty of that very palpable deceit. In fact, I amused myself this rainy morning with putting together the various parts of my puzzle."

"Oh, that was what he was writing this morning when we were in his room," cried Sarah.

"Then let us hear it," said Mr. John Bodley.

"Very well," said the Professor, "I wrote it to clear out my mind, and I will read it, so as to dismiss the whole matter. I think we have made about as much of my tender little theory as it will bear. Charles, bring me my portfolio, please. It 's on the table in my room."

The portfolio was brought, and Professor Adams read from it the short tale which he had contrived out of the bits of fact and fancy which gathered about the old mill.

A WINDMILL IN SPAIN.

One September afternoon in 1632 a lad was seated on a mound by the side of the old Roman foss way which crossed England in a diagonal direction. The mound whereon he sat was a part of the old Roman camp, which had once been a station upon the foss way. Here Roman soldiers had once had their camp-fires and watched the stars, where now, upon the grassy plain, a flock of sheep were grazing. The lad who sat here knew who the Romans were, for he was the son of a well to do country gentleman, William Arnold, Esquire, of Leamington, and he had studied Latin with the rector of the church at Leamington. He had read Cæsar's "Commentaries," and knew how the Romans had come to England, and he knew that the roadway behind him had echoed to the tramp of Roman soldiers' feet as they had marched from Lincoln to the sea-coast. He

fell to thinking of the Romans, and though the land had been overrun by armies since that day, he wondered how it would be to come here, and, instead of finding a flock of peaceful sheep, to see a company of soldiers laying out a camp. He was a quiet lad, much given to reverie, and as he lay at full length upon the grass he tried to imagine an England where men from Leamington should march against men from Stratford, and meet here for deadly conflict upon the old Roman camp.

It was easy to see why Romans should have come to England and have tried to get possession of it, and why Spaniards, in Queen Elizabeth's day, should have planned a great armada with which to make a descent upon English coasts; but what likelihood was there that Englishmen should fight Englishmen on their own soil? The Wars of the Roses had long ago been ended. King Charles the First was on the throne of England, and his son of the same name, now two years old, would be king after him. Then he remembered some of the talk he had heard at his father's table; his father was a Puritan gentleman, and some of his neighbors were Puritans also, and many an earnest word had been uttered in the boy's hearing. They talked of the king and of Parliament. Three years ago the king had dissolved Parliament, and it was even feared that he meant to govern England without any Parliament at all. In that Parliament were many outspoken men, and often had young Arnold heard the story how, when the king had ordered Parliament dissolved, and the Speaker of the House had risen to declare it dissolved, Holles and Valentine had held him down by main force, while Holles had read a protest declaring that any one who should favor or countenance Popery, or should voluntarily pay any subsidy not granted by Parliament, should be counted an enemy to the kingdom.

There were troublous times at hand, every one said, and some had even despaired of peace at home and had taken their households and all their stuff to New England across the seas. Worthy John Winthrop, Esquire, of Suffolk, had gone, and it was said that a thousand had gone with him. All these things had disturbed young Benedict Arnold, but he found it hard to believe that Englishmen would actually take up arms against other Englishmen. All that seemed as far off and as dim as the coming of the Romans fifteen centuries and more ago. He tried to send away the thought, and so he fell to thinking what he himself would like best to be. Was there anything better than living in this peaceful country all his days?

Yes, there was one dream which he had. A hundred miles away lay the city of London. He never had been there, but he had heard of its wonders. To be sure, he had heard chiefly of the wickedness of the place. His father had been there at the beginning of the year, and had frowned as he told of the masque which had been presented, with all its folly and revelry and its waste of money; but Benedict had caught enough of the pageant from his father's account to build it over again in his mind, as he lay looking up into the clouds that crossed the sky.

The sound of distant voices broke in on his dreams, and he looked in the direction whence the sound came. There, upon the round hill which lay toward the hamlet of Chesterton, was a party of workmen with carts and horses. He was too far away to see what they were doing; they had but lately come upon the scene, and he was curious to know what they were about. For all his love of dreaming the lad was an active fellow, and now he strode across the field toward the hill. As he drew near he made out one figure different

in dress and appearance from those of the diggers and ditchers who were at work; toward him he went frankly, and saw that he held a paper in his hand, and was now and then marking upon it. The worthy looked up as Benedict came forward, and gave him a pleasant smile. Benedict saw a graceful man of sixty, with long, curling hair, a close-curling beard and moustache, and a vigorous, strongly marked face, with a pair of bright, searching eyes. He took off his cap to the man.

"Have you come to see the famous mill?" asked the man.

"I did not know, sir, what it was you were building. What a company of men to build a mill!"

"Oh, but this is no common wooden mill," said the stranger, laughing gayly; "this is to be a stone mill to stand forever, or as long as the wind blows, at least. There's not another mill like it in the kingdom."

The wind was fluttering the papers which he held, and he found it difficult to keep them open where he would have them.

"Let me hold the papers for you," said Benedict.

"Thank you, my lad, if you will just lay hold of that corner and keep it down. You look like a fine fellow. Are you one of this county?"

"Yes, sir, my father is a Leamington squire."

"Ah? I saw a Leamington squire in London last New Year's," and the stranger laughed again, lightly. "He did not like the masque."

"That was my father," said Benedict, quickly. He would not let this stranger speak ill of him.

"Did he tell you what he said to me?"

"I do not know who you are," said the boy, "and how, then, should I know?"

"I am Inigo Jones, at your service."

"Why, you made the masque!" exclaimed Benedict.

"To be sure. Ben Jonson and I made it. That is my business, or part of it. You see I am now making a windmill, and below there I am making a water-mill."

"And you made the Peyto manor-house, with the images on the hill." The boy spoke with enthusiasm.

"To be sure," and Inigo Jones looked at him with interest. "Do you like it?"

"It is beautiful," said he. "Is there anything more beautiful in London?"

"There will be when I have completed the repairs of St. Paul's," said the architect, with an amused air. "Come, how do you like my windmill?" and he showed him on another leaf a drawing of his design. Benedict looked at it long and thoughtfully.

"I think Cæsar might have built it," he said, finally.

"Good, my lad," and Jones patted him on the shoulder. "What makes you say that?"

"Because of the arches," said the boy, hesitating, "and I suppose because it stands here near the old Roman camp."

"Right again! why! that is the reason I planned it as I did. I wanted people some day to fancy that it was built when the camp was made. But that was not the only reason." And then the architect explained carefully how he intended the free passage of air under the arches to prevent an eddy which lessens the power of the wind when striking upon the sails. He was pleased with Benedict's questions and answers. "I see that you notice things, my lad," said he, as he finally rolled up his drawings. "Why should you not be an architect? Come to London and study with me. I forgot,

though," and he laughed again. "You must ask your father what he said to me. Now I must betake myself to the manor." He bade the lad good day, and they separated, Benedict to hasten home, full of new ideas and dreams.

Every day thereafter, when he could make time for it, he walked or rode his pony to the old camp, and watched the mill grow under the hands of the masons and workmen. The architect did not come again; he had left his plans to be carried out, and so complete had he made his design, that no question arose which could recall him. Meanwhile Benedict had told his father of his encounter with him. One thing only he had not told, and that was the hearty invitation which Inigo Jones had given him to come up to London and study architecture with him. He kept this to himself as a fair dream, scarcely to be whispered to his own heart. He knew it would have no charm for his father.

William Arnold was a zealous Puritan. He was watching with the closest care the movements in the kingdom, and long and often did he discourse with a few friends touching what should be done if King Charles and his bishops were to take from Englishmen the liberty which they held dearer than life. He sent letters also across the water to Massachusetts Bay, and received thence long letters telling him of the affairs of the colony there. Months went by, and the more he considered the times, the more he was drawn to try his fortune in the new land. He had two sons younger than Benedict, Thomas and Stephen, and with these three lads he made no doubt he should prosper. His wife had died, and perhaps this loneliness made him more willing. But there was need of caution, for there were many in the king's counsels who looked with concern upon the departure out of the kingdom of men of substance and standing;

so that at last, when he had resolved to go, he said little of his plans to his neighbors, but set out for London with his family, and left an agent in care of his estate.

The boys were in high spirits over the adventure of a journey to London, but Benedict, forsooth, was the only one of the three who was acquainted with his father's purposes. His father had confided in him, for he was the eldest and was not far from twenty years old, quiet in his ways and inviting trust, but with a look sometimes in his face which told of dreams and wishes which he kept to himself. Now he was going to London, but in spite of the fact that London was only a stopping-place on their way to the west of England, whence they were to sail for America, the new life in that distant land had no such charm for him as the prospect of looking upon the great city, and seeing its famous buildings, its palaces and churches, and new squares. He wanted to see Whitehall Banqueting room, and the new piazza of Covent Garden. These were among the works of the great Inigo Jones, for Benedict had treasured in his memory everything which he had heard or read of the famous architect.

They were to be in London a few weeks, and while the elder Arnold was busy with his affairs, the boys were left much to themselves, though Benedict, now a stout young man, was well able to look after his younger brothers. It chanced one day that he was walking through St. Martin's Lane. To tell the truth he was taking that way, which had but lately been built, that he might get into the green country beyond; for it was now early spring, and poor Benedict, who had been so eager to get into the city, was pining for the fresh fields beyond. He had come up from the noisy and dirty Strand, and had caught a glimpse of the open country.

Toward that he was bending his steps, when suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulders. He looked up, and there to his surprise and joy was the great architect, who had a town house in St. Martin's Lane.

"What! is it thou?" asked Inigo Jones, heartily. "Hast thou come up to town to learn my art?" Benedict blushed and was confused.

"No, sir," and then he hesitated, for he knew that it was his father's wish that he should not spread his intention of going to America.

"Come in, come in," said the architect. "We are right at my door," and Benedict followed him into the house.

"Anne! Anne!" cried Inigo, as they entered. "Come hither!" and a girl came running forward, who stopped suddenly as she saw a youth with her father. "This is my young friend, Benedict Arnold, of Warwickshire, of whom I told you. Let us have some Canary and cakes." The girl hastened away to do his bidding, and had he never seen her again, young Benedict would never have forgotten the fresh, fair maiden who had so unexpectedly appeared. But see her again he did, for not only did she hover about them as the architect talked with the young man, but she came also once or twice to the studio whither Inigo carried his young friend, and where there was at work a cousin of hers, one Master Webb.

"Come," said the architect to Benedict. "Join my nephew here, Master Webb, and I'll warrant you will soon go beyond him. Eh, Anne, do you think your cousin is the cloth out of which great artists are woven," and he gave her a mischievous look.

Benedict looked wistfully at the drawings and plans which hung about the walls or stood on tables, but he could not help stealing a

good many glances also at the pretty Anne, who flitted about the room like some tame sparrow that had never known fear of man. To him, it seemed as though to be in the place of this young Master Webb would be worth more than all the wooded acres of America of which his father talked. He slipped away at last, and once in the lane again he kept on into the open country, for he wanted to dream and think before he should return to his father.

When he did rejoin his father he found the old Puritan wondering where he had been, yet in such excellent spirits that he forgot to chide his son.

"The way is now clear," said he. "There is a vessel to sail from Dartmouth early in May, and some of our kinsfolk from Dorset are going. We will take passage in her, and, the Lord willing, we shall be in New England before the summer is over. And I have found a vessel which is to sail for Dartmouth to-morrow night, so we can be on our way at once."

"Father," said Benedict with a trembling voice. "This is very sudden."

"Fear not the voyage, my son."

"Oh, it is not that I fear. I — I would fain stay in England."

"There you speak without due knowledge. I have heard much more than I have told you. The Papists are the real rulers of England. This Bishop Laud is a Papist in disguise. The king is in his hands, and it will go hard with every godly man in the kingdom."

"I fear I shall make a poor planter," said Benedict, trying to stave off what he knew to be inevitable.

"Tut, tut, lad. In that new country you will be farmer and miller with the best of them. You have good English stuff in you, though you were always something of a dreamer."

"Might it not be well," he suddenly asked with a new hope, "if I were to stay here long enough to learn a trade, like that of building, and then I could be of more use to you in the new countries?" The father looked at him narrowly.

"You would like to learn how to build a mill, perhaps," said he. "Hast thou seen that Papist architect who turned your head awhile since?"

"Yes, sir," said Benedict, boldly. "I met him by chance to-day, and he told me he would teach me his art if I would come to him."

"Aye, he would teach thee more arts than one. Nay, Benedict, we have no need of any St. Paul's in America. The Lord is not to be worshipped in palaces and fine courts. I saw this Inigo Jones once, and delivered a message to him."

Benedict was silent. He knew not what to say. The remembrance of the good-natured architect and the bright room and mistress Anne lightly stepping, came back to him as a dream which he tried to hold fast by, when he knew that he was waking to reality and to things as they are. He stood so long in silence that his father wondered what was passing in the young man's mind.

He never knew, for Benedict kept close the fading dream. On the morrow the party took their leave, and after a month's delay in Dartmouth, they sailed on Friday, the first day of May, 1635, for the new land. They anchored in Massachusetts Bay on June 24th.

They did not, however, remain in the colony, but took their way to Narragansett Bay the next spring, and settled at Providence Plantation.

It lay upon Benedict Arnold's mind that he had left Inigo Jones and his daughter with never a word. Often did he think of them in his new home. Five years after the Arnolds had left England

Benedict took to himself a wife, Demaris. They lived till 1651 at the Providence Plantation, and then removed to Newport. It chanced that Roger Williams was to go to England in behalf of the colonists in 1643, and Benedict Arnold, who saw him often at his father's house, walked with him, just before he went, in the orchard.

"I have a request to make of thee," he said. "There was a great man of London, Sir Inigo Jones, who befriended me when I was a lad. I fear much that I did not show him true gratitude. Wilt thou seek him out, tell him of my prosperity, of my marriage, indeed, and whatsoever thou wilt, and that I do not forget him here in America — nor any of his household," he added after a pause. The good minister did not forget young Benedict Arnold's message. It was an easy matter to find the great architect, and when he returned to Rhode Island, Roger Williams sought his friend.

"That was a man worth knowing," said he, as he told of his interview with Inigo Jones. "He spared not to show me many things, and he asked many questions of you and of our life here in the wilderness. He had not known where you were till he made inquiries in Warwickshire. I saw also his daughter, Mistress Webb."

"Ah!" said Benedict.

"She also would know much of you, but methought she was constrained in her questions. I asked them if they had any message for you, and Sir Inigo bade me give you this roll."

Benedict received it, but did not open it then. He thanked the minister for his kindness and then went by himself. He opened the roll and found it to contain the plans of the stone mill at Chesterton. In a corner were the words: —

"A remembrance of a friendship."

There was no name signed, but the writing was in a woman's hand. Benedict Arnold laid the plans away. He had many labors in those days. With Demaris, his wife, he had the care of his little household, of Benedict and Caleb and Josiah. He had his clearing in the wilderness to make fertile. He had to keep on friendly terms with the Indians, and he succeeded Roger Williams as governor of the colony. They were days of hard work and patient toil, but year by year the colony throve. Governor Arnold was known as a wise man and one of great charity. He was one of those who befriended the persecuted Quakers. At length, when he had reached the evening of his days and all was peaceful about him, care was taken from him, and though he was looked up to for counsel, and served when called upon as governor, he had a calm and gentle life. The balmy air of Newport had somewhat to do with this, but perhaps more was due to the slow melting of his dreams into a life of labor and toil for others, and now the trooping back of his dreams as the stars come out in the heavens. He remembered the years that were gone, and the faces which he had once known. He was like a man who had come to the end of a long journey, upon which he had dreaded to set out, but now that he was at the end could not and would not return to the pleasant fields which he had been loth to leave. He had no regrets for his life; it had not been wasted; but he brought back to himself in those still days the remembrance of unfulfilled hopes, and, musing thus, he resolved one day, with a smile on his lips, to build upon his pleasant farm a stone windmill, like that which he had known at Chesterton. It must needs be ruder, but it was built upon the plans which the architect's daughter had given him. Half way from his house to this mill he laid in the earth a little daughter who had died, and often as he sat by his door and

watched his substantial mill, his eyes traveled to the grave and then beyond. He was a silent man, who said little. His family and his friends thought him very proud of his stone built windmill since he sat so long every evening with his eyes turned upon it. He smiled at their thoughts, but he did not tell them that the mill was a boyish dream turned by a man's toil into a shape which was to him half a monument to a buried hope, and half a witness to his helpful life.

"It seems that we must have some sentiment about the old mill," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "and since the Northmen have taken their leave, I am quite ready to people the place with English men and maids. But, Cousin Ned, could you not have found some more agreeable name for your hero than that of Benedict Arnold?"

"Unhappily, Phippy, the name is the historic truth upon which my little romance is built."

"But he surely was not an ancestor of the wretch who betrayed his country?"

"The direct ancestor. Benedict Arnold of shameful memory was the great-grandson of Benedict of the mill. A straight succession of Benedicts leads from one to the other."

"All the virtue must have leaked out by the way," said Mrs. Bodley. "However, if children may redeem a father's evil name, perhaps a great-grandfather may partly atone for a wicked descendant."

CHAPTER V.

A COUNTRY WALK.

The day that followed was as lovely as heart of man could desire, and our friends welcomed it joyfully, because it helped them so well to carry out a plan they had formed for taking a walk together over a road which showed them the heart of England. The English Bodleys had volunteered to show them the way; they had been over the ground before; and so, sending their bags by rail, they stepped out cheerfully along the road to Coventry.

"I have heard," said Mr. John Bodley, "that two Englishmen once laid a wager as to which was the finest walk in England. One named the walk from Stratford to Coventry, and the other the walk from Coventry to Stratford, so it was hard to tell which won the wager."

"I 've tried it both ways," said John Bodley, "and I think the only difference is in the time of day you take it. This morning the other walk is finer, because we should n't have the sun so much in our faces."

However, a thin veil of clouds soon hid the sun, and they all trudged along the broad, shaded road. About a mile on the way they came to Guy's Cliff, where was a fine manorial house beautifully placed in the woods. There was a singular and very captivating glimpse of it to be had from the road, for a section of the garden wall had been removed, and they could look through this opening to the house beyond. A couple of gate posts stood at the opening, and between them stretched a long, noble avenue of greensward

marked by two rows of stately firs and terminating at the house. It was exactly as if this were the main entrance, but there was no gate no road, and a low wall between the posts, without interrupting the vista, sufficiently protected the place from intrusion. Upon the opposite side of the highway in a field was an artist under an umbrella, who was sketching the scene. They had not noticed him as they came along, and now as they all stood in a group admiring the vista, they made a sufficiently impervious wall.

"Beg your pardon," came from a voice behind them, "but will you kindly open a little, so that I can see through you?" They started, turned, and discovered the artist, who nodded his thanks. The children would gladly have made a circuit and looked over his shoulder, but they were not invited.

"You have a delightful subject," said Mr. Nathan Bodley.

"Quite so," said the artist. "It is all arranged for me, and I have nothing to do but to copy it."

"Do you know if the family is at home?" asked Mr. John Bodley.

"Yes," said the artist, "for a week past."

"Then we can't see the house," said Mr. Bodley, "but I think we 'll go to the mill," and so, as he was the guide, he led his party through a gateway to a mill, which stands at one side of Guy's Cliff, where they had a pretty view of the water, and the garden, and the rear of the house, where light smoke was curling from the chimneys.

"One has to pay something of a penalty," said Professor Adams, "for owning an historic house or a picture gallery. He must submit to being besieged by tourists and sight-seers. I can conceive that one might finally be driven away. Think if one chanced to be liv-

ing with his family about him in Shakespeare's house, and wished to lead a quiet, scholarly life, perhaps engaged in an examination of the Shakespeare traditions! No placard or general advertisement would save him. He would have to give up the struggle finally."

"What I cannot understand," said Mr. John Bodley, "is the modern rage for travel and sight seeing. Our great-grandfathers had no such passion. Now you Americans cross an ocean and spend no end of money to see an old gravestone or a tumble-down wall, and we go off to Paris and Rome and walk about looking at the houses where famous men and women have lived. Is it simply because it is easier to get about, with our steamboats and railways?"

"I think it is because we have more things to care about," said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "Ever since the world woke from its long nap in the Middle Ages, it has been taking a great deal more interest in itself. People have learned to read, for one thing, and the more they fill their minds with what is in books, the more they want to see how the things look of which the books tell, — the battle fields where battles have been fought, the castles in which knights have lived, and the houses where poets were born. They want to make all these things real to themselves."

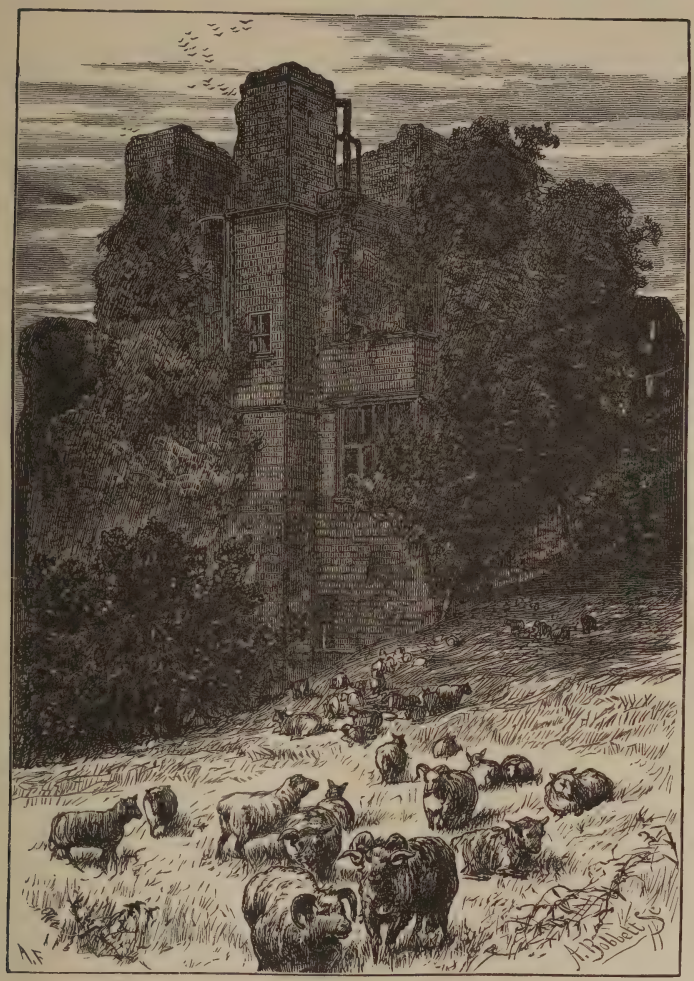
"But I don't go so far back," objected Mr. John Bodley. "I only go back say to our great-grandfathers. They did not go sight seeing as we do. I don't believe ten of them made up a party and visited Guy's Cliff."

"We 're none of us great-grandfathers," said John Bodley.

"Nor were they at the time," laughed his father. "But come, what makes the difference?"

"I 'll tell you, Mr. Bodley," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Depend upon it, it 's because the world has grown more democratic."

"You 're more than half right, Phippy," said Cousin Ned. "There 's no doubt that the last three generations have seen a won-



Kenilworth Castle.

derful increase of interest in men because they are men and not because they belong to our particular class. The fact is, the world is

getting acquainted with itself, and it does not require a special introduction as much as it once did. Do you know what interests me most in England, Mr. Bodley?"

"No."

"It is such a sight as I saw once, when I saw your Dean Stanley walking through Westminster Abbey with a company of workingmen on a Saturday afternoon, and showing them the monuments of great Englishmen."

"Yes, that was fine," said Mr. Bodley. "It speaks well for the Dean, and it speaks well for the workmen."

They came back to the road and followed it to Kenilworth. It was a delightful walk, noble trees shaded the road, and a footpath, broad and well kept, ran by its side. They passed through the village of Leek Wootton, which seemed to be famous for nothing.

"Now this," said Professor Adams, "comes nearer to my idea of what an English hamlet should be. These houses are much like those at Shottery, but they are cheerful and picturesque instead of having a forlorn and draggled look."

"There is no railroad very near," said Mr. Bodley. "That has something to do with it."

They passed carriages with ladies and gentlemen holding guidebooks, and bicycles, and country carts, and occasionally a tramp like themselves, with the difference that he carried his worldly possessions in a handkerchief, hung from a stick. Kenilworth village was a straggling one, but very pretty to a traveler's eye. They climbed a hill, though it took them somewhat away from the direct road, because Mr. John Bodley wished them to see the castle in the distance. There it lay before them, the ruined towers rising out of the green woods, and they stood long admiring it, and then followed a

little footpath which led across the fields. The path carried them through the gateway of the old abbey, and past an old chapel or other ecclesiastical building, now used for a stable. Some sheep were feeding under the gateway, and it seemed an appropriate way of visiting an old ruin to pass through another ruin to reach it.

They came into the road presently and followed it to the castle entrance. A big placard advised all travelers to supply themselves with guide-books and views within the gate. It furthermore informed our friends that the ruins were the property of the Earl of Clarendon, and that he charged threepence admission for the purpose of keeping the ruins in repair.

"I suppose that means," said Mr. Nathan Bodley, "that if the ruins show any sign of becoming habitable, or putting out new roofs, then the Earl uses our threepence to keep them ragged."

The gate-house had been turned into lodgings for the use of the keeper of the ruins, but once within the inclosure, our friends found themselves delightfully unmolested, and could ramble about the grounds and climb about the castle to their hearts' content.

"Now, Mr. Bodley," said Professor Adams, "it is your turn to be showman and give us the necessary information with which to take possession of these ruins."

"I'm not much of an antiquarian," said Mr. Bodley, "but I believe the first of it was built in Henry I.'s time, and Henry III. gave it to the Earl of Leicester. It came back to the crown once and again in times of rebellion, and Queen Elizabeth gave it to her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and he built the most important parts."

"Oh, I remember," said Margaret Bodley. "I have read all about it in Scott's novel, where he tells of Queen Elizabeth's visit to the Earl."

"Yes," said Sarah, "and don't you remember about poor Amy Robsart?"

"But I don't understand," said Charles, "why the castle should be such a heap of ruins. Queen Elizabeth did not reign so very long before the first Englishmen came to America, and we have buildings, wooden buildings too, almost as old as the colony."

"Well, Charles," said Mr. Bodley, "if you had had a revolution and a Cromwell, I think even your wooden buildings would have disappeared."

"Oh, did Cromwell capture Kenilworth?"

"Not with an army. The castle had come into possession of the crown again; they had a way of seizing on places, and when Cromwell came into power he bestowed it on certain of his officers who are said to have torn it down for the sake of the material, though I never knew exactly what they did with all the stones. Afterward Charles II. gave it away to the Earl of Rochester, and it passed by marriage from one to another till now it belongs to the Earl of Clarendon."

"Why is it?" asked Mrs. Bodley, "that ruins of old castles are so much more interesting to us than well preserved castles?" They were sitting in a wide stone window-seat in a corridor off from the great banqueting hall, the walls of which were standing, though the roof was gone. A lovely landscape spread before them, and below in the grass were children at play, whose laughter sounded sweetly in the distance.

"I suppose it is because we have a kind of sympathy with them," said her husband. "We imagine what once went on here; we know there can be no grand banquets again, or processions of lords and ladies, and we feel as if the poor old castle had been deprived of some of its pleasures."

"Then," said Mr. Van Wyck, "I think something is due to the way the old building becomes a part of nature. The ivy climbs over the stones and covers them; the moss and the grass grow in the crannies, a soft green mantle is spread over the stone, and by and by it looks as if these towers grew out of the soil and these arches sprang as trees and shrubs spring. The whole becomes a part of the landscape, and it affects us as a grave affects us."

"Nevertheless, give me a log-cabin with children playing about the door," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Ruins and nature go very well together, but human life and houses come closer to us."

"Ah, Phippy," said her husband, "but that is just what makes these ruins so interesting. It is because people have lived in them. Just think how we glorify some of our commonplace old houses in New York and Boston, or one of Washington's sleeping-places. A great man slept in a house — the very least thing, one would think, that he could do for it — and straightway it becomes famous."

"It strikes me," said Mr. John Bodley, "that we are accumulating historic memorials and preserving them to such an extent that after awhile the world will be a vast museum."

"A few revolutions will knock the museums to pieces, Mr. Bodley," said Cousin Ned.

"And give us new ones?" he retorted.

They climbed the stone staircases and mounted as high as they could go. They tried to reconstruct in their imagination the various parts of the castle and grounds, and then, after eating a lunch which they had brought with them, they took up their march for Coventry. It was about as far from Kenilworth to Coventry as it had been from Warwick to Kenilworth. The road, if anything, was more lovely. It passed through a rich and highly cultivated country, and

the over-arching trees shaded it so finely that it was like walking all the way through a park.

Coventry itself was scarcely more to them than the end of their walk. To be sure they strolled through the streets, and visited St. Michael's Church and St. Mary's Hall. The church is the largest or one of the largest parish churches in England. There was nothing to break the noble length and breadth of the interior, and the sunshine, streaming through the windows in the clere-story beneath the roof, carried the colors of those windows down into the great, beautiful church, bathing all in a fine and varied light. The almost flat ceiling put up in the sixteenth century had its own lovely weather-stain color. In St. Mary's Hall, too, they saw an admirable example of an old, richly carved interior, with great windows, and a kitchen still used, where were spits eight feet long; but the old fireplace had been modernized.

They found also a silk-weaving establishment which they visited, for Coventry has always been famous for its ribbons. They saw the looms at work making Christmas markers and the like. It was a pretty sight to see the work, but they could not well praise the taste of the workmen. They tried to find some book-marks which they could buy, but there were none that were not ugly. The figures were not printed upon the silk but woven in it. If the designs had been good, one might have admired the process more. The handkerchiefs and ties and garters were prettier.

They walked back to the railway station where they were to find their luggage, for they had thought it possible, when they left Warwick, that they should sleep at Coventry, but it was still early and they determined to go on to Birmingham.

"We have been to Coventry," said Charles, "but we were not

sent there. I wonder why people talk of being sent to Coventry, as if into some kind of disgrace. Do you know, father?"

"No, but Cousin Ned probably does. Why was it, Ned?"

"I don't know. We must ask Mr. Bodley."

"Don't ask me," said Mr. John Bodley, and so they asked Mr. Van Wyck, but he was as ignorant as the rest.

"Was it not," asked Mrs. Nathan Bodley, timidly, "because Coventry was a stronghold of the Puritans in the civil war, and the Royalists outside used to send in country Puritan gentlemen, because they did not want them in their company? I think I have read something of the sort."

"Bravo, Blandina!" said her husband. "As we don't any of us know so much, we 'll accept you cheerfully as a new historical authority for this party."

CHAPTER VI.

ROUNDHEAD AND CAVALIER.

The Bodleys and their English kinsfolk had come to Birmingham, not so much to see the town as because it was a convenient stopping-place, for they all wished to visit Worcester, and there they would be obliged to separate, since their journeys lay thence in different directions.

"I always make out to go to the musical festival, and take John and Margaret when I can," said Mr. John Bodley the next morning, as they were all seated in the train on the way to Worcester, driving through fog and smoke.

"Is it held each year at Worcester?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"No. It represents the three choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, and meets by turns in the cathedrals of those cities. The festival itself is about a hundred and forty years old. A few years ago there was a good deal of opposition to it, or rather to the holding of the festival in the cathedral, for some of the clergy especially objected that there was nothing distinctively religious about the music. Indeed, the Earl of Dudley gave a new pavement to the cathedral at Worcester, on condition that the cathedral should no longer be used for these monster concerts, but there was a great tow-row raised by the town, and I believe the difficulty was adjusted by separating the secular music and giving that in a hall, and connecting the music in the cathedral with religious services."

"Is this the first day of the festival, papa?" asked Margaret.

"No. It began Sunday last. They skipped Monday, began Tuesday, went on yesterday, and to-morrow they close with the "Messiah" in the morning and an evening service."

"I should think that if the clergy feel so about the matter," said Mr. Van Wyck, "they would object to having tickets sold for the performances in the cathedral."

"There is a faint device for persuading themselves that these are not regular concerts; the expenses of the festival are defrayed by subscriptions for seats, which are technically contributions in aid of the widows and orphans of the clergy of the diocese."

"'A most ingenious paradox,'" quoted Mrs. Van Wyck.

It was only an hour's journey from Birmingham to Worcester, and they found the town gay with flags and bunting in the streets, and all the ways thronged with people, carrying their music under their arms. The morning service was to begin at half after eleven, and

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SEVERN.

after making their contributions to the widows and orphans, and receiving in return little tickets entitling them to seats, they threaded the streets to the cathedral, and passed down under an archway to the banks of the Severn. There was a broad promenade by the river, but there were no seats where they might sit. So, after looking about they deposited themselves upon a brick platform at the back door of a house, whose garden reached down to the esplanade. A servant maid came out presently to sweep the bricks. She was a good-natured girl, and was rather concerned at the destitution of the party.

"I 'm afraid you 'll take cold, ma'am, sitting on the bricks," she said to Mrs. Bodley, who perhaps had a frail air, if any one in the robust party had, and the maid stepping into the garden, brought out presently a shingle, which she offered her.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Bodley, as she tucked it under her; "perhaps it would be more prudent; but why are there no seats provided here?"

"It 's because of the floods, please," said she. "The river rises above where you are sitting, indeed, quite to the hedge, sometimes, upon the top of the wall."

There were steps leading down to the water, and boats plying up and down, while the opposite banks showed a pretty country.

"The Severn," said Sarah, musingly. "What do I know about the Severn? I am sure there are some lines."

"I know them," said Margaret. "They are Wordsworth's:—

> "'As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
> Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
> Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
> Into main ocean, they, this deed accursed
> An emblem yields to friends and enemies,

How the bold Teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed.' "

"That is something like it," said Sarah, "but not exactly."

"Oh, it is quite correct, I am sure," said Margaret.

"Sarah is thinking of this," said her father: —

"' The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be.' "

"That is it," said Sarah.

"They both come from Fuller's Church History," said Mr. John Bodley. "I can't recall the exact words of the passage,[1] but Wordsworth simply turned the prose into verse, with scarcely a verbal change."

"So I suppose Wickliffe's ashes floated past where we are," said Charles. "Was the cathedral here then? It must have been very much ashamed."

"I am afraid," said his father, "that even in this highly Christianized age which celebrates Wickliffe in a semi-millennial, pure religion occasionally gets overlooked."

"Yes," said Mr. John Bodley, "much as I enjoy these musical festivals, I can't help wishing that there was more singing done by the very poor people of England. There's not much song in their lives."

[1] Mr. Bodley looked up the passage at home and found it to read thus: "Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine which now is dispersed all the world over." — Fuller's *Church History*, section ii., book 4, paragraph 53.

HOLY THURSDAY AT ST. PAUL'S.

"You have a touch of it in the singing of the Charity Children at St. Paul's," said Professor Adams.

"Ah, yes, that 's a beautiful thing. Did you ever go to one of those festivals?"

"Once, and I thought it heavenly."

"So it is, so it is, but I 'm a bit of a radical myself, and I can't quite make out heaven as populated by the poor only in aprons and caps."

"What does he mean?" whispered Sarah to Cousin Ned, who laughed.

"You have mystified my little cousin," said he. "She does not know that this festival at St. Paul's is one in which the children from various charity schools in London, all in their neat uniforms, gather once a year at St. Paul's Cathedral, when they sing the service, a sermon is preached, and a collection is taken up."

"Oh, I remember!" exclaimed Sarah. "Is not that the festival in Blake's poem of Holy Thursday?"

"To be sure. Do let us hear it, Sarah; perhaps Margaret and John here do not know the poem."

So Sarah gladly repeated William Blake's poem of

HOLY THURSDAY.

'T was on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
Came children, walking two and two, in red, and blue, and green:
Gray-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's, they like Thames' waters flow.

Oh, what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town,
Seated in companies they were, with radiance all their own;
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among :
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor.
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

"That," said Cousin Ned, "is a poet's rendering of a London festival, but I do not think one needs to be a poet to perceive the beauty in that scene in St. Paul's. I can never forget that Amen which swelled from those thousands of little throats at the end of each Collect. The prayer was lost to me. I could not hear it. There was perfect stillness, only broken at these intervals by the two musical notes of Amen. Then I remember that fluttering of countless white aprons as the little girls buried their faces in them at prayer.

" ' Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.'

It is quite worth while to change all one's plans of foreign travel in order to take in this one festival."

The sound of the cathedral bells warned them that it was time to make their way to their seats, so they passed through the archway again, and entered the door which was marked for those who were to find seats with our friends in the north aisle. There were one or two Collects, the Lord's Prayer, and Versicles, and then the music began. Next to Mr. Nathan Bodley sat an old gentleman who was overflowing with enthusiasm, and was perpetually whispering in a loud whisper to his neighbor, "I 've heard 'em all," he said hoarsely to Mr. Bodley, from "Malibran down. Titiens was the great one! Did you ever hear her?"

"No," whispered Mr. Bodley.

"Ah! you should have heard her shake in 'La Traviata!'" and the old gentleman shook his head in mysterious sympathy. The

music was a mass of Cherubini's, and when it was over there was a recess of an hour. Our friends used part of the time to look about

The Nave, Worcester Cathedral.

the cathedral. For a number of years restoration had been going on, and was now complete, so that the entire effect was almost that

of a new cathedral. Even King John, lying in state in the centre of the choir, the oldest regal monument in England, had been gilded from head to foot.

"I like the old, crumbly buildings best," said Mr. Nathan Bodley.

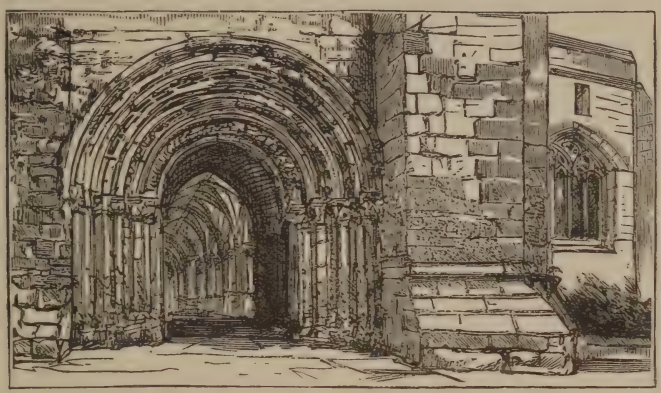
"Do you?" said his cousin. "For my part, I like this. The restoration may not be always in exact keeping with the original, but I like the idea of each generation doing its part toward making the cathedral last. Possibly a hundred years from now people will sigh and say 'Just look at the middle of the nineteeth century! that was the age of the revival of faith. Witness Worcester Cathedral.'"

"Very good," said Mr. John Bodley, "so far as it goes. I, too, think that cathedrals should be used and not be mere museums of curiosities."

They went out into the streets and found a bake-shop where they took a simple lunch, and then came back for the afternoon part of the festival. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was rendered, and that was more familiar to the older members of the party, so it was especially delightful to hear. They left the aisle and stole gently into some unoccupied seats in the choir, whence they could look westward to where the chorus and musicians were. The singing was lovely, and it came from such a distance and traveled down such a noble aisle that when it reached the ears of the Bodleys it seemed a part of the cathedral itself; as if those grave pillars and light arches had burst into sweet harmonies.

A Collect and Benediction followed the music, and they left the cathedral, passing through the cloisters, and so out into the open streets, which were thronged with people who had been enjoying the festival, many of whom were to stay that evening also and hear

Barnett's Cantata of Longfellow's "Building of the Ship." What a pity it was that our friends could not join in the applause which would follow the rendering of a piece by their favorite poet! It would have seemed to them like a true American invasion of England. They had, however, another errand in the hour that remained to them. Worcester was one of the notable places for an American to see, for here, in 1651, was fought Cromwell's last battle with King Charles II., and the victory which he then gained established his power in England.



Cloisters, Worcester Cathedral.

"It is almost an anniversary," said Professor Adams, "for it was two hundred and thirty years ago, within a few days, that the battle of Worcester was fought. Charles and his tired and cross soldiers entered the city on the 22d of August, and less than a week afterward Cromwell had drawn up his forces before the city."

"Do you suppose the city looked as it does now, Cousin Ned?" asked Charles.

"No. The cathedral was here, and the general direction of the streets was the same, but most of these houses have been built since that day."

"How singular!" said Sarah. "I always think of an English town as older than any of our American towns, but here is Worcester, not so old, according to you, as Boston, for Boston was founded in 1630, and the battle of Worcester was in 1651. You say there is not much here, besides the cathedral, older than that."

"Old age in a town, Sarah, depends a good deal on our knowledge of it, and only partly on the monuments in it. If John or Margaret here were to go to Boston, I fancy it would not seem very old to them, even if they visited the North End; but if you are able to trace back the history, step by step, the founding of it seems a long while ago, even though you can find no marks of the earliest Boston."

"This is an old building," said Charles, as they came upon a quaint, mediæval building not far from the Sidbury Gate.

"This is the Commandery," said his cousin, "where the king established himself when he entered the city. It is used now as a college for the blind sons of gentlemen."

"It was the son of a blind gentleman who occupied it then," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Why, Aunt Phippy," said Charles, "was King Charles I. blind?"

"Very blind, Charles. He could not see beyond his royal person."

"Oh!"

"Come," said Cousin Ned, "we 'll climb Red Hill, where we shall see the town, and can tell better about the battle." So they followed the old London road up the hill. The road, before leaving the town, rose somewhat abruptly up Green Hill, and then fell again to rise further on in Red Hill. They kept on to a fork in the road, where a guide-post pointed one by the right to Oxford and London

by way of Evesham, and by the left also to Evesham. There was a scrubby, half-heath looking place at the top of the hill.

"It was not far from here," said Cousin Ned, as they stood facing the city, "on our right, that most of Cromwell's forces were posted, while Charles was posted nearer the Sidbury Gate, and over there beyond the Severn on our extreme left. Cromwell's object was to prevent the king from moving toward London, and so he had marched from Evesham and planted himself here right in the king's path. The armies lay thus till the morning of the 3d of September, when Cromwell began sending his forces down the hill here on the left, to be ready to attack the king's forces, of which the larger part was by Powick bridge, the other side of the Teme. Do you see the little Teme where it flows into the Severn over there?"

Oliver Cromwell.

"Yes, I think I make it out."

"Charles could see it, too, for he was in the tower of the cathedral, watching the movements of the two armies. He saw Cromwell's men bridge the Teme, near where it joins the Severn, cross it, and so place themselves between the town and the royal army at Powick bridge. More and more men came down from Red Hill, where we stand, and steadily pushed the royal forces, which were retreating step by step upon the town. Charles suddenly determined to make an attack with his men upon the small force which

was left here, and up the hill he came. The men stationed here had the advantage of position, and kept the king's forces at bay until Cromwell could hurry back from the river with reinforcements. Back he came and drove the attacking party down the hill toward Sidbury Gate, where was the king's fort, Fort Royal. It was now nightfall, and Cromwell ordered an assault upon the fort which was carried by storm. Then the victorious army went through the streets of the town, driving the king's men before them, killing and plundering. It must have been a terrible night."

"And what became of the poor king?" asked Sarah.

"He got away, but how no one seemed to know. They show the house where he was concealed, and I will point it out to you when we go back to the town." The house was in the Corn Market, an old timber house, with the date 1577, and the letters W. B. and R. D., with the inscription "Love God. Honor the King."

"How singular!" said John, as they stood looking up at it, "that the king should have found shelter under these words. I wonder what Cromwell thought when he read them. I suppose he thought if he obeyed the first part he might let the rest go."

"I doubt if he paid much attention to inscriptions on buildings that night, John," said his father. "He was too much absorbed in making his victory complete and final. He thought this the crowning victory of the war."

"Yet it was after all but the beginning of his most serious work," said Professor Adams. "Fighting is less difficult than governing a nation half of which does not want you to govern."

"But he was an Englishman," said Mr. John Bodley, "and we find it a great deal easier nowadays to accept Cromwell as a hero than we once did. We think less of the royal family and more of England, you know, and Cromwell, as I said, was an Englishman."

"He changed English history; there is no doubt about that," said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "He did not change American history so much. We were out of the way of the civil war, and did our best to keep out of the mischief."

"Yet the English Commonwealth and New England had much to do with each other," said Cousin Ned. "It was the success with which Massachusetts managed her affairs without the help of a king, and without bishops, that made Englishmen think they could have the same government in England."

"Well, the same thing is going on upon a larger scale now," said Mr. John Bodley. "There are a good many people in England who watch the United States, and ask themselves why we should not be better off here with the same kind of government."

"For all that," said Mr. Van Wyck, "no great nation ever really copies another, and if England ever tires of kings and princes she will not deliberately try to make herself like the United States. A nation is made up of an infinite number of parts, all of which are growing all the time. England has been outgrowing feudalism in many ways, and such a conflict as that between Roundheads and Cavaliers is no longer possible. Parliament has the power now, and the king will never again be found fighting it."

"No," said Mr. John Bodley. "The parties will be otherwise, and they will be within Parliament. But come, what a set of prophets we are getting to be. If we don't take care, we shall be as bad as the astronomer who did n't see the ditch. My train must be nearly due."

They had been slowly sauntering in the direction of the station, and now hastened to it. Mr. Bodley and his two children were going south, on their way home to Salisbury, and thus the time

of parting had come, for the rest were going north on farther pilgrimages.

"But we shall see you soon," said Mr. John Bodley. "Remember you are to give us a day or two of your precious time at Salisbury."

"Never fear," said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "We shall not go out of England without seeing the home of the English Bodley family."

So, with much handshaking, and waving of handkerchiefs, the English Bodleys went south, and shortly after the American Bodleys made their way north. They went back first to Birmingham to get a fresh start, and spent the night there. In the morning they took a walk out to the suburbs of the city to Aston House, and its little park. It was a bright sunshiny morning, and even the dull brick houses in the commonplace streets through which they passed seemed to catch a little of the sunshine, and to look less commonplace. Aston House stood just on the outskirts of the city, and the park was simply the grounds about the house, some forty acres or more, which with the house had been bought by the Birmingham people twenty years before for a park and a museum.

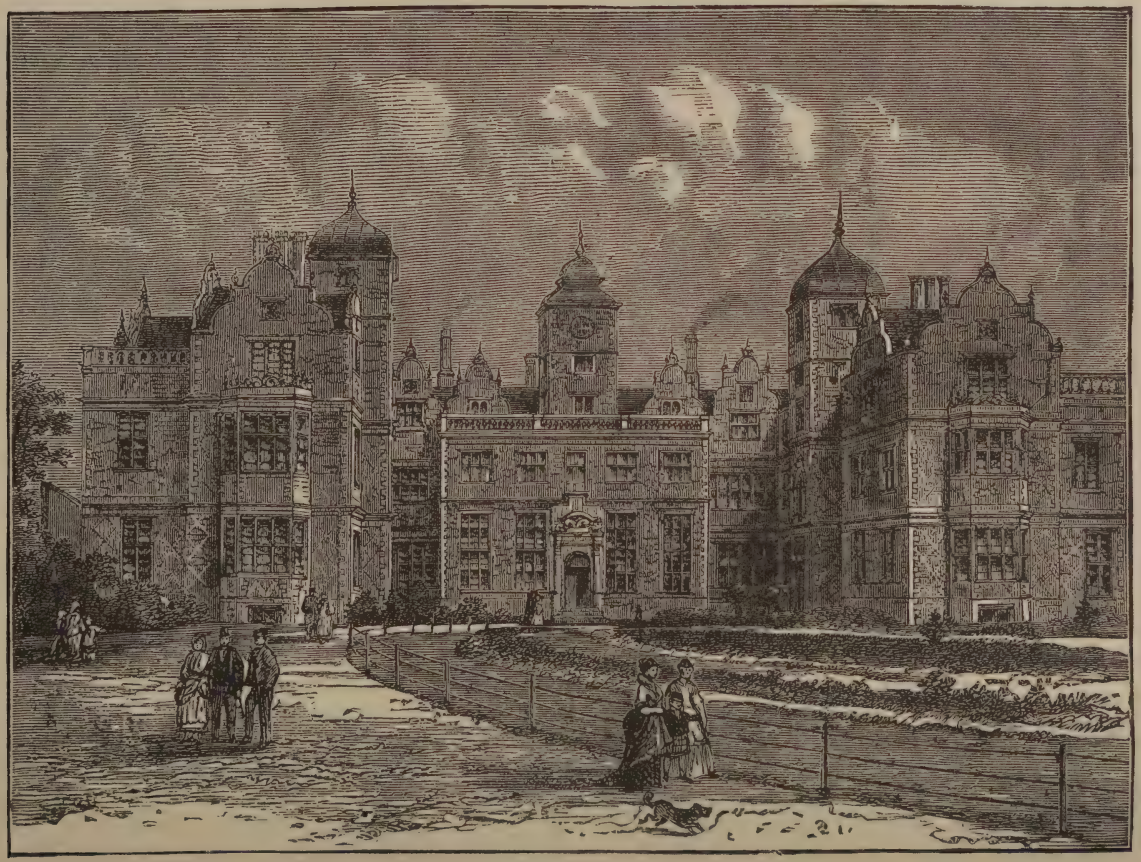
"You have not told us what we came out here for, Ned," said Mrs. Van Wyck; "it could not have been to make us read these cautionary placards, for we have brought no sandwiches with us."

"What placards?" asked Sarah.

"Don't you see, child, what the mayor of Birmingham begs you to do? He wants you not to leave your sandwich papers here, but to put them back into your lunch-baskets and carry them home again."

"Most excellent advice, Phippy," said her cousin, "and I don't think it is at all beneath a mayor's dignity to remind people of a little thing like that."

"Nor of a poet's," said Mr. Bodley. "You see the advice is from



ASTON HOUSE.

a speech by William Morris. But come, Ned, what is Aston House, and why should it be preserved ? "

" Let us read the inscription over the doorway," said Cousin Ned. The house was built on three sides of a hollow square, the main entrance being in the middle, and over the doorway was the inscription, cut in stone : —

" Sir Thomas Holte of Huddersdon in the Countie of Warwick, knight and baronet began to build this house in Aprill in Anno Domini 1618 in the 16th yeare of the raigne of King James of England &c. and of Scotland the one and fiftieth, and the said Sir Thomas Holte came to dwell in this house in May in Anno Domini 1631 in the seaventh yeare of the raigne of our soveraigne lord King Charles and he did finish this house in Aprill, Anno Domini 1635 in the eleventh yeare of the raigne of the said King Charles.

" Laus Deo."

" That is sufficiently explicit. The baronet was evidently a very precise and punctilious gentleman," said Mr. Van Wyck, " and I suspect he was a very loyal subject of his sovereigns."

" Just so," said Cousin Ned. " Sir Thomas Holt was a Cavalier and staunch Royalist. Charles I. was entertained here in 1642, and we shall see his bedroom, if you care anything about it, when we go in. What interests me about the place is that it gives us a chance to see a private house which was attacked by the town's people, aided by Cromwell's troops, because the owner was a Royalist. The cannon shattered a part of the staircase, and other damage was done, but the house was surrendered before it was destroyed, and Sir Thomas paid a heavy fine to get clear."

" What a vindictive fellow you are, Ned," said Mr. Nathan Bodley. " You seem to delight in these battles and house-burnings."

"Oh, not at all," said Cousin Ned, "but I think these little things help us to imagine the war better."

"There are plenty of them at home," said Mr. Van Wyck.

"Yes, and yet how little our northern people know about it. But in England in the civil war it was neighbors who fought, and that always seems to me to add to the terrors of war."

They went within and saw the shattered staircase, and King Charles's chamber, and the great reception hall, and the long gallery. Over the chimney-piece in the hall was a tablet with these verses: —

"If service be thy meane to thrive
Thou must therein remain
Both silent, faithful, just and true,
Content to take some paine.

"If love of virtue may allure
Or hope of worldly gaine
If fear of God may thee procure
To serve doe not disdaine."

"Well, I suppose Sir Thomas took that to himself, when he served his sovereign faithfully," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Yes," said her husband, "he evidently meant it for everybody, for he put it here where all could see it when they came in, and not in the servants' hall."

"What a pity," said Sarah, "that some of these fine old Cavaliers did not come over to America. The Puritans were all very well, but I think one or two people like Sir Thomas Holt would have done no harm."

"Why, Sarah," said Charles, "they did come! Don't you know that a good many came to Virginia and settled there?"

"Did they, Cousin Ned?"

"To be sure, and especially when Cromwell and the Puritan party got the upper hand, many of the king's party went to Virginia. Indeed at one time there were so many there that they were ready to raise the standard of King Charles II. even before his friends in England."

"It 's a pity," said Mr. Van Wyck, "that New England has had so many more historians than Virginia. The two countries ought to have their histories told to our children, so that each should get its fair share. The mother of presidents was the daughter of kings."

"Never mind," said his wife, stoutly; "New England is the nurse of men, and she is the daughter of ideas."

"Bravo, Phippy!" said her brother Nathan. "Keep your flag flying."

CHAPTER VII.

A PILGRIMAGE.

THE little excursion to Aston House used the morning only, and after lunch our friends left the Queen's Hotel, which was under the same roof as the railway station, and took a train to the north.

"I wish we could stop at Lichfield on our way to Bawtry," said Mr. Van Wyck. "I am very willing to make a pilgrimage to the cradle of the Pilgrims, but I should not mind paying my respects to Sam Johnson on the way, for he is a sort of half-way house to the Pilgrim Fathers."

"Dr. Johnson was a stout Tory, Philip," said Mr. Nathan Bodley.

"I don't think he would relish being named with the Pilgrim Fathers."

"For all that he had a good deal of the stuff out of which they were made. Don't you think that a man who would do penance for the sins of his youth when he was old and famous must have had a pretty good conscience?"

"I have forgotten the story."

"Then I'll tell it, for I believe our train goes through Lichfield and not far from Uttoxeter. When Dr. Johnson was a boy and living with his parents in Lichfield, his father was an old man who had been a pretty successful bookseller, but in his old age was rather poor. Instead of keeping a comfortable bookshop, he was forced to peddle his books, and he was in the habit of going to the neighboring market-place of Uttoxeter on market-day, and setting up a bookstall there. One day he asked his son Sam to go for him. The old gentleman was feeble and half ill, and it was a good deal for him to stand in sun or rain all day in the market-place selling a few books. Sam was a big, clumsy fellow, who, so far as flesh and bones went, might easily take his father's place, and being a youth of much reading and knowledge of accounts, he could well undertake to sell the books. But, with all that, he was a boy of pride and sensitiveness. He could bear to have his father stand there and sell books, but he could not bear to go himself. He thought very likely that people would laugh at him, for he was an ungainly looking fellow, with his face twitching and his head rolling after a curious fashion, and besides that, he meant to be a scholar, and I suppose he thought it beneath a scholar to sell books in the street.

"At any rate Sam Johnson refused to go, and his old father went instead. I never heard that the old gentleman reproved him or

DR. JOHNSON'S PENANCE.

chided him for it afterward, but that would have been quite unnecessary, for the boy's conscience punished him much more severely. For years he remembered his undutiful conduct. He never thought of his father, I warrant, without remembering how he had let him go to Uttoxeter market-place and sell books, instead of going himself; and so, when he was grown famous as a scholar and author, he made a pilgrimage to Uttoxeter, and stood for an hour or so in the market-place, with his hat in his hand, doing penance for the sins of his youth. The sun shone on his wig, and the rain came down, but he stood stock-still and bore it all, for he hoped the sun would burn out his sin, and the rain wash it away. The market men and women, and the small boys stood and looked at him, and pointed their fingers and laughed, but Dr. Johnson did not mind them. The more they did it, the sweeter was the sound, for they were paying him back for his undutiful behavior when he let his father stand thus in the sun and rain years before."

"Well, Philip," said his sister, "I am very glad you have told us the story, for now I know the meaning of a picture which we saw at the Academy in London, by Adrian Stokes, called 'Dr. Johnson's Penance.'"

"Yes, the English painters like to take subjects from their literary history."

It was evening before they reached the little town of Bawtry, after making one or two changes of trains. They went to the Crown Inn, but it was too dark to see much of the place. They knew only that they had come to a little market-town of no commercial importance, and midway between two little villages of less importance still to modern England, but bearing names which are often met with in American history, Scrooby and Austerfield.

The next morning they gathered their little company and made a pilgrimage to Austerfield. The path which took them was a foot-path of the most genuinely rustic character, for after crossing the railway track they entered by a stile upon a field: part of the way they had hawthorn hedges on either hand, and there were little gates and stiles; and finally, when they issued upon Austerfield itself, they found a cunning English hamlet with little houses and big ricks. A narrow lane wound through the hamlet; it passed a Primitive Methodist chapel, and the White Hart Inn, which looked hardly large enough to hold the innkeeper; finally the road brought them to the venerable parish church. The churchyard gate was locked, and Mr. Bodley went to the nearest cottage for the key. He knocked and knocked, till a voice across the road called out that no one was at home. On going over to consult the voice, he found that the key was kept by the parish clerk, who lived at the other end of the village.

Austerfield Church.

They all turned back as bidden, and found the clerk, finally, at his shoemaker's bench with lapstone in his lap, pounding upon a shoe. He was a placid old fellow, and got up at once to put on his coat and fetch the key.

"Do you suppose he has any idea," asked Mrs. Bodley, "why we have come to see his little church?"

"You 're Americans, I suppose," said the old man quickly, "come to see the church where Bradford was baptized?"

"Then there have been some before us," said Mr. Bodley.

"Oh, a-many, sir. Many Americans come here and some English; they come to see where the Pilgrim Fathers came from. There 's a good many Bradfords have been here."

"Are there any Bradfords left in Austerfield?" asked Professor Adams.

"No, sir. The name 's not been known here since William Bradford's day."

"And is there anything left of Bradford's house?"

"We can see it, sir, by walking a bit just beyond the church. It 's been altered a good deal. There is n't much left of the old house, I believe."

"It is the church, after all," said Mr. Van Wyck, "that plays the part of a shrine in these historical memorials. Houses go to ruin or are pulled down, but the church abides, sometimes restored, it is true, but often the most satisfactory peg on which to hang your memories. How old is the church, clerk?"

"It 's over eight hundred years old, sir," said he, with pride. "You 'll admire that piece of Norman work over the porch," and he held them back to get a view of it. Then he turned the key in the lock and let them into the building. It was a quaint little church, with some interesting Norman work about the arches and capitals of the pillars. The chancel was held up by buttresses. The church was a chapel of ease to Bawtry, and the living was in the gift of Trinity College, Cambridge, which was obliged to keep the chancel in repair. The roof had once been open, but it made the church so cold that a plaster ceiling had been put in. The thick walls were covered with whitewash. The old font, a rough stone bowl, had been removed for some reason, and lay now on the floor of the church.

"I suppose William Bradford was christened in that font," said Mr. Bodley. "I'd like very well to have it myself. You don't seem to have any use for it here."

"Well, sir, there was a Mr. Bradford here from America, who tried to buy it, but they would n't sell it. And he offered to give a new and fine silver communion service for the one now in use, but they would n't do that either. If you'll come up into the loft, sir, I think the best view of the church is up there." Poor old fellow! as if there could be much choice in this excessively humble building! It did not take long to see all that was in the church, and there seemed to be no very ancient stones in the little churchyard without. Among the stones was one to a Priscilla.

"Perhaps this Priscilla got her name from the same person as Priscilla Mullins," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"The name was undoubtedly given from the Priscilla of the New Testament," said her husband. "Just as the Roman Catholics go to the saints, the Puritans went to the Bible."

"This village must have grown since William Bradford's time," said Professor Adams to the old clerk.

"I can count fifty houses built here in my time," he replied.

"Why, I should hardly think there were so many in the whole village. It 's not a very rich soil hereabout?"

"It 's a light, sandy soil, sir."

"Well, the Pilgrims did not make an ill exchange. Cape Cod is a more varied land than this. Where are the records, by the way, of Austerfield church?"

"The Vicar at Bawtry has them, sir. He 'll show them to you."

"And is Scrooby church as old as this?"

"It 's not as old, sir. It 's been much improved, I hear, sir, but I've not seen it since I was a boy."

"Just think of that, Sarah," said Charles. "Why, Scrooby is only a mile or so from here. What a stay-at-home man!"

They bade the old clerk good-by at his cottage door and retraced their way across the fields to Bawtry. The party of seven hardly liked to inflict themselves upon the vicar, and so, while the rest strolled by the way, Professor Adams went alone and introduced himself.

"I think he must have been in the midst of a sermon," he said, when he came out, "for he was some little time coming to me, and very cordial when he bade me good-by. What a nuisance he must find these Americans who pester him about the records!"

"Did he show them to you?" asked Charles.

"Yes. They were on parchment, and I saw the page containing the register of Bradford's baptism; that and all others written in the same hand, a very beautiful one, the work, I suppose, of the vicar of that day. 'We do not write as well as that now,' said my vicar. 'Partly the fault of our pens,' I suggested. 'Very true,' said he, 'and I wish you Americans, who are so ingenious at inventing, would invent a decent pen for us.' I told him of Dr. Holmes's gold pen, which he had used for twenty years or so, and I showed him my stylographic pen."

"That will never improve penmanship," said Mr. Bodley.

"No," said Mr. Van Wyck, "and I don't believe pens have most to do with it. A good deal is due to leisure, which penmen now do not use, but more to the fact that penmanship, before printing was invented, was a fine art, like painting, and the traditions of the art had not died out when Bradford's name was written."

They walked slowly down the broad road which led to Scrooby, about a mile to the south of Bawtry. There was a cluster of houses

there more considerable than that at Austerfield, with a larger church. There had been time here also for the houses to disappear which stood when Bradford and his friends were alive, and for a new town to arise, which already looked ancient.

"The old manor-house, I suppose, is what we want to see," said Mr. Bodley.

"Was that where the Pilgrims used to meet?" asked Charles.

Scrooby.

"Yes, before they were pilgrims. The manor-house belonged to the Archbishop of York, and was occupied by William Brewster, who was the chief man of the village. He was the postmaster, — that is, he was master of a royal post, — which meant then something more than a person to receive and sort letters. Scrooby was a post town on the great road from London to Scotland. When traveling was so difficult as it was then, the stopping-places on the great thoroughfares were places of consequence. At Scrooby travelers might stop overnight, and kings and queens had rested here at the manor-

house. So William Brewster, living at the manor-house, was a man of consequence. Once a week, however, he opened the doors of his house to his neighbors, who came there to hold a religious meeting and read the Bible and pray. I suppose Bradford often came down from Austerfield to see Brewster and attend these meetings."

"Here is the post-office, now," said Cousin Ned, "and a much more humble place than it was in King Charles's time."

"Let us ask here for the manor-house," said Mr. Bodley.

"I am afraid it has disappeared," said his cousin. "I think I remember having heard so." Yes. The postmistress showed them in a field near by a clump of willows near which had been the foundations. Some gentlemen, she said, came with iron rods and felt about for it. The stables remained, but they had been turned into a farm-house.

"So it is," said Cousin Ned, with a sigh. "To such shadows do all our historical memorials seem reduced! To go into a farm-house and remember that it is made out of the stable attached to the manor-house, where Brewster and his friends met — that is getting a good way from history."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Van Wyck, "that the people of Scrooby must have been pretty intelligent, if they came together in those days for such a purpose. I suppose they were farmers chiefly."

"Yes, and their life was not more luxurious here than it afterward was in New England. Indeed, I suppose that after the first struggle in a new land, they were better off than their neighbors were at home."

"But what I was thinking of," continued Mr. Van Wyck, "was that there must have been some special education for these plain

people, if they could reach such a degree of spiritual liberty as the Pilgrims showed, and such quiet independence. The great and the wise of England were not with them."

"I have often thought of that," said Cousin Ned, "and I don't think the answer is a simple one. But we ought to remember that the Reformation doctrine had been at work in England for a hundred years, and besides that, Brewster and others like him, who were the leaders, were educated men. They were trained at the Universities, and they were often the sons of farmers. Then the farmers themselves had often held their farms, father and son, for many generations, and were the backbone of England."

"I suppose I ought to know," said Sarah, "but was it from here that the Pilgrims went to Holland?"

"Yes, my dear cousin," said Charles, "they left this comfortable, fertile country for the flat and peaceful Holland."

"Oh, I know all that," said she, "but was it from Scrooby and Austerfield that the Pilgrim Fathers went, and were they all from these little villages?"

"All the east of England," said Cousin Ned, "south of the Humber, was more or less in sympathy with the Puritan party, and it was from this part of the country that most of the Englishmen came who had from time to time gone to Holland to get more religious freedom. There were at least two settlements of them in Holland, when a company from Scrooby and its neighborhood, after being persecuted in many ways by the church and king, managed to sell their property and escape to Holland. Brewster and Bradford were prominent among them then, and were leaders when they afterward came to Plymouth. Thus it was that Scrooby and Austerfield have come to be looked upon as the starting-point of the Pilgrim Fathers."

"What a long road they have traveled since!" exclaimed Mr. Bodley.

"Yes, for though the little colony in Plymouth really had less to do directly with the establishment of New England than the more considerable emigration ten years later of Winthrop and his associates, people have always insisted upon regarding the Pilgrims as heroes; they have honored them and their acts, and have dated a great deal of our history from them. I suppose it is because the *idea* in the Plymouth Colony was simpler and higher, and appeals more directly to one's enthusiasm. Indeed, we are just beginning to notice how in reality the Pilgrim conception of religious freedom and of faith was purer and nobler than the Puritan. Then their history was a brief one and is easily grasped. It comes to us like a picture, while the history of the Massachusetts Bay Colony is a great deal more complex."

"Well," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "I do not see that our historical researches in Austerfield and Scrooby have produced anything new, but I confess it does make it more real to me to have been here where the Pilgrim Fathers were once babies."

CHAPTER VIII.

A GROUP OF WORTHIES.

Our party took a most roundabout route back to London. It was Saturday, the tenth of September, when they left Bawtry, and they resolved to spend Sunday in a cathedral town. Lincoln was

the most convenient one for their purposes, and so they went thither and put up at the Spread Eagle.

"We must be Americans or nothing," said Charles, "but I must say that the English spread eagle is a modest sort of bird, judging by the inn which it patronizes."

The inn stood at the foot of a hill, and up the steep hill they climbed more than once on that day and the next, for the cathedral was at the top of the hill, and there also were other interesting antiquities, the ruined castle and archways. The cathedral made them think of a great fortress. It was founded on a rocky cliff, and looked off upon a wide expanse of fen and meadow.

"There is as much individuality about cathedrals as about men," said Mr. Van Wyck, "and, as with men, a good deal depends on the surroundings. This cathedral looks as if it were in command of the country."

"What a centre it must be," said Mr. Bodley. "I had a seat in one of the stalls at evening prayer yesterday. Did you notice how each of the stalls had over it the name of one of the parishes of this diocese? Over mine was 'Carlton cum Thurlby.' They are two small parishes in Lincolnshire, and I suppose they hold the stall jointly, though brother Carlton and brother Thurlby could not possibly sit there together; they must take turns."

"The best way to see a cathedral is to use it," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Then one gets out of the way of thinking of it as a work of art or a museum."

"Yes," said his sister, "it is when we make things common that we get the most out of them. If we only said the Lord's Prayer once a year, it would not gain by its novelty, and I think it is very much so with this cathedral service. When I first heard it, I was

struck with its beauty, and I regarded it very much as I would a lovely oratorio; but now that it has become familiar, I find myself going along with it, instead of standing outside in admiration."

"But what if you went through it every day, Blandina, as these men and boys do," said Cousin Ned. "Don't you suppose it would become mere formalism?"

"Why, it seems to me that it is like the cathedral itself. Here it is. It was built by men in an age when worship found this means of expression. There were meaner thoughts that went to the building, as there are meaner thoughts which mingle with the daily prayers, but we have no reason for rejecting the better use because of the alloy. We don't have to invent a new cathedral every time we want to worship. We go to the old one and use it, and find it just what we want. Of course one may pass this building or go through it every day and be thinking of something else, but he can also form a habit of visiting it every day with his best thoughts. One may form a habit of daily worship, as another may fall into a careless form. It depends upon the person, and the form is not to be blamed."

At all events our party acted upon this plan, and whenever they had the opportunity, they used the cathedrals they visited and knew them better for such use. Indeed, they had almost too much cathedral on Monday, for after making an early visit to the one at Lincoln, they took the train to Peterborough, where they had two hours or more, and then to Ely, and, after supper, to Cambridge for the night. They were struck by the individuality of the three cathedrals. If Lincoln was a king, Peterborough was a queen. The charm which at once arises from it is in the lovely setting which it has. It is like a great country church in its churchyard, while outside the church-

yard the living have built their houses and laid out their gardens, so that one winds about the walls through the most tempting little lanes, beneath old arches, and the cathedral throws a quiet peace over all. There was nothing awful about this pile, but a sweet serenity which made it, as Mrs. Bodley said, the best cathedral to live by which they had yet seen.

With Ely, it is the great length of the cathedral which is impressive both within and without. It is said to be the longest cathedral in Europe, and the length seems to narrow and heighten the nave. Our party walked slowly back and forth several times, and always with an increased admiration for the severely beautiful lines of the nave. It seemed to stretch on and on, the pillars like the stems of trees in some woodland walk, and the purity of the arches was in agreement with the simplicity and singleness of effect. There was also a marvelous Gothic dome under the central tower, framed upon octagonal walls, and this octagonal base between the nave and the choir gave opportunity for very beautiful effects as one stood at the corner and looked across, with a glimpse of the apparently endless nave.

They spent the night only at Cambridge, and the next day moved to Bedford, which they made their headquarters for a day or two, while they visited two or three places in the neighborhood which had an interest for them. They went first to Olney, the home of the poet Cowper.

"What a picture this is," said Mr. Van Wyck, "of a dull, prosaic, eighteenth-century English village!"

And so it was. There was a broad village street, unusually broad, with an exceedingly graceful curve, lined on either side by houses of the greatest irregularity of roof, though there were no sharp con-

trasts of prosperity and adversity. All were on the level that is just above poverty, and a sombre hue prevailed. A market-place was at the end of the village, and they caught sight of a sign pointing down a little lane to the poet Cowper's Summer-house.

"That is where we want to go," said Cousin Ned, "for it was, you remember, Cowper's favorite resort, and stood between his house and Newton's."

They ducked under a clothes-line on the way, and opening a gate into a kitchen garden, went toward a little wooden structure where were already two visitors, an Englishman and a Mexican, who were entertained by the owner of the summer-house, a wide-awake man, either a miller or a baker, from his dress and floury appearance. It was hardly possible for all the party to crowd in at once, when there were already three within, but every one was polite, and each made way for the other. The summer-house itself had gradually sunk into the soil, so that all but the children had to stoop to enter it. The plaster walls were covered with names of visitors. Macaulay's was there, the miller or baker said, but he had never been able to find it.

"The poet built this house himself, did he not?" asked Mr. Van Wyck.

"There's no doubt of it; but this table and chair were John Newton's. The house stood midway between the vicarage and the poet's house, as you can see."

"Did they climb over the wall to get at it?" asked Charles.

"If you look closely over there, my lad, you will see how the old wall to Cowper's garden, which was only a foot or two high, has been raised since to be five feet; and you can see, furthermore, the place where there was, in his day, a gate in the wall, as well as opposite there in the vicarage wall."

"I notice you say Cowper," said Mrs. Bodley. "I thought Englishmen pronounced the name Cooper."

"The poet and his family called it Cooper, ma'am. Lord Cooper, they say; but the people about Olney always say Cowper."

"What a depressing spot!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Of all places for a poet, this is surely the meanest I ever saw."

"It is probably worse now than it was then," said her husband.

"No, sir," said the owner of the summer-house; "there 's not much difference. There have been few changes in Olney. Have you been in his house?"

"No. Can we get through here?"

"You will have to go round, sir, to the market-place."

Round they went, and came to the house, which had an arched passage leading through the centre of it, from the front to the back. It was a double house, as it had been in Cowper's time. There was nothing whatever attractive about it, and the changes which had been introduced were of a cheap, commonplace character. Its rear was toward an ill-conditioned part of the town, and the paved court was closed in by the wall which they had seen from the summer-house. The master of the house, who was deaf, good-naturedly showed them all that was to be seen, but everything had undergone some little change.

"Where is the little opening in the wall through which Cowper's pet hares used to come?" shouted Mrs. Van Wyck to the master of the house.

"Here," said he, laying his hand on the wall; "it 's been papered over since."

"Everything 's been papered over," she murmured. "I do not wonder that a man of Cowper's sensitive nature should have gone mad here."

"Let us get away," said Mrs. Bodley, "before we go mad too. For my part I would rather see Weston, where Cowper lived after leaving Olney. How far off is it?"

"How far is Weston?" shouted Mr. Bodley to the man.

"It's a mile and a half. I'll show you the road, but come up-stairs first. I want to show you Cowper's bedroom. It's where I sleep now;" and so up-stairs they went to gratify the man, who was very good-natured, and took an honest pride in the house. He had no sort of reason for supposing the chamber to have been Cowper's except that it was the best in the house. They left the place behind them and walked out to Weston. The change thither from Olney was a cheerful one to them. What must it have been to poor Cowper! A pleasant hilly road led along the Ouse and over-looking it. Below them stretched field and meadow, with church spires rising from the foliage, a quiet English landscape, just such a one, Mrs. Bodley said, as

William Cowper.

Birket Foster liked to draw. At the entrance of the village was a noble park of chestnuts known as the Wilderness, and memorialized by the poet. Here was a gateway but no gate, and they had quite the sense of being admitted to a gentleman's place. There were old thatch-roofed houses, and an inn with a battered sign-board inscribed Cowper's Oak, a dim picture of the Yardley Oak being decipherable.

The lodge which Cowper had lived in was occupied now by a farmer, who sent one of his maids to show it to our party. The chief interest in the house was in Cowper's room above stairs.

"How delightful!" said Mrs. Bodley. "Only see, it is used now for a nursery. I suppose the children know John Gilpin's Ride," she added, turning to the maid.

"Oh yes, ma'am, and his 'Lines on my Mother's Portrait.' Here are two lines that Cowper himself wrote," and she showed upon a window-shutter two lines in pencil which looked as if they had been traced more than once to preserve them.

> "Farewell, dear scene, forever closed to me;
> Oh! for what sorrows must I now exchange ye."

There were two dates written under the lines, July 22d and 28th, 1795.

"I remember," said Mr. Van Wyck, "Cowper left Weston to go to the sea for change of air, but never recovered. He was to go on the 22d, but for some reason he was detained till the 28th."

"Poor fellow," said his wife, "and the dear scene I suppose was this pretty quiet view over the garden. Well, I am glad we have this place to think of him in instead of that dreadful Olney."

They went back from Olney to Bedford, and they changed from Cowper to Bunyan.

"I wonder if we shall find much more of Bunyan than we did of Cowper," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Not so much, I fancy," said her husband, "for Bunyan lived longer ago, and he was a much more obscure man in his own day. I believe, indeed, that not only is the gaol gone in which he wrote his 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but as there were two gaols here, antiquarians have not got over discussing in which one it was that Bunyan was clapped."

They were walking in the town at the time, and came to a pretty green where stood a statue in bronze of the famous dreamer. Upon the stone pedestal were the words which well described the attitude of the figure: "It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips. . . . It stood as if it pleaded with men."

"How admirable!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Blandina, do you remember whereabouts in 'Pilgrim's Progress' those words are?"

"Yes. They describe the picture of a very grave person, which hung upon the wall of the House of the Interpreter."

"I suppose Bunyan meant the very grave person," said Mr. Van Wyck, "to be in general an apostle of righteousness, and I think the sculptor made a very happy choice when he took the description and applied it to Bunyan."

"The children build monuments to the man whom their fathers put in gaol," said Mr. Bodley.

"Well said, Nathan," said his sister. "You will be making epigrams yet."

"Not only so," said Mr. Van Wyck, "but I am told that they are restoring the old church at Elstow, where Bunyan lived, in honor of him."

Elstow was only a mile or two away, and the next morning they went there. They found a sleepy little village, but brisk work was going on in the restoration of the church. The master of the works showed them about, and explained how cautiously they were proceeding, preserving all the old details, replacing the stones and adding arches only when necessary for support. The old carving was used whenever a scrap was available, and the lines of it were carefully followed in the restored part.

Elstow Green, with School-House.

"Was the church in use in Bunyan's time?" asked Sarah, for it had a most dilapidated look now.

"To be sure," said the master; "it was here that he came, and I will show you where he got his idea of the wicket gate." So saying, he showed them in the church wall a portal closed by a wooden door, and in the door a smaller door or wicket. It was scored with names and initials and dates, but was to be carefully preserved without further change.

Near by was the green, and upon it was a decrepit building of

timber and mortar, the upper story projecting, which had the reputation of being the school-house where Bunyan was taught. They tried the door, but it was locked. They looked through the yawning cracks, and saw that the lower story was used for the storage of some of the church furniture while the church was rebuilding. Upon inquiry, they found where the key to the upper part was kept, and going for it they brought back an old woman who opened the door and let them up the staircase into the rooms above.

Old Swan Inn, Elstow.

"And what is this place?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"Please, sir, it's the Sunday-school room for the Independents of the Bunyan meeting."

"What a forlorn little upper chamber!" said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Yes, it's an upper chamber," said her husband, smiling. "There may be a good deal in common between this humble meeting-place and the stately church which we just saw."

The village street was very quaint, and there were houses in it which might easily have been seen by Bunyan, but the house which

was called by his name was the most unlikely relic of all, being not over a hundred years old, and used now as a little shop for the sale of candy and ginger ale.

"There are two other places in this neighborhood," said Professor Adams, that evening in Bedford, "which we might visit, connected with the names of Benjamin Franklin and George Washington."

"By all means let us go," said Mr. Bodley.

"Well," said Professor Adams, "which shall we visit first, Ecton, where the Franklins came from, or Little Brington, the home of the Washingtons?"

"What is there to see at Ecton?" asked Mrs. Van Wyck.

"It was at Ecton that Josiah Franklin lived, the father of Benjamin. There was a house there known as the Franklin house, but the squire, I am told, tore it down, when he rebuilt the village, on sanitary grounds."

"Benjamin Franklin would not have objected to that. But there is no house connected with the Franklins then?"

"No."

"Are there any Franklins left in the village?"

"Not one. The name has not been known in the village during this generation."

"Then, what is there?"

"Nothing, except that Franklin's father came from Ecton."

"Let 's not go. I am getting out of conceit of these very shadowy historical memorials."

"But, Ned," asked Mrs. Bodley, "Is it any better at Little Brington?"

"N—o," said Professor Adams with reluctance. "That was the home of a Washington family and there are tombs and so forth

there; but I may as well confess, for you would drag it out of me if I did not, that antiquarians have failed to satisfy themselves that our Washington belonged to the family at Little Brington."

"Why, it would be wrong to go," said Mrs. Van Wyck, — "positively wrong. We should be encouraging a mere hypothesis. We should be helping to establish an untrustworthy tradition. What a disgrace to seven historical students. How could we ever go home and face Lucy!"

"Then we may as well go back to London?" asked Charles.

"By way of Groton," said Cousin Ned. So they went by way of Groton, which was, to be sure, rather a roundabout way to London, and one not to be taken if the traveler were in a hurry. They went back to Cambridge, and then to Bury St. Edmunds, and from there to Sudbury, where they put up at the Rose and Crown.

"At length we appear to be in a veritable English inn," said Sarah, who was critical on such subjects. "Here is a paved courtyard, and a gallery, and lots of staircases. Let us stay here forever."

"Why not go to Groton this evening," said Charles, "and put up at a real, genuine, unsophisticated village inn? This is a market-town, and we're in a high-toned inn."

"To be sure," said Cousin Ned, who had been here before, "there is the Fox and Hounds at Groton."

"Oh, by all means," said Charles; "that must be the place."

"Nevertheless," said his cousin, "I think we 'll stay here for one night."

There was rain in the night, and it looked threatening at breakfast, but they made up their minds to take the risks, since rain in England was a commonplace affair.

"Only think," said Mr. Van Wyck, "I asked the landlord if he thought it would rain, and he looked up at the sky and said he thought there might be a tempest, just as if he had said a sprinkle. Is it because tempests are such very ordinary affairs in this mild country?"

"How odd!" said Mr. Bodley. "It is exactly the way old people used to talk on Cape Cod when I was a boy. A tempest with them meant not a roaring, tearing hurricane, but a light rain with some thunder and lightning."

"Perhaps Cape Codders were from Suffolk County."

"No doubt some were. The names of some of the places indicate the east of England, as Yarmouth and Harwich."

It was a drive of about eight miles to Groton, through a pleasant country, and they had no tempest after all. They passed through Boxford, and a mile further on came into Groton.

"Here is your Fox and Hounds, Charles," said Cousin Ned, as they came in view of the inn; "would you like to stay there?"

"Fox and Hounds!" exclaimed Sarah. "There is just about room enough for one fox and two hounds to get inside. I should think Grasshopper and Ants would be a better name."

It was the merest toy of a house, with just two windows in the upper story, but it surely was a large enough inn for Groton, where were only about half a dozen houses besides the church.

"First, let us see where the old manor-house stood," said Cousin Ned.

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "is this to be Scrooby over again? Are we to see only a spot where something once was?"

"At least there is a little hole, Phippy," said her cousin; and to be sure, when they left the road and entered the field, he showed

one or two depressions in the sod, which were supposed to mark the site of old foundations, but the house had been removed beyond the recollection of the oldest inhabitant.

"Now," said Charles, after they had surveyed it, "perhaps some one in this crowd will have the goodness to tell me why I have come all this way to see a hole in the grass."

They all turned and looked at him.

"Why, you 've come to see what your great ancestor Governor Winthrop left behind him. Has he not, Uncle Nathan?"

"Quite so, my dear. This is where the Winthrop manor-house stood, and here is the old mulberry of which Governor Winthrop speaks in one of his letters. See how it has been propped up. It is bearing yet, and I think we are justified in eating one mulberry apiece from it."

"I know what I should like," said Charles. "I should like to have Sarah knit me a pair of silk stockings from silk spun by silk-worms which have fed upon mulberry leaves from the tree belonging to my great ancestor Winthrop."

"Such stockings would be too historically valuable," said Sarah, "to go on your commonplace feet. They would be hung up in the Old South in Boston, with an inscription upon them, ending, 'Knit by a lineal descendant of Peter Stuyvesant.'"

"I think the Bodleian Library would be the place for the stockings," said Professor Adams. "But come, the mulberry-tree is a solid connecting link. Let 's look at St. Bartholomew."

So they turned back from the field and made their way to the church. It was built of rubble, and dated apparently as early as the fifteenth century. There were no very old stones in the yard, but against the outer wall of the chancel was a cenotaph, having a

very old and illegibly carved stone for its top, while upon the new stones which made the sides was the inscription: —

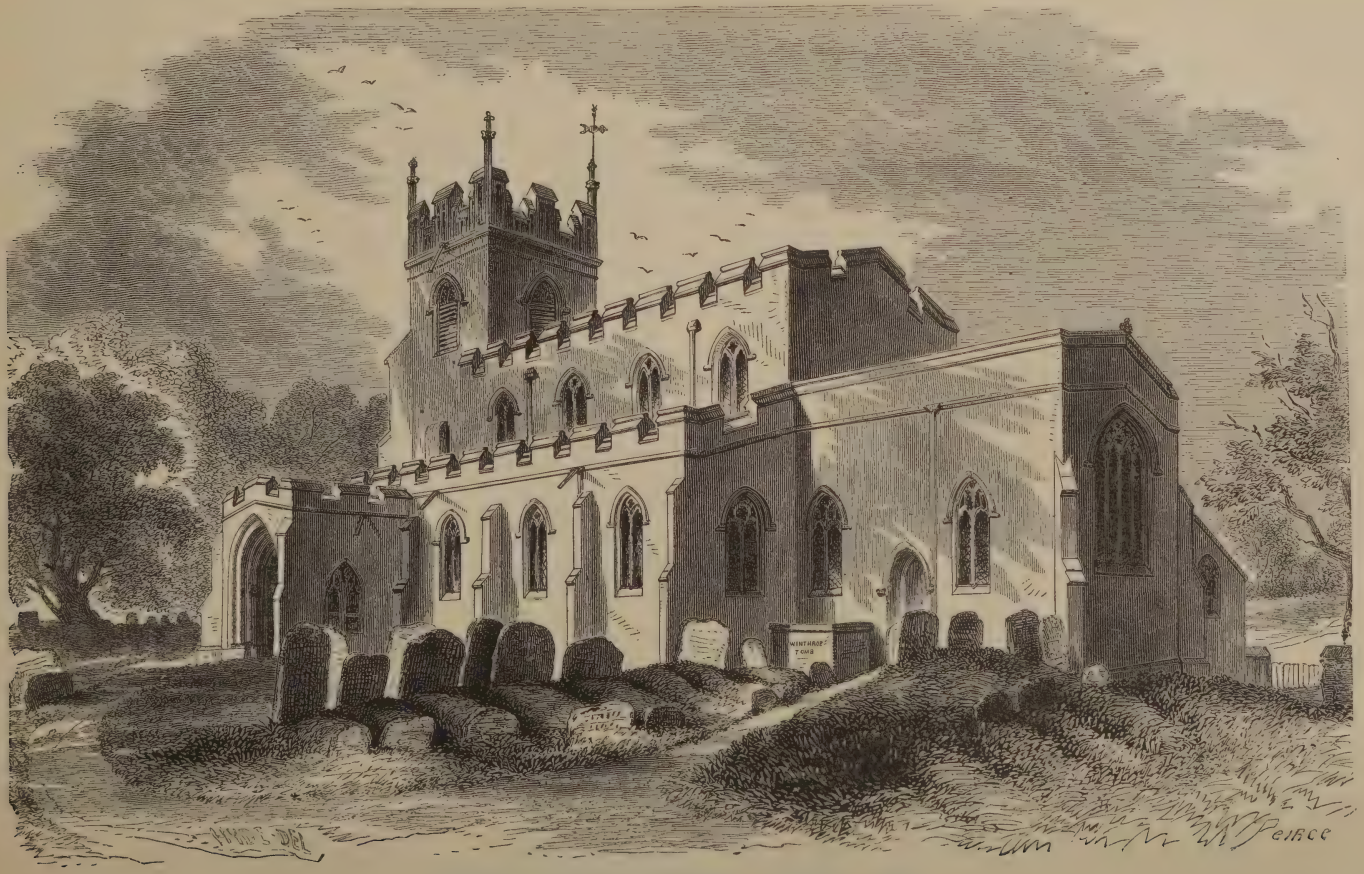
"IN THE ADJOINING CHANCEL WAS BURIED
ADAM WINTHROP, ESQ. WHO DIED IN 1562, AGED 54
MASTER OF THE CLOTHWORKERS' COMPANY OF LONDON
FIRST LORD OF THIS MANOR AND PATRON OF THIS CHURCH AFTER THE REFORMATION
AND IN THIS TOMB
ON WHICH THE ORIGINAL INSCRIPTION IS NEARLY EFFACED
WERE BURIED HIS SON ADAM WINTHROP, ESQ. WHO DIED IN 1633, AGED 75
ALSO LORD OF THE MANOR, AND ANNE HIS WIFE
PARENTS OF GOVERNOR JOHN WINTHROP OF NEW ENGLAND.
NEAR THIS SPOT WERE INTERRED OTHERS OF THE SAME FAMILY."

Within the church, which was very plain, there was an east window in memory of Governor Winthrop, given by his American descendants, and another smaller window given by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, as also a brass relating to Adam.

John Winthrop.

"What a strange contrast!" said Mr. Van Wyck. "There is America, great and rich and with a wonderful future before her, and here in this quietest of spots in England is a memorial to one of the men who had a great deal to do with making America what she is. If it had not been for John Winthrop, it is not certain that the great emigration of 1630 would have taken place. Certainly Massachusetts and Boston look back to Winthrop as the most eminent of the founders of the commonwealth."

"What a contrast, too," said Cousin Ned, "between Winthrop's



GROTON CHURCH, SUFFOLK COUNTY, ENG

life in the wilderness of Massachusetts Bay and that of an English country gentleman in Groton, such as he was and his father and grandfather Adam."

"There is another contrast," said Mr. Bodley. "Here in Groton John Winthrop was almost a hermit, like other Puritan gentlemen of his day. He led a very private life, reading his Bible, which had lately become the possession of the English people, avoiding the public discussions, and keeping out of the way of the court. In Boston he was constantly compelled to take the lead, and to be a busy man of affairs; he read his Bible still, but he gave most of his time to the business of a magistrate and farmer and ship-builder."

"Now, it's my turn," said Charles, gravely. "The presence of the Bodley and Van Wyck families at the tomb of their great ancestor's ancestors is one of the most striking pictures in modern history."

CHAPTER IX.

LONDON TOWN.

Back to Sudbury went the party, and so by train to London. They had but three or four days here now, and they meant to use them diligently, for they had yet one more journey to take before they settled down for the winter, as they had planned to do, in Paris. So very resolute were they, that the gentlemen, together with Charles and Sarah, got up the next morning at an uncommonly early hour and went to Covent Garden Market, in order to get a glimpse of that busy place at its freshest and busiest hour. They made little purchases of flowers and fruit, and it seemed almost as if

they gathered the flowers in the garden, and picked the fruit from trees and vines, for the dew and coolness were still upon them. A few persons like themselves were walking about the market, but most of the people were hucksters and small shopmen and women, who were loading carts and baskets, and making ready to scatter the contents of the market in numberless shops and street corners throughout this part of London. The men who carried heavy burdens upon their heads and shoulders were protected by curious cushions. Everywhere were young girls, sitting upon the curbstone or upon steps, deftly tying up nosegays which a little later they would be selling in the London streets.

"We should have come earlier," said Cousin Ned, "to have seen the busiest time, for as early as three o'clock the market is all astir with the carts and wagons which unload the vegetables and fruits brought in during the night from the country. I stayed once at the Tavistock Hotel here, and as my room looked out upon the market, I had to know what was going on."

They carried back fruit and flowers to the ladies of the party, and sat down to breakfast with a hearty relish. It was rather late, indeed, when they were ready for the day's campaign, but then they consoled themselves with thinking that the rest of London also was late.

"London is the most rapacious city," said Mr. Van Wyck. "It steals your time and money and strength, and you seem to have nothing to show for it. Nevertheless, if I could get rid of my nationality I 'd rather live here than anywhere else in the world. Perhaps familiarity would make it commonplace, but it seems to me that I should never tire of just walking, or going on an omnibus, from Charing Cross to St. Paul's, every day."

EARLY MORNING AT COVENT GARDEN.

"Yes," said his wife, "it is like looking at a panorama and moving yourself at the same time. At any rate, if we cannot do it every day of our lives let us at least do it to-day."

So they took an omnibus to Charing Cross, and then set out on foot to go to St. Paul's. The Strand begins there, and without changing its course becomes Fleet Street, after Temple Bar.

"We are on a great highway," said Professor Adams to Charles and Sarah, who were walking on either side of him. "The Strand was the old road which led along the river between the city of London proper and the king's palace at Westminster."

"I suppose," said Charles, "that they called it the Strand because it was a sort of beach."

"Just so, and every once in a while, as you look down one of these cross streets, you can make out the Thames; but of late years they have changed the bank of the river very much, by building a fine embankment where were old tumbled-down houses and wharves. The bishops used to live all along the water-side. That is, they had their town houses there, where they lived when they came up to London. The noblemen lived within the city walls, but the bishops were not thought to be in so much peril as the noblemen."

"Up there is Covent Garden," said Sarah.

"Yes, it was Convent Garden once, for it belonged to the Abbey of Westminster. After a while these inns of the bishops gave way to noblemen's houses. You think the street rather mean now, and I suppose it never was very magnificent, for the noblemen's houses made more use of the river-front than of the street-front. Indeed, people avoided the street, and made their way from Westminster to London city more by boats on the river, for the street was ill-paved, and foot passengers were likely to be jostled by the servants of the

lords who thronged the place, and were usually much more insolent than their masters."

"But where is Temple Bar?" asked Charles. "I've always seen pictures of Temple Bar between the Strand and Fleet Street. Does n't it mark the limit of the city of London?"

"Yes, and I think I miss nothing of the old London quite so much as Temple Bar. Do you see that column in the middle of the roadway? Well, that shows where Temple Bar stood. They took down the old structure because it interfered with free travel in one of the most crowded parts of London."

"But I should think," said Sarah, "that this column in the middle of the street would be almost as much of a nuisance."

"So should I," said Cousin Ned. "The authorities seem to have put it up as an apology for taking down a historical monument, but it is an unsightly thing in itself and blocks the road. I should not be surprised if it were taken down before long."

"Was Temple Bar itself so very old?" asked Charles.

"Long ago there was a bar here, or, rather, posts with chains; then a wooden house was built with an archway through it; and after the great fire of London, the Temple Bar which recently stood here was built of stone. That was in 1670, and the architect designed it who built St. Paul's Cathedral, Sir Christopher Wren. Whenever the king or queen went into the city from Westminster, which was only on some great occasion, the gates in Temple Bar were closed, while the Lord Mayor stood with a sword on the city side. Heralds sounded, a parley was held, and then the gates were thrown open and the mayor delivered the sword to the sovereign, who graciously handed it back again."

OLD TEMPLE BAR.

"I suppose," said Charles, "that if the mayor objected to letting the queen come through he would be handed over to the police."

"Such customs usually are earnest once, then they become mere forms, and at last they are worn out like this one and thrown away."

"But why was it called Temple Bar?" asked Sarah. "Is there any temple near by?"

"To be sure," said Cousin Ned, "and I think we ought to step aside to see it." So, wheeling his whole party about, he led them by a little cross street toward the water-side, and to what is known as The Temple, where are halls for lawyers, and a singular old church. The Temple, as he explained, is a name given to what

Exterior of the Temple Church in the time of James I.

was once the property of the Knights Templars, who were among the Crusaders, and who built their church in imitation of the Holy

Sepulchre at Jerusalem. So long ago as 1185 the church was dedicated, and though it has passed through changes since, it is still substantially the same. They walked about within the church and looked at the recumbent figures of the mail-clad Knights Templars.

Interior of the Temple Church.

"These fellows," said Mr. Van Wyck, "were more picturesque; but for my part I take more pleasure in thinking that Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith and Cowper and Charles Lamb lived within these precincts. They make the place more human to me than Knights Templars. I can't for the life of me help confounding these historic gentlemen with the Masonic societies of our day, and they always seem to me to have the greatest amount of outside bravery with the least degree of heroic action."

"Oh, you don't know what mighty things they do in secret, Philip," said Cousin Ned.

They returned to Fleet Street, and kept on their way to Ludgate Hill, where they saw St. Paul's Cathedral before them.

"I often think of this place," said Mr. Bodley, "because it was the first great thing in London that I saw when I came here as a boy. I crossed in a sailing-vessel direct to London, just as we all did in our steamer, and landed at one of the docks. The father of our first mate came aboard, and showed me the way by rail up to the city. I forget just where the station was, but I remember climbing one of the steep streets here with my head down. When I lifted it suddenly, there just above me was the dome of St. Paul's, and my heart gave a great leap."

"How smooched the stone is!" said Sarah.

"It looks to me," said Mrs. Bodley, "like dark stone that has been struck by moonlight."

"To be sure," said Sarah; "see how the white, moony streaks stick into the dark parts."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Bodley, "what a niece I have to improve on my poetry."

"Sir Christopher Wren was a genius," said Mr. Van Wyck, as they entered the building. "People say there is a great deal of sham about St. Paul's. All I can say is, that to the unlearned eye it is a most harmonious building. It is in the heart of a great commercial city, and he chose a form which is the embodiment of a city. Other cathedrals have had cities grow about them, but Wren was to place his building in the midst of one already grown. He took the Roman arch and the dome, and constructed a building which symbolizes the power and luxury and dignity and wealth of London."

"The proportions are certainly grand," said Cousin Ned, "and the building has the advantage of being the result of one man's

thought. Most cathedrals are the growth of centuries, and the ideas of many men have been built into them."

"It's a good place to see insular England in," said Mr. Bodley. "Look at all these marble sailors and soldiers who occupy the premises. See the wounded men held up by their comrades and goddesses. What attitudes! It makes one think of 'Pinafore.'"

They walked about the church, and at length, with commendable zeal, set out to climb up to the dome. A long flight of steps, each about three inches high, brought them to the first landing-place, where was a corridor, from which led the library. "What a love of learning the clergy of the cathedral must have," said Mr. Bodley, "if they are willing to climb all these stairs to get a book!"

"Oh, see here," said Sarah, who had run on before the rest, and now stood delighted in front of a latticed window which looked out from the corridor upon the city over the roofs of houses. Here was a watchman's box, and he had hung half a dozen bird-cages in the alcove, and on the walls had pasted pictures from papers. The birds were twittering and the light shone in on the pictures.

"It's just like a prison up here," said Sarah, "and this man has made it as pretty as he could."

Then there was a stone staircase about a foot wide, which was against the side of a wall, and hearing voices above, they all climbed the steps and found themselves, with one or two others, in a little chamber. There was an old man there, who hushed everybody, and then delivered a little lecture upon the clock and the bell of St. Paul's. The bell was tolled, he said, only at the death of one of the royal family, or of the Dean of the cathedral, the Lord Mayor of London, the Bishop of London, or the Archbishop of Canterbury. He took great satisfaction in the highly exclusive and aristocratic

character of his bell, and when his lecture was ended he ushered the company into another chamber.

"Is that the ticking of the clock that we have heard?" asked Charles of his father as they went up.

"The clock is exactly like a house clock," explained the guide, who heard his question, but when they came into the chamber where the works were, the mysterious sound was made clear. A man was winding the clock. He stood with his back to them turning a crank, and the sound was made by the ratchets. The clock was wound daily, and the winding took three quarters of an hour, the guide said.

"Poor man," whispered Mrs. Van Wyck to Cousin Ned. "Just see that large stain on his back," pointing to the winder.

"It is the result of years of perspiration, Phippy," said her cousin. "I wonder they don't invent some machine. What Yankee church would be contented to have a man wind the clock for three quarters of an hour every day!"

They came down from the clock, recrossed the corridor, and went up-stairs again. The next landing let them into the Whispering Gallery, which runs around the interior of the dome. They were all driven like sheep half way around the dome, while the whisperer remained where he was. They put their ears to the wall, and heard the guide tell them just how high, broad, and long the building was.

"That 's no secret," said Sarah. "He need n't have whispered that."

"I mean to whisper something back," said Mr. Bodley, so he motioned to the guide, who put his ear down and heard Mr. Bodley's private message.

"What did you say, Nathan?" asked his sister.

"Ask the guide," said he; and Mrs. Van Wyck whispered: —

"What did the gentleman say?" and then listened for his answer.

"Well, he must have heard," she said, when he had finished. "He tells me that there is a whispering gallery in the Whitefield Church in Newburyport, Massachusetts, and that when we were children we went there."

"Did you really, mamma?" asked Sarah.

"To be sure; your Uncle Nathan and Aunt Lucy and Cousin Ned were with me. We drove with grandfather and grandmother from Boston to Newburyport, where we visited your great-aunt Lucy."

Their next stage was the stone gallery, from which they looked off a short distance through the fog, and down upon the pavement below, and then finally they went to the Golden Gallery, still higher, where there was scarcely room for more than their party. The yellow fog would hardly let them see across the river Thames. Above them was the ball, holding five or six people only, but the satisfaction to be had from going there appeared to be simply in saying they had been, and, as Charles sagely remarked, if they wanted to say anything they could say they had n't been. The guide said that a further tax of eighteen pence a head was laid on those who went up into the ball, not for the sake of the money, but to prevent people from going, since the climb was a little dangerous, especially for ladies. They climbed by turns into a circular space railed about in the Golden Gallery and getting down on their hands and knees looked through a grated opening, a foot in diameter, down, down, three hundred feet to the pavement below. For they were exactly at the centre of the great dome. A rush of dusty air

came up through the grating and made everything below seem to be half-floating in mist.

They took their way down the long staircase again, and, to com-

Houses of Parliament from the Thames.

plete their exploration of the cathedral, descended to the crypt, where they saw the porphyry sarcophagus in which the Duke of Wellington lay buried; and farther on, directly under the dome, the

sarcophagus of Nelson. Then, leaving the cathedral behind them, they went down Paul's Chain, a narrow lane leading to the Thames, and took one of the little steamers which puff up and down the river. On the deck of the steamer they sat or stood, and looked at the great city through which they were passing, at the backs of houses, at the broad embankment, and at the bridges, crowded with people, under which their little craft shot.

By and by they came in sight of the Houses of Parliament, and indeed the return by the river was planned by Cousin Ned, because he knew that thus they would get the fullest and fairest view. The great Victoria Tower and the Clock Tower rose finely before them, and gave to the buildings their dignity and grace.

"I am a heathen woman and an American," said Mrs. Van Wyck, calmly, "and the Capitol at Washington is to me a far grander building."

"None of us who have seen both will dispute that, Phippy," said Cousin Ned. "There is no such composition in this pile. Here one window, one arch, are repeated in long lines, and the effect is very unimaginative. The towers help to redeem it; but on the whole it is simply a weak repetition of details which are copied by a sort of schoolmaster architect. They have better architects in England now than they had when the Houses of Parliament were built, and it is a pity that they had not waited a generation."

They left the boat at Westminster Bridge and paid a visit to the Houses of Parliament. Parliament was not in session, and so they went about the halls and chambers, looking at the paintings of English history which adorned the walls, and wondering at the smallness of the chambers in which the Lords and Commons sat."

"I suppose there is not much America in this building," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Not in the building as it stands, which was begun in 1840; though, to be sure, there have been debates here, as in our late war, which had a good deal to do with the United States. The old Houses of Parliament were partly burned and partly incorporated in this new building."

"I should like to see the place where the throne stood from which George the Third announced the Independence of the United States," said Mrs. Bodley.

"So should I," said her husband. "Indeed, except to be living now, and in the midst of this interesting family of mine, I should like best to have been Elkanah Watson when he heard the king give it up."

"Who was Elkanah Watson?" asked Charles.

"He was a lively American merchant who was in London at the time, and has left a record of it in his memoirs."

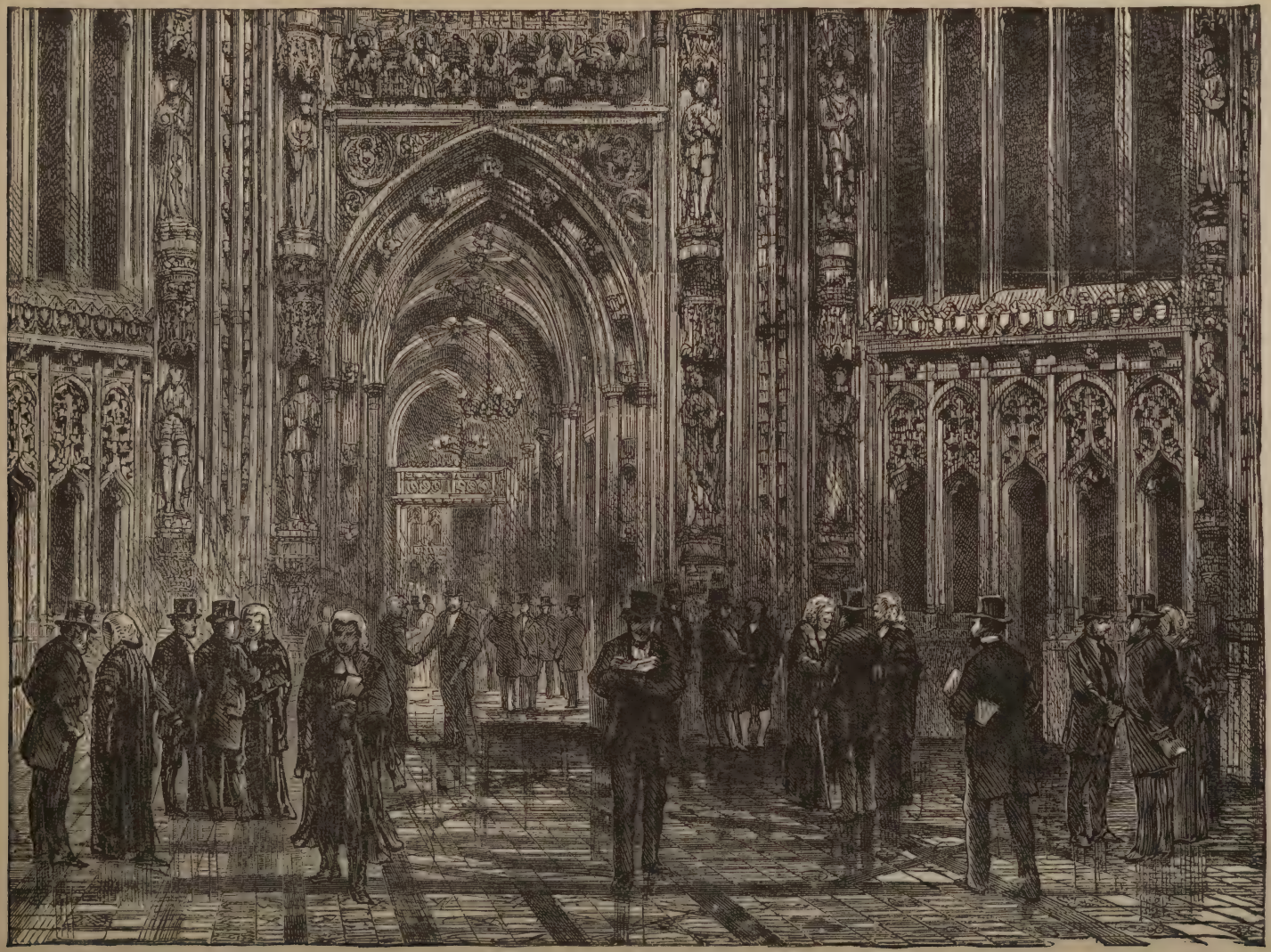
And here I might, if I chose, declare that Professor Adams had the book in his pocket, and read the passage aloud, but that would not be true, or probable. What really took place was, that Mr. Bodley gave an account from memory, but as I who chronicle the doings of this estimable family have the book at my elbow, I prefer to copy from it exactly what Elkanah Watson did say, even though I thus appear to interrupt my narrative.

"Soon after my arrival in England," he says, "having won at the insurance office one hundred guineas on the event of Lord Howe's relieving Gibraltar, and dining the same day with Copley, the distinguished painter, who was a Bostonian by birth, I determined to devote the sum to a splendid portrait of myself. The painting was finished in most admirable style, except the background, which Copley and I designed to represent a ship, bearing to

America the intelligence of the acknowledgment of Independence, with a sun just rising upon the Stripes of the Union, streaming from her gaff. All was complete, save the flag, which Copley did not deem prudent to hoist under present circumstances, as his gallery is a constant resort of the royal family and the nobility. I dined with the artist on the glorious 5th of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the king, formally recognizing the United States of America as in the rank of nations. Previous to dining, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there, with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe an American heart, attached to the ship the *Stars and Stripes*. This was, I imagine, *the first American flag hoisted in old England.*

"At an early hour on the 5th of December, 1782, in conformity with previous arrangements, I was conducted by the Earl of Ferrers to the very entrance of the House of Lords. At the door he whispered, 'Get as near the throne as you can; fear nothing.' I did so, and found myself exactly in front of it, elbow to elbow with the celebrated admiral Lord Howe. The Lords were promiscuously standing as I entered. It was a dark and foggy day; and the windows being elevated and constructed in the antiquated style, with leaden bars to contain the diamond-cut panes of glass, increased the gloom. The walls were hung with dark tapestry, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada. I had the pleasure of recognizing in the crowd of spectators Copley, and West the painter, with some American ladies. I saw, also, some dejected American Royalists in the group.

"After waiting nearly two hours, the approach of the king was announced by a tremendous roar of artillery. He entered by a small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated him-



CENTRAL HALL, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

self upon the chair of state, in a graceful attitude, with his right foot resting upon a stool. He was clothed in royal robes. Apparently agitated, he drew from his pocket the scroll containing his speech. The Commons were summoned, and, after the bustle of their entrance had subsided, he proceeded to read his speech. I was near the king, and watched with intense interest every tone of his voice and expression of his countenance. It was to me a moment of thrilling and dignified exultation. After some general and usual remarks, he continued, —

"'I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the Continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect whatever I collect to be the sense of my Parliament and my people, I have pointed all my views and measures in Europe, as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the Colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the powers vested in me, and offer to declare them' — here he paused, and was in evident agitation, either embarrassed in reading his speech by the darkness of the room, or affected by a very *natural emotion.* In a moment he resumed, 'and offer to declare them *free and independent States.* In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved in the mother country how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Re-

ligion, language, interests, and affection may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries.'

"It is remarked that George III. is celebrated for reading his speeches in a distinct, free, and impressive manner. On this occasion he was evidently embarrassed. He hesitated, choked, and executed the painful duties of the occasion with an ill grace that does not belong to him. I cannot adequately portray my sensations in the progress of this address: every artery beat high, and swelled with my proud American blood. It was impossible not to revert to the opposite shores of the Atlantic, and to review in my mind's eye the misery and woe I had myself witnessed in several stages of the contest, and the wide-spread desolation resulting from the stubbornness of this very king, now so prostrate, but who had turned a deaf ear to our humble and importunate petitions for relief. Yet I believe that George III. acted under what he felt to be the high and solemn claims of constitutional duty.

George III.

"The great drama was now closed. The Battle of Lexington exhibited its first scene. The Declaration of Independence was a lofty and glorious event in its progress; and the ratification of our Independence by the king consummated the spectacle in triumph and exultation. This successful issue of the American Revolution will,

in all probability, influence eventually the destinies of the whole human race. Such had been the sentiment and language of men of the profoundest sagacity and prescience during and anterior to the conflict, in all appeals to the people. In leaving the house, I jostled Copley and West, who, I thought, were enjoying the rich political repast of the day, and noticing the anguish and despair depicted on the long visages of our American Tories."

"Speaking of pictures," said Mr. Van Wyck, "I have often been interested at seeing how the early impressions which I formed when a boy through seeing pictures have been confirmed or modified afterward; and how I take a lively interest in certain things because I had a childish association with them. There are pictures in the galleries which I look at longer than their real value might demand, simply because we had engravings of them at home."

"Just so, Philip," said his wife. "Nathan, don't you remember how when we were children we had a picture gallery, admission one pin, in the little library at Roseland, and hung engravings by clothes-pins upon lines?"

"To be sure. Perfectly well."

"Well, there was a picture which fascinated me, 'Death of Lord Chatham,' by West, I think, where Lord Chatham is tumbling into the arms of his friends in the House of Lords. I have thought of it since we came here, and I own that it is one of my regrets not to be able to see the place where Lord Chatham fell. But I suppose I should have wished to see the peers in their robes, and the whole grand tableau."

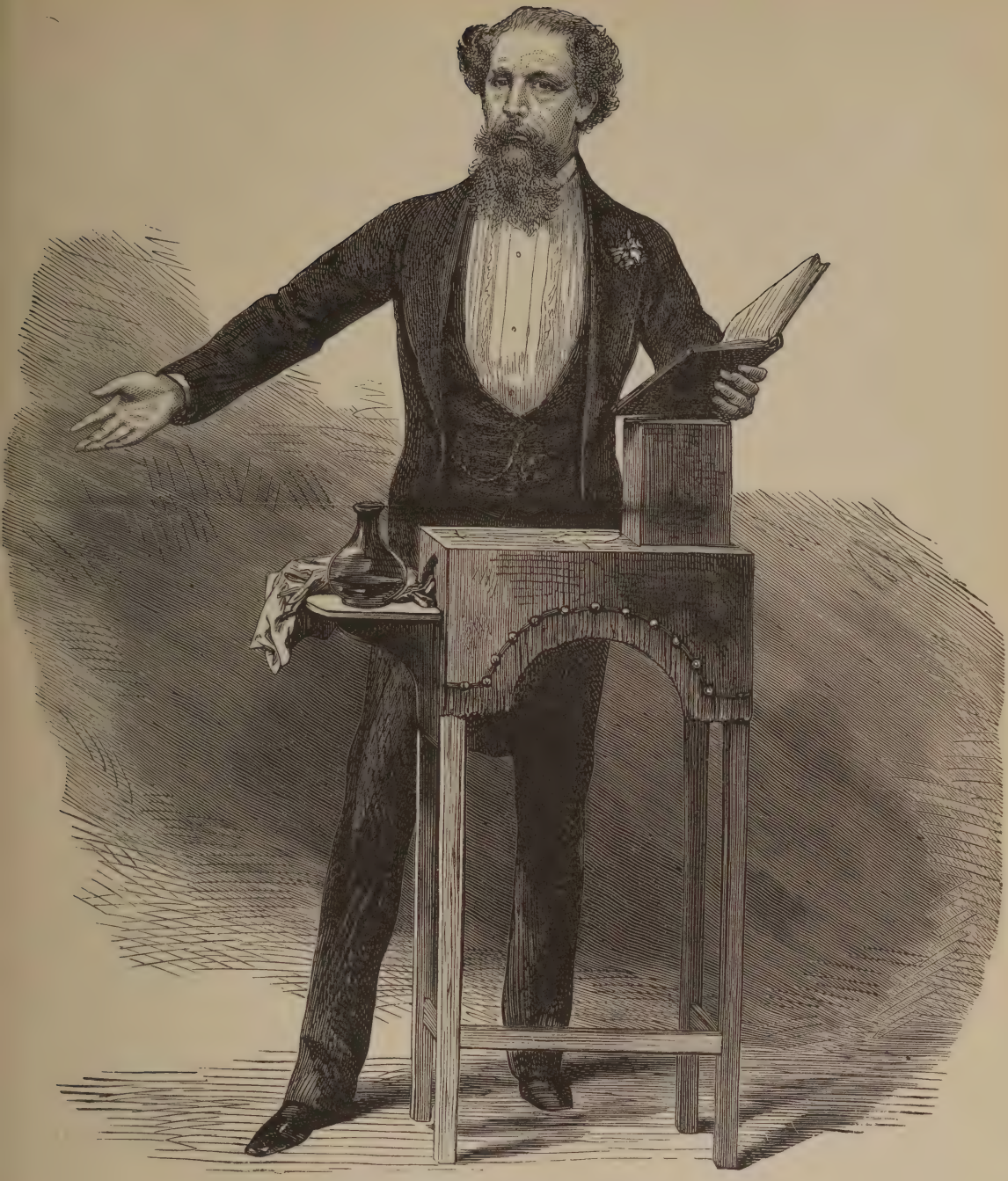
"A most American wish, Phippy. We have a certain proprietorship in Lord Chatham. It was he who rallied the English in the great conflict between France and England in America, and if it had not been for him, history might have taken another turn."

"He was a good American himself," said Professor Adams. "He believed in the people and was ready to trust them."

"But why did he come to the House of Lords to die?" asked Sarah. "I should think it would have been more convenient to die at home."

"He died at his post, Sarah," said her father. "France and America had just formed an alliance, and the English lords who were opposed to the king's policy toward America were for turning round, acknowledging the independence of the United States, and so meeting France single-handed. So, on the 7th of April, 1778, the Duke of Richmond moved in the House of Lords that all troops should be removed from America and a peace concluded, but as there could be no peace without a recognition of the independence of the states, that would follow as a matter of course. Lord Chatham was very ill, but he was determined to go down and oppose the motion, for much as he wanted peace with America, he thought it cowardly to get it in this way. He had fought France all his days, and he would not have England play a timid part now. So he was half carried to the House, and made a great speech, and asked in it if the country which seventeen years before was the terror of the world had stooped so low now as to tell its old enemy: 'Take

William Pitt, Lord Chatham.



CHARLES DICKENS READING A STORY.

all we have, only give us peace.' The Duke of Richmond replied, and Chatham rose again to make another speech, but suddenly he gasped, laid his hand upon his heart, and sank back dying."

"Did he die there?"

"No, he was carried to a house in Downing Street, where I think he died, but I am not sure."

They left the Houses of Parliament, and had yet time for a visit to Westminster Abbey. They entered by the little porch which admits at once to the Poets' Corner. They had been before in the Abbey on Sunday at service, and their visit now was especially to this little sanctuary.

"Why should the poets be put in a corner?" asked Charles, with a show of indignation.

"And why should they be by the backdoor of the church?" demanded Sarah.

"Is n't it better so?" asked Mr. Bodley. "This is the great English house of fame. Here lie kings, statesmen, warriors, painters, and poets, and here every day are prayer and praise. In the world at large poets live very much at one side, out of the noise and crowd, and I think it is very well that they should have this quiet corner to themselves in death."

"Here is one of the latest," said Mr. Van Wyck, "who scarcely lived in a corner." They looked where he pointed, and read the name of Charles Dickens.

"At any rate," he went on, "he was public enough in America. You heard him read, Nathan, did you not?"

"To be sure. I remember him with his little stand, and his red morocco book in his hand, and nosegay in his button-hole, and gold chain and general show appearance. How carefully he made himself up, and all his apparatus."

"I am certain he liked it," said Mr. Van Wyck; "he was feverish and restless. Crowds became necessary to him."

"What a crowd he created himself!" said Mr. Bodley. "I should think he would have been haunted by the recollections of the hundreds of men, women, and children who had flown out of his head."

"Perhaps he was trying to get away from them," said his wife, "when he read to people."

"I remember him in a different way," said Cousin Ned. "Once when I was in England I took a little excursion to Rochester, and walked out to Gadshill to see the outside of Dickens's house. Imagine my delight, as I walked by, and peeped in through the shrubbery, at seeing the great novelist himself standing in an easy attitude in his porch. He looked very much more like a man whom one would wish to know. He wore a soft hat and held a book in his hand, while he leaned against one of the pillars of his porch. He looked as if he had been reading to himself and had come out for a moment to get a breath of fresh air."

"That was worth seeing," said Mrs. Bodley. "I should like to have seen him at home, but my thought of him is very much like that of the others. I always think of him as a public character."

"How much more we know about him than we do about Shakespeare?" said Mr. Van Wyck. "They both created a multitude of men and women, and yet Shakespeare is so absolutely unknown that people are disputing whether he was the author of his own plays. Everybody knows Dickens and his household affairs, and what he thought about his friends and enemies."

"Isn't it partly the difference in the times?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

DICKENS IN THE PORCH AT GAD'S HILL.

"Yes, but more the difference in the men and in the sort of creation they were engaged in. Dickens's people seem to have been begun from the outside and to have struck a little way in, while Shakespeare's people were living souls who made their own faces and bodies. How perfectly possible it is to have accurate pictures by artists of Dickens's characters, and how unsatisfactory and stagey are almost all the illustrations of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines."

"I have sometimes thought," said Cousin Ned, "that Shakespeare's characters can be adequately rendered only by sculpture. There one gets the figure and the soul in the most ideal representation. But Dickens's characters all need their particular dress and accessories. They should be painted, or rather drawn, in black and white."

"Let 's go to Gadshill," said Charles.

"You 'd see nothing but a house which no longer belongs to the family," said his father.

"Well, most of our historical monuments come to that," said the boy.

"I have a better thought," said Sarah. "Let 's go home to dinner;" and the entire party were ready to agree to that, for they had had a long and full day. But what can one do in London, when his days are few?

CHAPTER X.

A LITTLE CHURCH.

At length it was needful to leave London, if they would make the few excursions which remained in their plan before they bade good-by to Cousin Ned at Liverpool, and thus on Monday, the 19th of September, they took the West of England express, and, making but one stop on the way, reached Salisbury, eighty-one miles from London. As they stepped out upon the platform, there were their old friends, the English Bodleys, waiting to welcome them. It was in Salisbury that Mr. John Bodley and his two children lived, and letters had passed between the families, for Mr. Bodley, though he could not entertain the party at his house, wished to do the honors of the little town.

"You are to come to us for dinner, at any rate," said he. "I only wish my little house were big enough to hold you for the night, if you really will only stay one night in Salisbury. But I have arranged for you at the Red Lion," and so to the Red Lion they all went until our friends could make themselves ready to go to dinner at the English Bodleys. Mr. John Bodley was a widower who lived quietly with his two children, and gave most of his time evidently to their education.

"You see," as he explained to Mr. Nathan Bodley, "I have quite enough to live on comfortably in a little country town like this, and I really think I can do nothing for my country or my children that is worth more than to give these two a sound education, and teach them to be good citizens. If I turn them over to other people, I

DICKENS'S HOUSE AT GAD'S HILL.

don't see what I should do myself. So, if you ask what my occupation is, why, I suppose it 's just being a father."

"What are you going to be, John?" Charles asked him as they walked towards Mr. Bodley's house.

"I think I shall be an architect," said he; "I want to be, and papa is thinking about it. What do you mean to be?"

"I have n't made up my mind yet: I rather think I shall go West."

"Well, but what shall you do when you get there? Hunt buffaloes, and camp out? or dig for gold?"

"Perhaps I shall grow up with the country and be a senator." John looked at him with admiration.

"Why, that 's very much the same as being in the House of Lords, is n't it?"

"Oh, it 's a good deal more; a lord only stands for an old family, but a senator represents a great state. Think of being one of two senators for a state bigger than England, Scotland, and Ireland put together!" John did think of it, and being a remarkably sober boy he kept silence.

"There is one thing," said Mrs. Van Wyck at dinner, "which I should like to see at Salisbury, or near Salisbury."

"And what is that?" asked Mr. John Bodley. "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, or Stonehenge?"

"Neither, though I should be glad to see Stonehenge. No. I have always had a great affection for George Herbert, the poet, and I should like to see his little church at Bemerton, if it 's not too far away."

"Now that is just what I was meaning to propose," said Mr. John Bodley. "Why should we not all go over there to morning service? It 's only a mile or so away, and they have daily prayer."

"Exactly what I should like. I thought it could not be very far, for I remember that Herbert used to walk over to Salisbury to the cathedral."

"Do you remember, Phippy," asked her brother, "a visit we made to Aunt Martha, in Hartford, when we were children, and I was walking to New York with Cousin Ned, and how mother told us about Herbert and his helping the carter? It is curious how such little things will stay by one. That cool dining-room on a hot Sunday, and mother telling us the story and singing to us, come back as vividly to my mind as if it had happened yesterday."

"I remember perfectly, and how uncle told us the kind of Sundays that Puritan children kept."

So they all went to Bemerton the next morning before breakfast. They followed a pretty lane, part of the way by the river side, past thatched cottages and old houses, and as they drew near to the church they heard the little bell in the little belfry calling the little congregation to prayer in the little church. It was the merest dot of a church. A low porch admitted them, and an old door, no longer used, opposite the porch, led into the churchyard beyond. A dozen or fifteen people, many of them children, were there beside themselves, and the service was read by the old vicar, an aged man with a broken voice, while one of his family led the singing from behind a harmonium. So large a party could hardly escape notice; and as they lingered after service about the quaint church, the lady who had sat at the harmonium came forward and spoke to Mrs. Bodley.

"You have come out, I suppose, to see George Herbert's church."

"Yes, and to worship in it," said Mrs. Bodley with a smile. "We are all great lovers of Herbert. He lies buried here, does he not?"

"He is buried under the altar. He was so lowly that he asked for no memorial, but twenty years ago Mr. Pigott built the church which you see yonder in place of the old one which had fallen into ruins."

"Then this is not the parish church?"

"No. We have morning prayer here, and always keep it open."

"And is this house opposite the one which Herbert occupied?"

"Yes, though it has been enlarged since his day, and the front is new. The tablet in front is the one which you remember Isaak Walton says Herbert placed in the chimney." They had all drawn near while this conversation was going on, and now read the lines:

"If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost,
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labor 's not lost."

"Will you not come in and see the garden?" asked the lady.

"You are very good," said Mrs Bodley, hesitating. "But we are rather a large party."

"Oh, never mind that. We are always glad to have lovers of Herbert come in." So they followed their hostess, who led them through the house into the charming garden. She showed them the rear of the house, of stone and brick, much as Herbert had left it, except for more abundant vines. There was a lovely lawn, and at the foot ran the limpid, grassy river where Isaak Walton used to fish. Near the bank was an ancient medlar-tree, well incased with metal, but still bearing fruit. It had been planted by Herbert, and here on this pleasant grass-land he had taken his walks, and no doubt chanted to himself his quaint verses. Beyond the river were meadows, and over the trees rose the spire of Salisbury Cathedral.

"Did you ever visit Layton-Ecclesia, which Walton says was the first parish where Herbert lived?" asked Professor Adams of the lady.

"No. I remember the name only."

"I looked for it once, but had little time, and suspect it may have wholly disappeared. It was said to be near Spalding, in Lincolnshire, and I have pleased myself with thinking that when Herbert was there, he knew John Cotton, of Boston, in Lincolnshire."

"Ah, then, you are no doubt Americans?"

"Most of us," said he with a smile, "and the rest good enough English people to be."

"Herbert must have had a kindly feeling for America," she said, "Do you not remember his lines, —

> "'Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand'"?

"Yes," said he, eagerly, "and I have often thought that he had Cotton in his mind when he wrote them. Cotton, you know, was the rector of St. Botolph's, in old Boston, and was teacher over the first church in our Boston. It was partly for this, it is thought by some, that Boston got its name."

"America is very much in our minds now," said she, sadly, "since the lamentable attempt on your President's life."

"But he is better, we hope," said Mr. Van Wyck. "At least the news yesterday seemed more favorable. I have not heard to-day."

"Let us hope so. He is a brave man, and his wife must be a noble woman. They have done more to make England know and understand America than all the books that have been written by English travelers."

They bade their kind hostess good morning and walked back by the lane, with appetites sharpened for breakfast. Mr. John Bodley and his children promised to call for them later, and show them the cathedral, and so they parted at the corner of the street that led to the cathedral green. It was a short distance only to the Red Lion; just before they reached the inn, a piece of white paper fluttering from the post of a doorway caught their eye, for the word GARFIELD was written in large letters. They stopped. The paper was a brief bulletin issued from the local newspaper which had its office upstairs, and stating that the American Legation in London had received a dispatch at six o'clock that morning with intelligence of the President's death the night before. They looked at each other, but could not trust themselves to speak. All summer long they had followed the varying record of his illness with alternate hope and discouragement. It had been the first thing at morning and the last at night, and when the little company gathered for family prayers, they never failed to remember the President and his family and their country.

They breakfasted almost in silence, and when Mr. Bodley came with his children to take them to the cathedral, he also had heard the news.

"I am glad we are going to the cathedral," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "I really could not see any sights this morning, but I think I could go to church."

They had a few minutes before service in which to let their eyes rest on the beautiful cathedral. Its charm is threefold. It was all built, except the spire, within fifty years of its first stones, and thus has a unity lacking in other cathedrals; then its spire is the highest in England, and singularly beautiful, and the cathedral, unlike many

others, is in a park of several hundred acres, so that the surroundings are of the most delightful character. The beautiful, reserved, Early English style renders the building a great rest to the eye; and in the interior there is a chaste simplicity and a beauty of color obtained by dark marble columns which make one think of it as the most graceful of cathedrals. Everything is in perfect unison; the cloisters surround a square of living green used as a quiet burial-place, and the quiet which reigns in the place is the quiet of peace and not of death.

It was a great comfort to them all to join in the morning service, with its prayer for persons under affliction. They knew that the English people about them had in their minds the same persons as themselves; and they knew that all over England that morning, in cathedral and parish church, the same prayer was going up, with the same thoughts.

"It 's trouble that brings people together," said Mr. John Bodley as they walked slowly away from the cathedral. "We English people really care more about Americans now than we do just because your crops and ours may happen to be very abundant."

"Yes," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Nowadays, when the telegraph goes everywhere, nations are more like single persons than once; and the same feelings which two persons have for being brought together, nations may have when brought face to face. The telegraph wires are the nerves of the nation."

The news of the morning hung over them, and somehow seemed to make their own party more serious than it might have been.

"You must come and see us in America," said Charles and Sarah to John and Margaret.

"Perhaps I will come out when you are senator," said John.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

"And design a house for me in Washington," said Charles.

"But you are not all going directly back to America, are you?" asked Mr. John Bodley.

"I am the only one going now," said Professor Adams. "The rest have one more year, poor things, of wandering from home."

"Oh, then we may see you again."

"Not at all unlikely," said Mr. Van Wyck.

CHAPTER XI.

A LOOK THROUGH WINDOWS.

From Salisbury our friends went by easy stages to Manchester, where they stayed a day or two, and to Chester, which they reached Friday afternoon, the 23d of September.

"If we entered England at Liverpool," said Mr. Bodley, "we should undoubtedly have come straight to Chester, as all good Americans do, and so have seen the old town before we saw anything new. Now we have seen so much antiquity, that I doubt if the children will be as much impressed as they would have been otherwise."

"Oh, I've always heard of Chester," said Sarah. "It is where the sidewalks go through the second stories, is n't it?"

"Exactly," said her father, "and where you can walk all round the town on a stone wall."

There was day enough left for a ramble about Chester, and a ramble was just what they desired. For the interest in Chester is

satisfied by what the eye takes in as one passes along the streets. Most of the walk was taken through the Rows. By a flight of steps they would mount to the long, covered piazza, so to speak, which passed by shop windows, and gave glimpses of passages leading off. The streets were not bridged, but one could turn corners and still keep above the pavement. There was an irregularity about the Rows which added to the charm. Either the streets rose and fell, or the arcades were not on a level, for they would sometimes find themselves only a foot or two above the pavement, and again a dozen or twenty feet up. The arcades were interrupted now and then by buildings which disregarded the arrangement, and were perhaps of later construction. Still, in many cases, the houses which conformed to the arcades seemed almost new.

They made the circuit of the town also on top of the old wall, a walk of nearly two miles. The wall does not make any marked separation in the town in the main; sometimes forming the outer circle, sometimes cutting through the heart of the town. The flagged top of the wall is about five feet in width; a parapet on one side, and a hedge on the other, in some places marks the line, but occasionally the wall is flush with the street, and scarcely more than a sidewalk. They visited King Charles's tower, from which he saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor; and from the wall itself, in its circuit of the town, they had pretty views in the afternoon light of the country lying about.

The errand, however, which brought them to Chester was above all to visit Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster, for there, as they had heard, was a most interesting sight in the windows of a chapel which the Duke had been building.

"It will be worth walking out to see," said Professor Adams, "if

all that I hear from a friend is true," and so they trudged out over Grosvenor Bridge, and through the park attached to Eaton Hall. They were upon a carriage road which ran for three or four miles, winding a little but almost level, and passing by no notable plantations.

"If the Duke has to drive over this road every time he goes to or comes from his house," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "I should think he would find it a tedious journey. It is pleasant enough for us to walk once or twice, but I would rather have an unpretentious English lane."

"It is part of the penalty which he pays for being a duke," said her husband.

"This duke has a very good reputation as a man of public spirit," said Professor Adams. "He has done a great deal for Chester, but I think I envy him most for his ability to cause the production of such a work as I am told these windows in his chapel are."

"Who is the artist, Ned?"

"He is a Mr. Shields, whose work, I believe, has not been exhibited very often."

They found the chapel unfinished, but, perhaps, because it was Saturday afternoon no one appeared to be at work upon it, and they had their afternoon to themselves in it; and as the rain began to come down in a torrent, they were glad of shelter, and lingered longer even than they might otherwise have done before the beautiful windows.

"You must know the design of the whole," said Cousin Ned, "before you can understand well each window. It is intended to translate the Te Deum Laudamus into picture. When the whole work is complete, the six chancel windows will represent the central facts

in the divine order, namely: Paradise, Nativity, Crucifixion, Ascension, Pentecost, Judgment. Now turn your back upon the chancel, look directly west to the great window above the gallery. That is where the 'glorious company of the apostles' begins, and it continues along the north, as far as the transept. On the opposite wall, the south wall, where there are no windows, there is to be a series of mosaics, representing the goodly fellowship of the prophets; in the transepts are to be the 'noble army of martyrs;' while on both walls and in the transepts, in a lower series, the 'holy church throughout all the world' is to appear."

"What a splendid conception," said Mr. Van Wyck, "and what I admire especially in it is the fact that all these noble figures are expressive of praise."

"Exactly," said Cousin Ned, "and simple as this seems, it really makes the difference in religious art between great work and work which is merely indicative of the artist's cleverness. Why, Mr. Shields has made his work praise God, instead of constantly suggesting to us to praise Mr. Shields."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Bodley, "that the trouble with a good many of our memorial windows is that they honor the person who is commemorated, instead of suggesting how that person honored God."

They looked long and delightedly at these great figures, and the more they looked, the more completely did the design seem to effect its purpose of leading their thoughts to the central object of praise.

"That is true religious art," said Mr. Van Wyck, as they walked back through the long avenue to Chester. "It is in the spirit of the great masters; for religious art ought to teach us and lead our

minds to God, just as surely as great landscape art should make us know and admire nature more."

"I am glad to have seen it," said his sister. "I only wish we had such work in America."

"I should like to design a set of windows for a New England church," said Professor Adams. "I would put a little American Christianity into them. Then people would look at them and think of them as something more than a copy of old pictures."

Our friends had one Sunday left together, and they found it a perfect day. When evening came, they went to the service in the cathedral, as they had also in the morning, but they were to have an unlooked for and great pleasure. When they entered, a little before the hour, they found the cathedral full, and numbers, like themselves, stood through much of the service. The sight was very impressive. The long line of gas jets above the arches on either side, reaching, indeed, the length of the cathedral, gave a beautiful light; the procession of choristers and priests, and then the mass of white in the centre, the crowds filling the nave, choir, and transepts — all, with the noble architecture filled the mind; but when the organ sounded and the sweet voices joined in chorus, one could see that this was needed to complete the effect. Surely the organ is never heard to such advantage as among the arches and under the vault of a great cathedral.

The sermon was by a young clergyman who was blind, and an admirable sermon it was, with some touching references to the death of the President. But when the service was ended, and the procession had returned to the vestry, a few people only left the cathedral, for it was customary for the organist to remain in his seat and play one sweet or solemn piece after another. The people moved about

the great building somewhat, but gradually settled down again to listen to the music. At length there was a short pause; then the organ sounded again, this time a funeral march from one of Beethoven's symphonies. As the chords swelled through the arches of the cathedral, one person here and another there rose in his place and stood; a sudden thought ran through the congregation, and then the mighty throng followed the impulse, and stood with bowed heads. Our little party had not been the first to take in the scene; but in a moment Mrs. Van Wyck whispered to her husband, with tears in her eyes, "Philip, it is for the President." So it was. It was a spontaneous burst of feeling, and our Americans, perhaps the only ones from their country in the cathedral, knew that another nation was standing with them, as it were, by the open grave and sharing in their grief.

"I shall always think differently of England after this," said Professor Adams, as they walked back to their inn. "How much such an incident means to us who have witnessed it."

"Yes," said Mr. Van Wyck. "We have come back here to look for foot-prints of the first Americans; but I do not think that Austerfield and Groton draw us to England nearly as much as one throb of common feeling like that we have felt this evening."

The next day the party went to Liverpool to see Professor Adams off on his steamer for America. That gentleman needed to return to his college duties, but the rest had a year still before them in Europe.

"You all wish you were coming with me," said he, as they stood together on the deck of the steamer. "You know you are miserable at parting from me and being obliged to stay in Europe. Only think what it would be if you were doomed to stay here forever, and

only allowed to visit America occasionally. Suppose you were compelled to be English people!"

"I never thought of it before," said Charles, "but one can't be just what he happens to want to be. How should I go to work to be a Frenchman?"

"You could n't be," said Sarah. "The nearest thing you could do would be to marry a Frenchwoman, and then your children would be half French, and if they married French girls" —

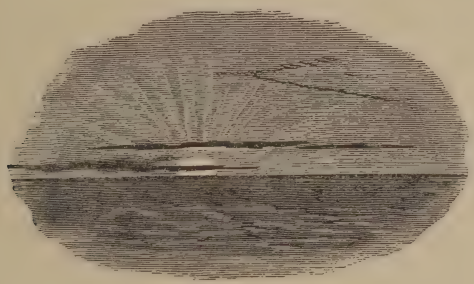
"They might not all be boys," objected Charles.

"Then their children," went on Sarah, "would be three quarters French, and so in a few generations they would be as much French as I am American. The Dutch color is not quite washed out of me yet. I am sure I felt at home in Holland."

"Well, I pity people who can't be whole Americans," said Charles, loftily. Just then there was a general movement. Passengers were bidding their friends good-by, and those were going ashore who were not going to America. Our friends bade their Cousin Ned a hearty good-by, and went ashore. They watched the steamer as she steamed away, and then turned back to their hotel.

"How glad we shall be just a year from now!" sighed Charles.

THE VIKING BODLEYS:
AN EXCURSION INTO NORWAY AND DENMARK.



CONTENTS OF THE VIKING BODLEYS.

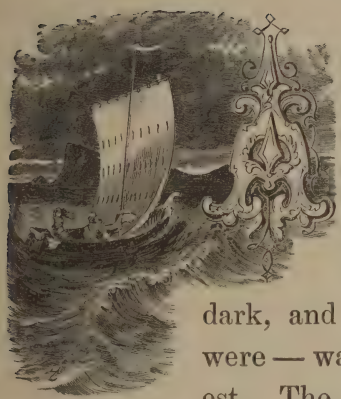
CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	PILGRIMS GOING BACKWARD	9
II.	CHRISTIANIA	23
III.	DUE NORTH	39
IV.	THE MIDNIGHT SUN	53
V.	SOUTHWARD BOUND	75
VI.	ACROSS LOTS	93
VII.	OVER THE FILLEFJELD	109
VIII.	THE HOME OF ANDERSEN	129
IX.	RAMBLES IN COPENHAGEN	145
X.	BERTEL THORWALDSEN	159
XI.	ANDERSEN'S BIRTH-PLACE	173
XII.	THE END OF JOURNEYING	185

COURTYARD OF VICTORIA HOTEL. (See page 27.)

THE VIKING BODLEYS.

CHAPTER I.

PILGRIMS GOING BACKWARD.



LITTLE party sat on the deck of the Rollo, which lay, with steam up, in the dock at Hull, just casting off for a short voyage. It was the pleasant end of the last day of June, 1882, and the calm sky promised an agreeable passage across the much-dreaded North Sea. It was not yet dark, and the American travelers — for such they were — watched the progress of events with interest. The Rollo was a long while getting out of the dock, two other boats being in advance. A series of wooden piers extended down the middle of the dock, to enable ships to warp out, and a boatman rowed to one after another, taking the Rollo's hawser, making it fast, and afterward casting it off. At last the final gate was passed, the tug which had been lending a helping hand turned aside, and the Rollo steamed down the Humber.

"Charles is getting ready to ask a question," said Sarah Van Wyck, the growing young girl of the party, the little snubber, as

her cousin sometimes called her. "I can see it in his contemplative face."

"He inherits the faculty of asking questions, Sarah," said her mother. "Your Uncle Nathan and I used to be called the bothering Bodleys, because we were always teasing to find out something."

"That is the reason, Aunt Phippy," said Charles Bodley, "why you and father can always answer our questions now. If you had not bothered grandfather and grandmother, you would be always making us read books, instead of telling us what we want to know. I like to find out things from people a great deal better than to read about them in books."

"If we don't forget what is told us," said Sarah, "we shall be mines of information to our children. Just think! We know all that our fathers and mothers have told us, and they knew what grandfather and grandmother told them."

"Don't put us to the test," laughed Mr. Van Wyck. "To be sure, I am to be counted out, for I had not the benefit of a Bodley education, and had gained my small stock of knowledge by more painful means."

"We had the 'Rollo Books,' Philip," said Mrs. Bodley, who was his sister.

"Yes, we had the 'Rollo Books,' Blandina, but so had the Bodleys."

"Now that reminds me," said Charles. "I was not going to ask a question at all, as Sarah supposed. I was going to make a philosophical remark. Cousin Ned Adams used to have a good deal to say about the influence of the New World upon the Old. I'd like to know if it is n't a fine thing for a steamer running between Hull and Christiania to be named after a boy in an American story-book!" Mr. Bodley laughed.

"Are you sure the boy was not named after the steamer?" he asked.

"I always did wonder," said Mr. Van Wyck, "how Mr. Abbott came to name his very peaceful and reasonable Rollo after the old Northman."

"By some law of contrasts, I suppose," said his wife; "but I am not sure that I know exactly who Rollo was, Philip. Did he come from Norway?"

"He belonged to the race who have Nor in their name, but when he came to settle down after his rude rovings, he softened into a Norman. Rollo was his Latinized name. He was Rolf Ganger, or Rolf the Goer, when he was a Northman, and the French called him Rou. That is where Rouen gets its name, I suppose, for it was the capital of the duchy which Charles, the King of the West Franks, gave him, when Rolf was baptized and married Charles's daughter. I fancy that Rolf did not lose all his old Norse blood when he was softened into Rou and Rollo, for the story goes that when he received his duchy he was bidden to kneel and kiss Charles's feet, in token of allegiance to the king. But Rolf stoutly refused to kiss any man's feet, and told one of his soldiers to do it for him. The soldier, thereupon, not having had experience in courtly ways, seized the king's foot and raised it to his lips. The poor king, who was sitting on his throne, was nearly tipped over backward by such a rough salute. The soldier, you see, should have kneeled."

"There was not much likeness between old Rollo and our friend," said Sarah. "But, father, why was he called the Goer? Did he go it all over Norway?"

"He was called the Goer, because he had such long legs that when he mounted one of the little Norwegian horses his feet touched

the ground. The Northmen had a great way of nicknaming each other, and I suspect the biggest of them laughed at Rolf when he first set off on the back of a horse, and called him Rolf Ganger the rest of his days."

"And now his name is Rollo the Steamer," said Charles. "Such are the changes of history!"

"And we are all visiting Rolf's old home," said Sarah, in the same philosophic tone, "and have come to it from beyond the seas. It is the return of the Vikings."

"Yes," said her mother; "your Uncle Nathan has always wanted to get back to the very beginningest of American history, and I am sure he is on his way when he goes to the fjords of Norway."

"Don't let us go too fast," said Mr. Bodley. "While you have been talking all this nonsense I have been trying to make out the shore line in this dusky light. Do you know, we cannot be far from the place where our Pilgrim ancestors tried to make their escape from England in 1607. They had bargained with a Dutch captain, who had a ship at Hull and was going back to Holland, to take them in at a point between Grimsby and Hull. Bradford says there was a large common there a good way from any town. I suppose he means an open tract of land where any one might go. They could not board the vessel at Hull, for the authorities had once before stopped them when they tried to sail from Boston. So they sent the women and children and goods down the river in a boat, while the men went by land, very likely in small companies and in the night-time. Everything turned out wrong. The water was rough, and the women and children were so sick that they persuaded the seamen, who took the boat down, to put into a creek and lie there in quiet water. The ship came along the next morning,

but unfortunately it was low tide, and the boat with the women and children could not get out of the creek. Meanwhile the men were on the shore, out of reach of the women, and the captain thought he would better be getting them on board while he was waiting for the tide to float the boat off, so he sent his own boat for the men. He had brought off one boat-load, and was about to send back the boat for another, when he saw a great company of armed men, some on horse and some on foot, coming across the country. It was clear that the news of this exodus had spread, and the Egyptians were after the poor Israelites. The Dutchman was no Moses, however. He hoisted his anchor, swore a big oath, set his sail, and was off for Holland. He had no mind to get into a scrape, and cared very little, apparently, for the poor Pilgrims."

"But what became of the poor fellows who were left on shore?" asked Sarah.

"And what became of the women and children?" asked Charles.

"And what became of those who were carried off by the Dutchman?" asked Aunt Blandina.

"And what became of the Dutchman himself?" asked Aunt Phippy.

"And what is to become of us, if you answer all these questions?" asked Mr. Van Wyck.

"Have patience," said the story-teller. "You shall hear all. We are now, let us say, steaming past the flat land where the rest of the men were left. We can't see it, but it lies off yonder, where that dim light is on shore. When the Dutchman sailed away, the men who were left behind, seeing the plight they were in, scattered in various directions, a few only remaining to help the women and children as best they might. These, poor things, were helpless

enough. They fell to weeping and wringing their hands; 'their poor little ones were hanging about them, crying for fear and quaking with cold,' as the old historian says. The posse of men with bill-hooks and guns who had scared the Dutchman away had no one to lay hold of but these poor women and children and the few men who stayed to help them. They marched them off to a magistrate, and he sent them to another. What to do with them no one knew. It never would do to put them in prison. They had no homes to go to, for these had all been broken up; and so at last, after the poor things had endured all kinds of trouble, they were left to shift for themselves, and made their way, one by one way, one by another, till they had joined their husbands in Holland."

"Then their husbands did get to Holland?"

"Yes, though they had a sore time of it on the way. They met a terrible storm, and were driven about the North Sea for fourteen days before they reached their port. They came close to the coast of Norway, and for a week saw neither sun, moon, nor stars. The sailors gave up more than once, and I suppose the Dutchman had some bad moments, thinking he was being punished for his cowardice, but the Pilgrims kept up their courage, and prayed to God, and cheered on the sailors much as the Apostle Paul did in his shipwreck."

"And was that the way the Pilgrim Fathers left England?" asked Charles.

"Yes. Their troubles began at the start, but I think the failure of their attempt to make one general removal led them to get away after that singly and in small companies, so as to escape observation."

"What stories the old men in Plymouth must have had to tell to

their grandchildren!" said Mrs. Bodley. "I fancy they must have thought very often of St. Paul's words, 'in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by my own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea.'"

The Vikings crossing the North Sea.

"There is not much peril in this sea," said Charles.

"Not on this voyage," said his father, "but the North Sea is generally a terror to travelers. I have crossed it when it was in a very disorderly state."

The Rollo had steamed well past the scene of the Pilgrims' adventure. The twilight, which still lingered, gave way slowly to night, and the air was so quiet and cool that all were loth to turn in for the night. They sat, a little group, by themselves, and soon the talk drifted back to Rollo and the Norse-folk.

"This is a peaceful voyage," said Mr. Van Wyck, "but I should think the good people of Hull must have looked out once upon the Humber with a deal of anxiety when they heard that the Vikings had been seen coming toward the coast."

"Yes, I always think of them as great birds of prey, swooping across the North Sea and pouncing down upon the English coast," said his wife.

"They must have had that look, Phippy, with their high-beaked vessels, and their broad sails. When they wished to make a prodigious onset they lashed three vessels together. The prow sometimes bore a dragon's head, or a serpent's; for when men make a great deal of fighting, I have noticed that they are very apt to make common cause with animals, and call themselves lions or tigers or serpents or hawks or eagles or vultures or panthers or wild-cats or" —

"Do stop, Uncle Philip, before you have named a whole menagerie," said Charles.

"Very well, I 'll stop; but I beg you all to notice what pleasure we take in looking on, at the safe distance of eight hundred years or so, at those dreadful Vikings who used to cross this North Sea in their Berserker rage. It is the very gentlest of our poets who has turned the old sagas into musical verse. Think of Longfellow looking out of his window upon the winding Charles, with its mud-scows and stone-sloops, and writing the poems in which he sets forth King

Olaf and his doughty deeds! It is the contrast that delights me. Listen, while I repeat his poem."

THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT.

THORBERG SKAFTING, master-builder,
In his ship-yard by the sea,
Whistling, said, "It would bewilder
Any man but Thorberg Skafting,
Any man but me!"

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,
Built of old by Raud the Strong,
And King Olaf had commanded
He should build another Dragon
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skafting,
As he sat with half-closed eyes,
And his head turned sideways, drafting
That new vessel for King Olaf
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and hammered
Mallet huge and heavy axe;
Workmen laughed and sang and clamored;
Whirred the wheels, that into rigging
Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master,—
It was music to his ear;
Fancy whispered all the faster,
"Men shall hear of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!"

Workmen sweating at the forges
Fashioned iron bolt and bar.

Like a warlock's midnight orgies
Smoked and bubbled the black cauldron
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,
Thorberg Skafting, any curse?
Could you not be gone a minute
But some mischief must be doing,
Turning bad to worse?

'T was an ill wind that came wafting,
From his homestead words of woe;
To his farm went Thorberg Skafting,
Oft repeating to his workmen
Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning
Came the master back by night;
To his ship-yard longing, yearning,
Hurried he, and did not leave it
Till the morning's light.

"Come and see my ship, my darling!"
On the morrow said the king;
"Finished now from keel to carling;
Never yet was seen in Norway
Such a wondrous thing!"

In the ship-yard, idly talking,
At the ship the workmen stared:
Some one, all their labor balking,
Down her sides had cut deep gashes,
Not a plank was spared!

"Death be to the evil-doer!"
With an oath King Olaf spoke;
"But rewards to his pursuer!"
And with wrath his face grew redder
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling,
Answered thus the angry King:
"Cease blaspheming and reviling,
Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting
Who has done this thing!"

Then he chipped and smoothed the planking,
Till the King, delighted, swore,
With much lauding and much thanking,
"Handsomer is now my Dragon
Than she was before!"

Seventy ells and four extended
On the grass the vessel's keel;
High above it, gilt and splendid,
Rose the figure-head ferocious
With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the tressels,
In the ship-yard by the sea;
She was the grandest of all vessels,
Never ship was built in Norway
Half so fine as she!

The Long Serpent was she christened,
'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer!
They who to the Saga listened
Heard the name of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!

"After all," said Mr. Bodley, "there is not so very terrible a picture drawn. It is a New England ship-builder and a Boston merchant who are represented, with a little veneer of antique rage."

"But I don't understand who cut and gashed the Long Serpent," said Charles. "Thorberg says he did it, but why should he have done it? or why should he have said he did, if he did not?"

"I suspect," said his uncle, "that the mysterious hints of some warlock, or wizard, are intended to intimate that the mischief was done when Thorberg was away, and that he took the blame on himself to defeat the purpose of the wizard; but I confess I am not learned enough in this lore to give a satisfactory explanation. It is well that our pleasure in poetry is not measured by the accuracy with which every point is made."

"Did the Vikings ever really reach America?" asked Sarah of her father.

"Fortunately we do not know, Sarah," he replied. "There is a delightful uncertainty about the matter, and we can discuss it and inquire into it to our heart's content. The probability is very great that they did land on our coast; but although the Northmen had a very powerful influence on Europe, the time had not come for America to be discovered for settlement. Greenland was long a part of Europe; it is only in modern times that it has come to be placed on a map of the Western Hemisphere."

"How differently we must look as we return to Norway," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "from what our Viking ancestors did when they came to America; for I insist upon it, we are going back to hunt for our Viking ancestors."

"And very rightly, Phippy," said her brother. "The Northmen or Danes, for they were all one people, made very decided settlements on the east coast of England. All those towns whose names end in *by*" —

"Grimsby," said Charles.

"Yes, Grimsby is a case in point. The *by* is Norse for town, and the *by* towns show the marks of their Norse origin. Now our Pilgrim fathers came from Scrooby and neighborhood, and may easily

NATHAN BODLEY IN THE CHARACTER OF A VIKING.

have been of Norse descent, so that we can trace through them, if we do not wish to make a violent leap to Thorfinn and the rest."

"Imagine Uncle Nathan as a Viking!" said Sarah.

"I should probably wear a belted shirt, Sarah, and carry a shield and sword, and a horn. I should wear a sort of metal helmet, and instead of a scarf pin carry an eagle, which your Aunt Blandina would embroider on my shirt-front. And all little girls would be terribly afraid of me."

"Well, we bring back the Eagle, at any rate," said Charles.

"Even if we do sail for the time being under the Union-jack, and are protected by the Lion and the Unicorn."

"Do you know what time it is?" suddenly asked Mrs. Van Wyck.

"It is the tenth or eleventh century," said Mrs. Bodley.

"It is the tenth or eleventh hour, Phippy, and your child and mine ought to be abed." And to bed went the Vikings, old and young.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTIANIA.

All day Saturday the Rollo was crossing the North Sea, and the passengers sat comfortably in steamer chairs or walked the deck, and read, chatted, played checkers, or crocheted and knit. It was a summer sea over which they were steaming, and it was hard to believe that so often the waves were churned into a mighty pother. There was no adventure. One or two wearied sparrows lit upon the deck and dropped their little tails in an exhausted fashion; the

other steamer of the line was passed midway, bound to Hull, and various sail were discerned near or far.

Saturday passed, but when the passengers woke on Sunday they had reached the Norwegian coast. Charles, raising himself in his berth, looked out of the port-hole, and saw cold, rough rocks within biscuit-throw. He occupied the same state-room with his father, and they were shortly on deck, where the others joined them. It was only seven o'clock, and the steamer was making fast to the pier at Christiansand. They fortified themselves with coffee, and finding there was an hour to wait, went ashore and sauntered through the town. The first glimpse of a new country always quickens the traveler's sense. He expects so much more strangeness than he finds; he does not take into account the likeness that man has to his neighbor. There was at first glance a curious suggestion of New England in the plain wooden houses which they saw. Except for their tiled roofs, the houses would have been at home in a Maine village. There was one difference, however; nearly every window had plants in pots. The houses and shops were mingled together, the shops distinguished only by modest signs and small show of goods in the windows.

"How few people there are about," said Charles.

"What would you have?" asked Sarah. "It is only seven o'clock, and Sunday morning too. Don't you suppose they breakfast half an hour later Sunday morning in Christiansand? I wonder, though, why they have so many shops for the sale of oil."

"You must begin your Norwegian studies, Sarah," said her father. "That is ale or beer that looks on the signs like oil."

The streets were straight and broad, and the little town was quickly surveyed. They came to a bridge crossing an arm of the

sea, and on the other side found themselves more in the country. They followed a little lane which led to a pile of rocks where a poor farmer was raising a few cabbages, and from the top of the rocks they had a pretty extensive view of the town and surrounding country. The sky was overcast, and the view was a somewhat dreary one.

"This is not the country in which to look for large towns," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Christiansand is one of the larger sort, but it is not so large that one could easily be lost in it."

"We must go back to the boat," said his prudent sister; "but I suppose that if we were to spend the summer here and get acquainted with the people, we should get very much attached to Christiansand, and be sorry to leave."

"What a charitable imagination you have, Blandina!"

"Mother never wants to leave a place," said Charles. "She always begins to think about the people and how they live, and adopts one or two forlorn children, and then she is ready to settle down for the rest of her life."

The party found the Rollo ready to leave the pier when they returned, and when they went below to breakfast the boat had already steamed out of the harbor. All day long they coasted, sometimes near, sometimes at a distance from the land. The smaller steamers ran in and out among the islands, calling at fishing villages and little stations, but the Rollo made its way, without stopping, to Christiania. At dinner-time it passed round the point into Christiania fjord, and then land could be seen on either side, the shores gradually drawing closer together. For the most part pine-clad, rocky hills rose with more or less abruptness from the fjord, though now and then some gentle slope would appear, some nicely kept place, or a little village would peep from behind an island.

"So this is a fjord," said Sarah, after they had been sitting some time in silence. "I always wanted to see a fjord since I read Miss Martineau's 'Feats on the Fjord.'"

"I don't think we see the characteristic fjord landscape here, Sarah. We must wait until we get farther north."

"But, Uncle Nathan, what is a fjord? what makes a fjord? why do not we have them in America?"

"If we had mountains coming down to the sea, with arms of the sea running up into the land, we should have them. The word is the same as firth or frith in Scotland. The Frith of Forth is a fjord."

"I suppose it is the fret of the sea," said Mr. Van Wyck, "or the land fretted by the sea."

"But why are not the lamps in the light-houses lighted?" asked Charles.

"What need? It is daylight still, though it is past eleven o'clock. They put out their lights on the coast when summer-time comes, but they make up for it by keeping them lighted a long time when winter returns." Not a light was to be seen in the city which now lay before them, dimly descried, to be sure, for the sky was overcast, and it was not so light at this hour as it might otherwise have been. As the Rollo rounded an island and came within the inner harbor, the people on board the steamer could make out the buildings, and could see persons moving about the streets and on the quay. The tide was high, and the Rollo, as it was warped up to the quay, towered high above it.

Our little party was somewhat taken by surprise. They had been so occupied with watching the shore and trying to make out the objects in the strange twilight, that it had not occurred to them, until just as they came near the quay, that they need not pass another

night on board the steamer, and now they hurried together their wraps and small articles, meaning to leave their larger pieces on board until the morrow, while they made their way to the Victoria Hotel for the rest of the night. With other passengers, they passed down the steep gangway to the pier. It was nearly twelve o'clock. The streets were lively with people walking about; even small children were out, but no lamps were lit.

"Do you suppose all these people are homeless?" half-whispered Sarah to her cousin.

"They are probably all returning from various excursions into the country, Sarah," said her father, who overheard her.

"But how spectral it is," said Mrs. Van Wyck, in a low voice. "These people look like ghosts, gliding along the streets. Will it be no darker than this to-night?"

"No. It will remain very much like this for an hour, when it will begin to grow lighter again."

"It is not exactly twilight," returned Mrs. Van Wyck. "I can't describe it, but there is a mystery over everything. All the shades are deepened. Look at those green trees; they have almost a purplish tinge."

"Yes," said her husband. "It is as if Nature drew a veil over her face, and you could not quite make out her features."

It was not a long walk to the hotel, and the party was soon distributed for the night. They drew shutters and curtains and darkened their rooms, that they might not wake too early, but something in the fresh, exhilarating air made long sleep impossible, so that they were all at breakfast in good season, and ready to see Christiania. The city itself did not detain them very long. They walked up the broad Carl Johann Gade, and looked at the outside of

the palace, which stood on an elevation at the head of the way, and they stopped to look at the statue of the Norwegian poet Wergeland, which had been erected the year before, and was still shining in the brightness of new bronze.

"How new everything is," said Charles. "I thought Christiania would look like an old place."

"We are in the newer part of the town," said his father; "but I suspect this northern air preserves buildings, and makes even the old ones look young. I think we get into the way of fancying that

A Street in Christiania.

all European towns were made several hundred years ago and have not been touched since."

In their walk about town they stumbled upon one quaint and old-fashioned street, and they entered a church where workmen were making repairs. It was filled with staging and platforms so that they could see but little, though, to be sure, there seemed little to see. One oddity was a private box for the royal family, perched up against the side of the wall *vis-à-vis* with the pulpit, so that the

royal family must certainly receive all the sermons full in the face; but then it was furnished with glass windows, and in case of a severe pelting it would only be necessary to close the windows. They visited the Viking ship also, which had been dug up a couple of years before at Sandefjord. It was under cover of a shed which had been built over it, and the various fragments found about it had been carefully preserved.

"It is only the bones of the poor old vessel!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "How long did you say it had been buried, Philip?"

"It is estimated that it was buried eight hundred or a thousand years ago."

"No doubt," said Mr. Bodley, "it is one of the very boats which used to make their way to Vinland."

"But how did it get buried, father?" asked Charles.

"The explanation is, that when one of the great Vikings died, his boat was dragged up upon the shore, his body was placed upon it with his weapons, and the whole covered with a mound. The earliest were burned, but after Christianity came in burning gave way to burial. Horses and oxen were sacrificed. They hung war shields upon the vessel, also."

"But this boat can't be as large as the Long Serpent," said Charles.

"No. This vessel is less than eighty feet on the keel, and the Long Serpent, you know, was 'seventy ells and four.'"

"And how much is that?"

"That depends on the measure. An English ell is forty-five inches, but an English ell is equal to one and a quarter Danish ells; and if Mr. Longfellow used the Danish ell, then he used an ell of three feet, and the length of the Long Serpent was — how much, Sarah?"

"Two hundred and twenty-two feet," said she, promptly.

"Just so, and that was a sizeable sort of boat."

"I should like to have seen one of the boats all manned," said Charles.

"Well, this boat had sixteen oar-holes on each side, for they depended on oars a good deal of the time, though they had sails also. We can imagine the Viking standing by the side of the boat and

The Vikings setting sail.

flourishing his sword, while his men, each with a sword and shield, stood about him and swore to stick by him and help carry off all the plunder they could find."

After our friends had walked about Christiania, and had visited the art gallery, they went back to their hotel for lunch, and then sallied out on an excursion to Oscar's Hall. They chose to walk to Skarpsno on the fjord, meaning to cross in a boat to the wooded peninsula where Oscar's Hall stands. It was a pleasant walk up Carl

Johann Gade, and by half rural lanes when they had passed beyond the city limits. As they came to the top of a little elevation they found themselves by a gateway opening into a court-yard, before which they lingered to steal a glimpse of the pleasant bit of home-life which they saw. On each side of the court-yard was a long, low building, roofed with red tiles, and apparently used for the farm utensils and the cattle stalls. A fountain was playing in the middle of the yard, and at the end facing the gateway was the manor-house itself, a long, generous-looking building surmounted by a bell-cupola. A piazza extended along the front of the house, and a young girl was sitting in a comfortable chair, with some work in her hands, while on the grass in front three children, two boys and a little girl, were playing. One of them, a little fellow with a broad-brimmed straw hat, as soon as he caught sight of strangers at the gate, began running toward them as fast as his sturdy little legs would carry him.

"Horace!" they heard the maiden on the piazza call; but Horace paid no attention to the voice, but kept on, slackening his pace as he drew nearer, however.

"I am afraid we are interfering with family discipline," said Mrs. Bodley. "It certainly is rather rude, too, for us to be staring in here at a gentleman's place. Let us move on." So they turned away, and presently they heard the little fellow calling loudly to the other little boy, —

"Allyn! Allyn!"

"Well, we know two of their names," said Charles. "Horace does n't sound like Norwegian, but Allyn does."

"I wish we knew the people who live there," said Sarah. "I should like to go inside of a real Norwegian manor-house, and that

looks like a very substantial and comfortable old place. Did you notice that the Norwegian young lady on the piazza had a lap-robe over her and was propped up in her chair?"

"Yes, and she did not chase the little boy," said Charles.

"Of course she would not, if she could," said his cousin. "Young ladies don't rush after small boys, when they run away."

Their walk brought them to the foot of the hill, to Skarpsno, where they crossed a railway track and found themselves on the bank of the fjord, with Oscar's Hall in full view upon the opposite side of the stream. While waiting for the ferry-boat to return from the other side, they saw some boys come out of a bathing-house which stood near the boat-landing. One of them was about Charles's age, and as he passed them Charles declared he heard him talking English.

"Very likely," said his father, "for English is taught in the Norwegian schools. Run after him, Charles, and ask him whose house it was that we passed."

Charles stepped quickly along, and came back in a moment.

"He says it is called Frogner, and he lives there. I think his name is Hermann, for the other boy called him so, or else he said something about Hermann Street, but I could n't make it out. I know the Norwegian for street."

"You are making rapid progress in Norwegian, Charles," said his father, laughing. "You have learned one word already."

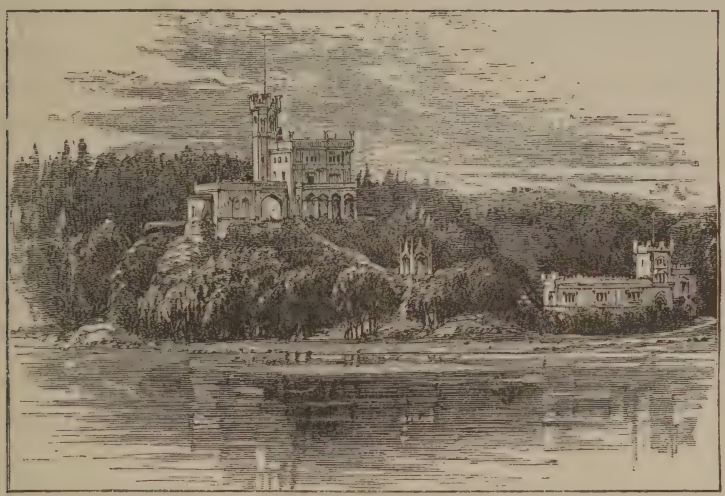
"I should think he would have talked with you," said Sarah, "if he could speak English. Why did n't you ask him some more questions and draw him out, Charles?"

"I would have, but the other boy kept jabbering in Norwegian."

"We shall see him again," said Sarah, philosophically. "We always do see them again in our travels."

FROGNER.

They were soon ferried across to the promontory on which Oscar's Hall stood, in a little park. It was a white, castellated building on a small scale, perched on a wooded knoll, and surmounted by a tower. It was built originally in the middle of the century by King Oscar for his son, but sold by his son, King Carl XV., to the Storthing, or Norwegian congress, which holds it as a piece of public property. The building itself has little to commend it, except its trimness and neatness, but it offers fine views from the tower,



Oscar's Hall.

and it has a collection of characteristic Norwegian pictures and statues, as well as a number of portraits of the various members of the ruling family. The most interesting of the pictures was a series by a Norwegian artist named Tidemand, representing characteristic scenes from peasant life.

"It is a whole history, is it not?" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "See! here are two children playing in the sand. Then the same children have grown in the next picture."

"Yes, and then they are married," said Charles, "and the bridal procession, I suppose it is, is escorting them to their home, and here is the first child in the cradle."

"Now I will take up the parable," said Mr. Bodley. "Here is the first sorrow, and here is the mother teaching the little girl, while the father initiates the boy into the mystery of fishing."

"My friends," said Mr. Van Wyck, "behold the adieus given to the last to leave the home, and the old couple comforting each other in their loneliness by reading the Bible aloud."

"You must not make fun of the pictures, Philip," said his sister. "They make a charming series, and they tell such interesting stories. I think if we went no farther into Norway than this, we could say that we had seen Norwegian life."

"As for that, Blandina," said her husband, "we might even better have stayed in America and read Björnstjerne Björnson's stories. They seem to be more strictly native than Tidemand's pictures. These pictures are painted as a German might paint them, but Björnson has given an air of reality and poetry to his stories of peasant life which does not make us think of Auerbach or any other German story-teller."

"That is very true," said Mr. Van Wyck, "but Blandina is right in thinking that even a glimpse of Norway helps one to understand Norwegian art. If we had seen Tidemand's pictures in America, we should not have seen them half so clearly as we see them now by Christiania fjord, and every hour almost since we touched at Christiansand, I have been reminded of Björnson, though we have scarcely seen anything as yet of real peasant life."

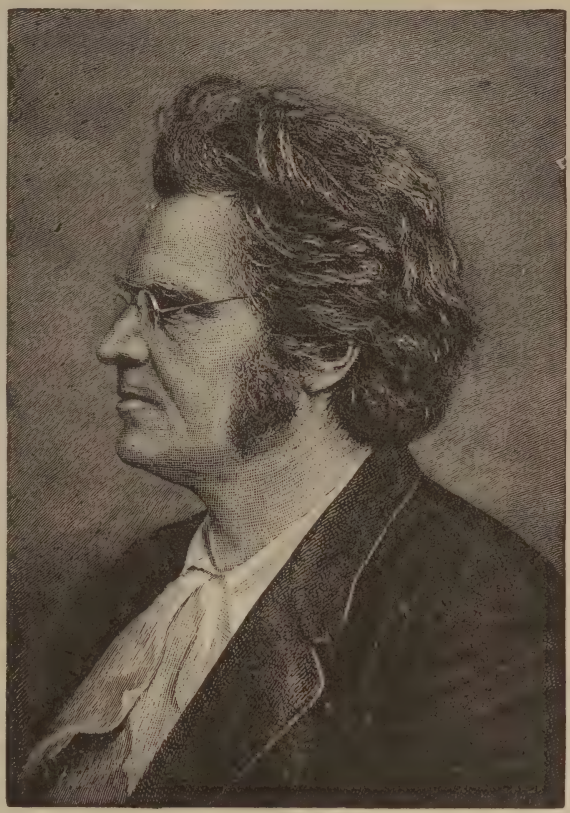
"Björnson learned his art at home. Tidemand learned his at Düsseldorf. That makes the difference," said Mr. Bodley, sententiously.

It was half-after eight before the party returned to Skarpsno, yet the sun was still above the horizon. It seemed strange indeed to have such long, leisurely days, and to feel for once, Mrs. Bodley said, that there was plenty of time for everything.

"Blandina would like to do her house-cleaning in Norway, I am sure," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Then she would be able to catch up with her work, and she could see to do it."

"We shall have more daylight still when we go to the North Cape, Phippy," said Mrs. Bodley.

There was one further excursion which the party took when they were in Christiania. They drove to the top of a hill, six or seven miles from the town, from which they were told they should have a fine view.



Björnstjerne Björnson.

"Do you know what the place is, Sarah?" asked her father. "I learned something when I was reading the guide-book."

"Somebody said it was Frognersæter, and the name sounded half familiar."

"No wonder, for the first half of the word was familiar. The hill, or perhaps only the top of it, used to be a part of the estate of Frogner. You know we saw the manor-house of Frogner when we went to Oscar's Hall. The sæter is the name given" —

"Oh, I remember now!" interrupted Sarah. "It was all in 'Feats on the Fjord.' The sæter is where they pasture the cows in the summer, and the peasant girls go up there to take care of them and make cheese."

A Store-House.

"To be sure, and this place is still called Frognersæter, although it no longer belongs to Frogner, and I believe there is no real, *bonâ fide* sæter life there. It is the property of the Swiss consul, who is a banker; he has made a kind of rustic retreat of it."

The drive led them through almost numberless gateways, at each one of which was a little boy or girl, waiting to open the gate.

"It is fortunate that I have so many öre in my pocket," said Mr. Bodley, "and it is very fortunate that they have a coin in Norway so small as an öre-piece, if there is to be a gate every few rods."

When they came to the sæter they found a little collection of rustic houses, in form such as the peasants build, but finished with much carving, and furnished with all manner of quaint Norwegian articles. It was as if one were invited to a fair to see the way in

which people lived. There was a bed built into the corner, as in peasant houses, but it was vastly better appointed than a poor peasant's bed would be. A balcony in front, from an upper story, gave a fine view, and close at hand was a store-house for grain, built after the fashion of peasants' store-houses, but of wood which was well finished and carved and oiled. For a more complete outlook, they drove a quarter of an hour farther to the top of the mountain, where there had been built an observatory of open timber. They climbed to the top and clung to a staff, while they enjoyed a fearful pleasure in looking off, for the wind was blowing a gale, and the observatory rocked back and forth. The fjord lay below, and mountains were behind, while pleasant valleys separated the hills, and Christiania was spread at their feet.

CHAPTER III.

DUE NORTH.

Christiania was only a starting-point for our friends, but they were old enough travelers to take everything leisurely, so they loitered about the city, picking up information, accustoming themselves to Norwegian ways, and even making little excursions into the Norwegian tongue. Mr. Van Wyck, indeed, had read some Danish, and had once had lessons in the language, but he was shy about making experiments in speech, especially when he was with the others. Sometimes when he was alone he made brave attempts. To use his

own words, he picked his way across the stream of conversation by means of stepping-stones of nouns and verbs.

They were all interested in what they saw of Norwegian manners. At the hotel there chanced to be a Norwegian family, and after dinner the children marched up to their father, and each held out his hand, saying, apparently, "Thank you for the excellent dinner which I have just had." The people in the streets took off their hats to each other and bowed very civilly, and in the shops gentlemen always removed their hats when they entered, and made a courteous farewell when they left. Our friends quickly caught these ways, and Charles grew so ceremonious that Sarah offered him an öre if he would put his hat on between one shop and the next.

On Thursday they set off for the north. The chief part of their proposed excursion in Norway was to be a steamer jaunt to the North Cape, but they meant to avoid the long sea trip from Christiania to Throndhjem, by taking the railway that connects the two towns, the only long railway in a country which is too mountainous to permit that mode of travel. It was a twenty-four hours' journey, for though only about three hundred and fifty miles, the train runs slowly, makes many stops, and tarries long enough at meal-times to give travelers a rational meal. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the train rolled slowly out of the station. The carriages were like those on English roads, and the party filled one compartment very comfortably. At a station called Hamar they were called upon to change to a narrow gauge, and here, also, they took supper. They were a little puzzled at first, as they sat at a table, to know what they were to do. The table was set with plates, knives, forks, and napkins, and had also a provision of cheese and bread and butter, but there seemed to be no waiter in the room, only one

or two girls stationed behind counters. Pretty soon, however, they discovered what the other passengers were doing, and followed suit. Each was expected to help himself. The meats and fish and vegetables were at side-tables, and the passengers went about, as if they were at a party, with plates in their hands, filling them from this dish and that, till at last they bore them triumphantly to their places, and then set off again for cups of coffee or tea. Then, when they had ended the supper, they stepped to the counter, where each gave an account of what he had helped himself to, and paid the score.

"Truly a most hospitable fashion," said Mr. Bodley, "and one that speaks well for the honesty of the people."

It was, of course, still daylight, but their watches told an hour which would do very well for bed-time, when one was not likely to get a very sound sleep. There was no sleeping-car on the train, but fortunately they were able to secure three carriages, and that gave them each a seat on which to lie at full length. The railway company had thoughtfully supplied each carriage with two leather bolsters, and two rugs; so making up a bed with their wraps and cloaks and coats, our six friends disposed themselves for the night. The train jogged along very slowly and with a great deal of jolting, stopping repeatedly at small stations; indeed, there were no large stations the whole length of the road, and it was very evident that, except for the support of government, the road would be a sad failure.

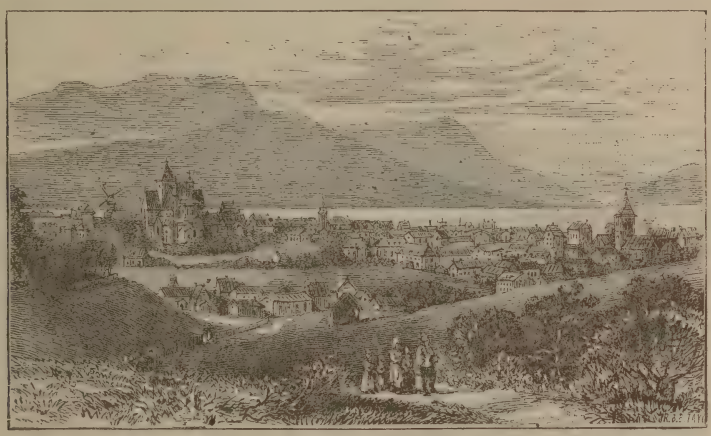
They were all tired enough to sleep soundly in spite of the frequent stoppages. It was always light enough, whenever any one woke, to see what time it was; but at last, about six o'clock in the morning, they roused themselves, and though a little cramped

and cold, were in pretty good humor when the train drew up at Tönsaet for breakfast. They got out from their several carriages and greeted each other good-morning. They found themselves among higher hills, and saw patches of snow lying on the tops; nor did the snow again leave them on their journey to Throndhjem. It came down into the valleys, and was seen in large fields. They all gathered into one carriage again for the day's journey, and had a pleasant trip of it. There was a capital provision for the needs of travelers who always want to know where they are and how far they have to go. In each compartment was placed a large card containing a full list of all the stations, the distance from one to the other, the time when the train was due, and where they were to stop for breakfast, dinner, and supper. Besides that, each station-house bore on its front a large sign giving its name, its distance on one hand from Christiania, on the other from Throndhjem, and its height above the level of the sea. It helped to pass the time, especially for the children, to consult the card and their watches, and study the sign whenever the train stopped.

But the country through which they passed made the day delightful. It was, as Mr. Bodley said, singularly like Berkshire County in Massachusetts, where they had passed many summers; or the valley through which the Connecticut Western railway passes, bolder, indeed, in places, but with much the same kind of scenery. They overlooked deep gorges and broad valleys; waterfalls sometimes foamed across the path, and they could follow the great curves by which they wound in and out of the broad mountain basins. A river, the Gula, grew wider and more smiling as they drew nearer to Throndhjem. At a point not far from Tyvold they passed the water-shed, where the streams separated, one flowing to the Chris-

tiania fjord, the other to the Throndhjem fjord. A great stone had been set up by the railroad, with an inscription recording this fact. There was little richness in the soil, but they passed a number of scattered villages, some with churches, and some having substantial looking farm-houses.

"It is interesting," said Mr. Bodley, as they looked out of the window, "but I must say that there is, according to our ideas, an air of poverty rather than of comfort about these farms. Look at that



Throndhjem.

group of houses. You cannot tell which is the house and which the stable."

"And see the turf on the roofs!" exclaimed Charles.

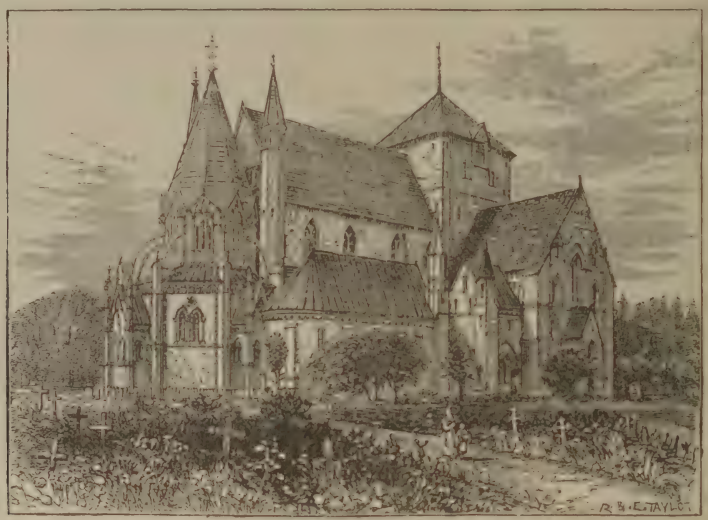
"And there is a bush growing out of the roof," added Sarah. "I should n't wonder if we were to see sheep pasturing on the roofs soon."

"Some of these cabins are almost buried in the earth," said Mr. Bodley. "They make more picturesque objects than good houses to live in with a large family. The station-houses really are the most airy and attractive buildings, to my thinking."

"Oh, you are a confirmed American, Nathan," said Mr. Van Wyck. "You want things to be spick and span."

"If I am to live in them, I do. If I am merely to look at them, give me the tumble-down and picturesque."

As the train drew nearer to Throndhjem, the country became more open, the houses were no longer timber-houses, but built with frames and supporting tiled roofs, and the roads had the look of suburban roads. The Gula was crossed twice, and fine views were



Throndhjem Cathedral.

had of the city, the fjord, and the distant mountains. Just a day after leaving Christiania the train entered Throndhjem, and our party at once drove across the town to the Jonas Lie, the steamer in which they were to make their home for three weeks or so, while they journeyed to the North Cape and back. They found that the boat was to leave at ten that night, so they bestowed their bags and boxes in the state-rooms which they had secured, and set out for a ramble through the town.

They sought the cathedral, which was the most conspicuous object in town, and found it lively with workmen who were busy within and without. The hoary square tower which rises above the centre of the church gave the whole structure both dignity and the air of age; but the new stone which was used in the restoration, and the parts of the old work which had been scraped, gave a very zealous look to the cathedral. They went where they could within the building, and looked down into the water of St. Olaf's well, for St. Olaf was the patron saint of the church.

"You have heard of the three tailors of Tooley Street, Charles, have you not?" asked his uncle.

"No, Uncle Philip; who were they?"

"I can't give you their whole history, but there were three tailors of Tooley Street in London, who once addressed a petition to the House of Commons, beginning, 'We, the people of England,' and they were very much laughed at for their grand salute. So the story goes. But what puts them into my head?"

"I 'm sure I don't know."

"St. Olaf's well, or rather St. Olaf himself. St. Olaf is Tooley. Attend. Olaf is pronounced Oolaf. Very well. Saintoolaf, s'ntoolaf, stoola, Tooley. There you have it. So the story goes."

"Must we believe that, father?" asked Sarah.

"Do as you please, Sarah. I shall not insist upon it, but it is credible."

The children were really as much attracted by the graveyard through which they passed as they were by the cathedral itself. It was not large, but full of graves lying by diminutive paths. There was scarcely a grave which had not flowers or wreaths upon it, and old stones were apparently scrubbed and kept in cheerful repair.

Women with children were scattered about, and it was the most animated, bright little graveyard our friends had ever happened to see. They found walking in the town a somewhat difficult task. The streets were paved in the centre with small flag-stones, flanked by gravel sidewalks, and between the sidewalks and houses were cobble-stone pavements and open gutters, so that it was quite impossible to walk with any comfort. One was always getting amongst the cobble-stones or into the dirt. So they made their way back before long to the Jonas Lie, glad to rest from the bright sun.

The steamboat had come from Christiania, and had taken on passengers there, but chiefly at Bergen. The passengers had been rambling about Throndhjem, while the boat lay at the pier, and were now returning singly or in groups. Our friends scanned them with interest, for they knew that they were to be near neighbors for three weeks. The boats which run to the North Cape and back are not mere pleasure-boats. It is only within a few years that travelers have resorted to them for the excursion. They are the means by which the fishing villages which dot the coast and islands of Norway reach the centres of business. The steamers carry salt and flour and various provisions to these settlements, and bring back their products, chiefly fish and lumber. It often takes a long while to load the steamer at one of these little stations, and the passengers use the opportunity for a ramble inland. The telegraph runs everywhere, and the wires are freely used, so that when a steamer has touched at a port, the captain frequently gets a dispatch notifying him that there is a cargo waiting for him at some remote village which he had not intended to visit. In this way the voyage is full of interesting surprises. Besides, the steamer is used by peasants who may wish to pass from one village to another, and very often

by emigrants to America, who take it on the way back to Bergen, from which port they are to embark in some vessel or ocean steamer. The captains and mates often speak English. This was the case on the Jonas Lie, at any rate.

"Before we go any farther," said Sarah, as the steamer got under way, about ten o'clock, "I wish to know who Jonas Lie was or is, that he should have a steamer named for him."

"He is a Norwegian poet and novelist, Sarah," said her father; "and you must not say Jonas Lie, but Yonas Lee. Remember, you are a modified vikingess, and must speak the language of your country accurately."

"Well, if I ever get so that I can pronounce the names of places which we visit in Norway, I will let the rest of the language go, for I have been studying the guide-book, and some of the words are simply unpronounceable."

"They are harmless words, many of them, as soon as you translate them into their English equivalents. A good many, you notice, end in *vik* or *vig*. That is as much as to say *creek* in such words as Lime Creek, or Goose Creek. Some end in *naes*, as Saltnaes, or Saltnose, and some in *vand*, which is water."

"Just as Mont Blanc is nothing more than White Mountain, though it sounds finer."

"Exactly so."

The Jonas Lie lay in the stream until midnight, so that our friends went below before they were fairly off, and when they came on deck the next day, a cold mist shut the steamer in. It lifted now and then, and they could see that they were passing by gray rocky islands and headlands. Occasionally they could spy fishermen's houses on the rocks, and here and there a little farm upon the

most barren-looking soil, where a ledge of rocks formed the barrier, and on the other the people had built, painfully, a heavy stone wall, to keep out other rocks, one would say.

"See!" exclaimed Charles, "there is a viking boat," as a fisherman's boat passed them, low in the waist, and rising at stem and stern with a high poop.

"Beg your pardon," said the captain, who was near by, and overheard. "That is a viking boat. They are all viking boats. They are not carved as the old boats were, and they have no dragons at the bow, and no holes cut for the oars, but they are the same shape. You will see them all along up the coast."

"Shall we see Torghaetta to-day?" asked Mr. Van Wyck.

"If it is clear."

"But do you often have these mists?"

"I have been to the North Cape and back when it was mist all the way, all the way," said the captain, with emphasis. Our friends looked at each other with dismay. Suppose they should go to the North Cape and come back, and see nothing more than what they saw now! But that was too disagreeable to be thought of.

"What are those targets on the rocks for?" asked Charles, pointing to some black and white rings which he saw.

"They show where iron bolts are driven in for boats to moor to," said the captain. The mist lifted more and more, and after dinner, when they were on deck again, there was lovely sunshine.

"Ah," said Mr. Van Wyck, who had been secretly studying the guide-book, "there is the Giantess!"

"Whereabouts?" asked his wife, looking among the passengers, as if she expected to see some good-natured Norwegian woman towering above the crowd.

"Do you not see her off there?" said Mr. Van Wyck, pointing to a rocky mountain in the distance. "You must know, children, that there was once a real giantess, full grown, and more beautiful than one can easily imagine. Her size added to her beauty. You sometimes see women with large, liquid, beautiful eyes, but the eyes in such cases are rarely larger than an almond. Now imagine a being with the same kind of eye, only as big as a water-melon, and you can form some faint idea of the beauty of this giantess, who once stepped gracefully from one island to another on this rocky coast. You have seen a beautiful woman's beautiful taper fingers, but the most lovely hand of the most lovely woman you ever knew, — your mother, for example, — was not much more than six inches long. Now imagine our beautiful giantess with hands sixty inches long, and you can easily see that she was ten times as beautiful as either of your mothers. She was carelessly stepping along, playing with her parasol, the handle of which was made of a Norway fir, when she was aware that a very objectionable lover was chasing her. She did not need to look behind, for she knew it instinctively, so she lifted her skirt and began to run. Her brother, a giant who was at work getting out a glacier over yonder to put into his water-pitcher, dropped the glacier and began to chase the lover. The lover, who was on horseback, turned and shot an arrow at the giant, but he aimed too high. It went through the giant's hat, and made a dreadful hole. The wind whistled through the hole in the hat so loudly that it disturbed the giant, and he dashed it to the ground. Just then the giantess, who was unused to running, began to grow very faint. The lover was gaining on her, when suddenly the sun, seeing the turn things were taking, sent a strong ray of light upon the hat and turned it into stone. At the same time a part of the ray went

through the hole and turned the giantess and the horseman both into stone. The giant brother was not hit. Some say that the brother was the sun himself. Others, that he lost sight of the horseman and went on chasing to the North Pole, where he was so satisfied with the abundance of ice that he never could make up his mind to leave it. At any rate, here is the Giantess, to prove her

Torghaetta.

part of the story, lying you see at full length, just as she fell, exhausted by the race."

"I certainly see her," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Now, Philip, when you show us the Hat with the hole in it, I shall believe that part of the story, also."

"Very well; wait till after supper, and if it is quiet we will not only see the Hat, but walk into the hole."

They caught sight of the Hat before supper. There it was, to be

sure, — a great rocky mountain with a hole clean through it, and every one on board was on the *qui vive* to get a nearer view. It was a little after nine when the steamer lay to, and a boat-load of passengers, including all of our party, went ashore. The captain acted as guide, and marshalled his forces of twenty-two, though when they were once on the island he found it difficult to make his company keep the right path, for all except a few docile ones were sure they could find a shorter cut than the captain took. They entered a little cove by a deserted house and barn, and clambering over a few rocks, crossed a pretty green meadow, yellow with buttercups, which led to a higher ledge. Upon the other side of that was a marsh, over which they picked their way, and so came to a ravine leading up to the opening. It was not until they were upon the last steep incline that they discovered the opening in the mountain, and soon after stood at the entrance.

The Hole in the Hat.

"How high is the mountain, Captain?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"It is eight hundred feet; you have climbed about half that distance, and it is sixty feet from here to the top of the opening."

Through the great hole they could see the ocean, dotted with islands. One of the company fired a pistol, and flocks of birds came flying out from under the roof. Mr. Bodley and Mr. Van Wyck and Charles ran down from the opening, for the middle of the hole was lower than at either end. Then they climbed to the opposite extremity, and looked far below them at a cluster of houses and some boats on the beach. The entrance there was much grander, being more than two hundred feet in height, and arched. The walls were precipitous, almost plumb in some places, and near the entrance, about twenty feet up, King Oscar had traced his name in bold letters, Oscar, 18–$\frac{1}{7}$–73, or somebody had done it for him.

"A cat may look at a king," said Mr. Bodley, and proceeded to score his own name more modestly, Nathan, 18–$\frac{8}{7}$–82.

"Why don't you add Bodley, father?" asked Charles, who had written his own name in full.

"Oscar did not, and it would not be respectful in me to have a longer name than the king. I hope I know my manners, if I am an American and a democrat."

They hurried back now to join the rest of the party, who had already begun to descend the hill. The descent was quickly made, and when they reached the little cove they found they had only been absent an hour and a half. The turf was sprinkled with lovely flowers, anemones, orchids, heath, and buttercups, together with an unknown flower which Mrs. Van Wyck said was in half-mourning, since it had white petals and was almost black about the calyx. It resembled a blackberry blossom. The leaves were a little like those of the bunchberry, growing opposite each other about a short stalk.

The steamer had gone off on a cruise to some village while the

party had been exploring the hole, and it was some time before it appeared again.

"It is as good as being shipwrecked," said Sarah. "We are on an island, and waiting very comfortably for our rescuers."

"What an excellent end to the week," said her mother. "Scrambling over these rocks after being penned up in the steamer gives one all the feeling of having done something very praiseworthy. I feel as if I could say, I have spent a virtuous day."

"It is the air of the north, Phippy," said her husband. "Depend upon it, our virtue is all owing to that."

After they had rowed back to the steamer, and the children had gone to bed, the older members of the party watched the sun for some time, scarcely able to decide whether it was setting or about to rise. It was only an hour and a half below the horizon at this point. As it was nearly twelve, however, they made up their minds to go to bed by sunset, rather than by sunrise, and so turned in to sleep and dream.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

When the party returned to the steamer they found more passengers aboard, but were chiefly interested in a Lapp, the first they had seen. He was a short man who wore a belted frock of some woolen stuff, while his legs were encased in leather leggings, and his feet were shod with reindeer-skin shoes. A sugar-loaf woolen head-piece covered his head, and his thin gray hair crept below it.

He appeared to be a pedlar; at least, he carried a pack on his back.

Sunday morning was bright and clear. The Jonas Lie was steaming up the Vefsenfjord, which showed high, snow-covered rocks on either side. There was an English clergyman on board, and it was proposed to have service, but the captain advised waiting until they should have left the next station, as there would be a good deal of noise in loading and unloading. It was eleven o'clock when they reached the station. Here were green hills and smiling fields, while upon the opposite side of the fjord were rocky cliffs, with snow lying in the ravines. The captain said they might be detained an hour or two, and so our party set off for a walk.

"Let us go to that church," said Mr. Van Wyck, pointing to one which they spied a mile or so away, "and perhaps we shall be in time to see the service."

"Don't you want to hear it, Uncle Philip?" asked Charles.

"Yes, if they sing; but I am afraid my outward ears would not serve as very valuable conductors to my inner man."

The road led through a little village, where they saw a number of little girls and boys at play, playing prisoner's base. Outside of the village the way was somewhat circuitous and very hot. Various carriages passed them filled with people going either to or from church.

"I should think I was going to church in New England," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"I was myself thinking of Cape Cod this very moment," said her brother, "and wondering if we should not meet Uncle Freeman in his carryall, with the flight of steps on the side."

"I remember those steps. They folded up with a series of bangs.

When you stepped on the lowest one, you were not sure but the carryall would tip over on that side. Dear me, it almost makes me homesick."

The church to which they had come was a large, red-painted building, octagonal in shape, with four arms, and a sharp bell-tower in the centre. Near by was what appeared to be the parsonage, with barns and other buildings clustered about it. Horses were cropping the grass, unharnessed from the wagons and carioles which stood about on the turf. The shady stoops and benches were filled with men and boys whittling and talking idly, while women and girls stood in groups, or walked about. All had the air of knowing that they wore their Sunday clothes, though there was little that was distinctive in costume. The women, to be sure, wore handkerchiefs on their heads, some figured and some white, and the men thick woolen mufflers about their throats, hot as it was.

"It must be between two services," said Mrs. Bodley, "for the people are all out in the church-yard."

"I am not so sure," said her husband. "The church steps look as though there was a crowd inside."

So it proved, for when they tried to enter the church they had to make their way through a throng of people, and once inside, they had to stand with many others. The pews were filled, while the centre aisle was lined with a row of boys on one side, and a row of girls on the other. An old clergyman in a black robe and white ruff, with ruffles also at his wrist, and wearing a skull-cap and gold spectacles, was slowly coming down the aisle.

"He is catechizing the children," said Mrs. Bodley, in a whisper, to Mrs. Van Wyck.

"We never can stay till he has gone down this long aisle and

back," returned her sister. She gave a hint to the gentlemen, and they edged their way out of church again.

"At all events, it was a characteristic spectacle," said Mr. Van Wyck. "We saw an old Norwegian priest catechizing his flock, and I could make out that he was asking a series of questions on the doctrines, to which the boys answered yes or no."

"Your Norwegian is coming on famously, Philip," said his wife.

"Oh, you must remember he was talking to children," said Mr. Van Wyck, carelessly. "Of course it was easier to understand."

"Just hear him, Phippy," said Mrs. Bodley. "His pride of language goeth before destruction, I am sure."

"Did you notice the ship which hung from the centre of the ceiling?" asked Charles of his cousin.

"Yes, it was full-rigged, and reminded me of the ships we saw hung in a Holland church, — at Harlem, was n't it?"

"There was a ship there, I remember; but this one was not a viking ship, certainly."

The walk back to the Jonas Lie was hotter than the walk to the church, and our party was glad of the sheltered awning. Later a breeze sprang up, and it was a pretty sight to see a fleet of twenty or thirty fishing-boats, with their square brown sails, go tripping down the fjord. The mist again settled upon the steamer as it went on its way. There was service in the cabin at four, when the English clergyman, a kindly-faced man, read the service and said a few simple words. After supper there was a momentary hope of clearer weather. In the far north there was a broad beam of golden light, such as one often sees at sunset under the mist. The whole length of the sunlit band was a row of islands, covered with sharp hills, whose tops were outlined along the sky; their forms were clearly

defined, and they were the islands of the blest to our eager travelers. They steamed toward them, and in the same direction was sailing, though nearer to the light, a flock of little Norwegian fishermen. The boats were marked against the sky, and appeared as spires and towers in the distant golden city.

"What do you think?" said Mr. Van Wyck. "The captain tells me that we are now crossing the Arctic circle, and see! over yonder is Hestmandsö, or Horseman's Island."

"And who, pray, was the horseman?" asked his wife.

"What! have you so soon forgotten? He is the gigantic lover who shot the arrow which pierced the hat and made the hole through which the sun turned to stone the flying giant maiden."

Hestmandsö. Horseman's Island.

"Dear me! I am looking very hard, but I find it strains my eyes to make out a horseman."

"You must mix your sight with faith, Phippy. That is the horseman, and it will not do to go by and not recognize him."

"I think the Arctic circle makes my head go round," said Mrs. Van Wyck, plaintively, "and I must give it up."

The rest all looked hard, but while they were disputing as to which was the head and which the tail of the horse, and whether the horseman had on a cloak or no, the mist again shut in about them.

"We are now within the region of perpetual snow," said Mr. Van Wyck.

"And perpetual mist," added his wife. "Here we have come to see the sun shamelessly shining at midnight, and we have hardly seen it shine at noon."

"There is an Englishman on board, a doctor, who has a pocket barometer, which shows what the weather is going to be," said Charles.

"I know that Englishman," said his father. "I don't believe in pocket weather. I have seen him consult the little thing. He might just as well look at his watch."

"I know him, too," said Mr. Van Wyck. "We were walking the deck yesterday. We had been speaking of emigration to America, when he asked, 'Is n't the land rather worn out in Philadelphia? You would n't advise a farmer to go there?' If he had not been a modest as well as a stupid man, I should have answered him that in some parts of Philadelphia I believed the land was worth fifty dollars a square foot, but I spared his feelings and tried gently to lead him out of his ignorance. 'I was thinking, I suppose,' said he, 'of the time of the civil war, when the armies went back and forth over Philadelphia.'"

"The captain says," — began Charles.

"Oh yes," interrupted Sarah, "I know what the captain says. He says we are going to have this weather right along, and he is very doubtful if we shall be able to ascend the North Cape."

"How did you know the captain said that?"

"I guessed it. I 'm cross."

"Well, he did say it."

Indeed, it was little wonder that Sarah was cross, and that all the

party was somewhat discouraged. Mist, mist, mist, with occasional glimpses of the wonderfully wild scenery through which they were passing. Then the boat was constantly stopping to load or unload, and the steady rattle of the hoisting apparatus was like a tune played on one string. All this made delay, too, and it was Wednesday noon before they had reached Tromsö.

"Tromsö is called the Paris of the north," said Mr. Van Wyck, waving his hand toward the town.

Tromsö.

"Uncle Philip, you got that from the guide-book," said Charles. "I read it there myself."

"Well, Charles, I hope you will not be so fascinated by the gayety of the place that you will not wish to leave it. Let me make a proposition. It will surely be impossible for us to see this great Paris of the north in the few hours we have unless we divide our forces. Nathan, you might take Sarah and Charles; Blandina and Phippy can make a second party, and I will make a third. Then, when we return we can report what we have seen."

This was agreed to. They reached Tromsö in the middle of the forenoon, and were told that they need not return until four o'clock in the afternoon. Promptly at four they all met on the steamer.

"*Place aux dames,*" said Mr. Van Wyck. "Do you know what that means, Charles?"

"Make way for the girls," said the boy promptly.

"Just so. Come, Phippy and Blandina, tell us where you have been."

"Shopping, of course," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Is not that what people go to Paris for? We have been in the silversmiths' shops, and we have found some lovely things. Look at this little cup;" and she produced a silver cup, a little larger than a thimble. It was much dented, and had an inscription upon it. "Now, Philip," she said, "produce that precious Norwegian language which you use so cautiously, and tell us what it means when it says, as nearly as I can spell it, —

"'Drikk mig ud,
Lag mig ned;
Staar jeg op,
Saa skjenk mir.'"

"Oh, I can make that out, —

"'Drink me dry,
Lay me by;
Set me up,
Drain the cup.'"

"Well done! Now see what I have," said his sister, and she produced a silver porringer, about two inches in diameter, and a silver spoon with a flat bowl. "They are Lapp things. The man spoke beautiful broken English, and he told me so."

"Did you ever measure a Lapp child's mouth?" asked Mr. Van

Wyck, looking critically at the spoon. "It must be of extraordinary width to take this in."

"Oh, but we saw some real Lapps!" said Charles, eagerly. "We saw a group of them, and we bought some shoes made of reindeer-skin, which they made."

"And very pretty shoes they are," added Sarah; "but I think I shall air mine pretty well before I wear them. Now, Charles, show what else you bought."

Lapps.

"It is a top, a whipping-top, with a leather whip," said the boy. "We saw two little fellows whipping a top. I had read about whipping-tops in story books, but I never saw one in America, so I gave the boys ten öre for the whole establishment."

"Two cents and a half," exclaimed Sarah; "and I am morally certain that Charles cannot make that top go. I heard a banging noise in his state-room after we came back, and I think he was knocking that top about. Own up, Charles!"

"Get your top," said his uncle, "and show how finely you can spin it."

"It 's in my pocket now," said Charles, reluctantly.

"Whip it out."

Charles produced it, and after much urging, put it on the deck and began lashing it. He knocked it here and there and plunged wildly after it, nearly throwing the top overboard, and going after it himself. It stood on its head. It fell on its side. It was everywhere except on its stubby peg. Charles grew red, but continued to dance about, determined to make it spin. Such a pother was made that the captain, who was passing by, stopped to see what was the matter.

"Beg your pardon," said he. He began most of his sentences in English with these words. "Beg your pardon. Let me try;" and taking the top, he gave it a little twist, applied the lash deftly, and the top went whirling about like a dancer, rambling over the deck, and apparently very much at its ease.

"Beg your pardon," said the captain, as he handed the whip to Charles. "I spun tops in Tromsö when I was a boy. I was born here."

"Well," said Charles, who kept the top on its leg by continuing to whip it, "that 's some compensation for being born in Tromsö."

"There was a little boy of Tromsö," said his father, suddenly, —

"'There was a little boy of Tromsö,
'T was there he had his home, sir,
He whipped his little top
Till he was seen to drop,
This dizzy little boy of Tromsö.'

Now, Philip, you have not told us what you did."

"Oh, I took a bath."

"Took a bath! Why, you could have had one on the boat."

"Exactly, but I preferred going to the Grand Hotel. I believe I

asked for a railroad first. I know the man looked surprised. I wanted a *bane*, I said. I looked in my dictionary afterward, and found that meant a railroad. I should have asked for a *bad*. However, I added *varmt vand*, — that means warm water, Charles, — and my meaning was clear. The man brought up a big wooden wash-tub, such as we use at home for clothes. I think my time was well spent."

"And that is all you saw of Tromsö!" said Charles, somewhat scornfully.

After dinner that evening the passengers were in high spirits, for the mist was breaking away, and the captain promised them a fine night. They should certainly see the sun at midnight. So our young people took the precaution to take a nap in the evening. They were to be waked in good season before midnight. The rest of the party sat on deck and rejoiced in the wonderful beauty of the scene, as they crossed a broad confluence of fjords and came to Kaagö Sund. In every direction were ranges of lofty, snow-covered, rocky heights. Glaciers could be descried by their form, but only occasionally could the glitter of ice be seen beneath the weight of snow. The summits of these mountains were from two to five thousand feet above them, and rising as they did from the open sea, the effect was much more impressive than if seen from land. As they came toward Kaagö Sund, a wild chaos of island and mountain forms was before them. It seemed almost impossible to penetrate that dark mass; and as the boat went on and on, it looked as if it were diving into destruction. Silent did the four people sit in the midst of the glory and the gloom.

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Van Wyck, at last, "to think that we shall forget this sight!"

"Forget it, Phippy? Impossible!"

"Yes, Blandina, we shall forget everything except the general impression. I know how it will be. There will be nothing but shreds and fragments of it left in our memories in three years."

"Do not believe her," said Mrs. Bodley, earnestly. "Some day a picture, or only a thought, will throw open a door in her memory, and she will see this all in a flash."

"I understand Tennyson's words better after this," said Mr. Van Wyck. "They have been sounding in my ears: —

> "'Break, break, break,
> On thy cold, gray stones, O sea.'

And I can understand how Dr. Kane kept saying them over to himself in the Arctic. How this desolation does make one wish for something one has lost or left behind!"

"I really think we are getting sentimental, Philip," said his wife, energetically. "And besides, it is time to call the children."

So the children were called, and they all watched with interest to see if the great event would come off. A heavy bank of clouds lay on the horizon at the north, and there was a good deal of doubt expressed if the sun would not ungenerously get behind the cloud at twelve o'clock. Suddenly the captain gave orders to put the boat about, and it began steaming over the way it had just traversed. The reason was soon apparent. He said that if the steamer kept on its course it would get behind a rocky cliff where the sun could not be seen. The captain timed the manœuvre admirably, for just at twelve o'clock, as all the company was assembled on the captain's bridge, there, full before them, was the sun on the edge of the bank of cloud. In the opposite quarter of the heaven was the moon, just

past the full, shining with a pale refulgence, which added no light to the landscape, but a charming picture to the sky. Even the clouds about it appeared to get nothing by being near. One of the passengers unscrewed a lens from his field-glass, and tried to burn a hole in his hat.

"A whale!" suddenly cried Charles, and there, right across the bows, it passed and spouted.

"I could almost stroke his back," said Sarah. A little flock of sea-gulls flew overhead. The sun cast long shadows from the rocks upon the fjord, and bright light upon the snow-clad heights. There was little or no mist, and it was not cold.

"I wish I could say what this light is like," said Mr. Van Wyck.

"Is n't it a very early summer morning?" suggested his wife.

"It is as if the sun was shining at dawn," said Mrs. Bodley, and that was as near as they could come to expressing it. There was a subdued light over the whole landscape, yet a bright orb in one spot. The light was diffused, yet the source of light was burning clear and strong.

"It is all in us," said Mr. Bodley, positively. "We know what time it is, and so we make the light strange. If we had waked suddenly, and only knew that the sun was rising, we should see nothing but a clear sunrise. The trouble is, sunrise itself is a new thing to us." But all the rest shook their heads. It was the Midnight Sun, and they were not going to have it turned into an ordinary affair. They bade each other good-morning, and went to bed.

When they came on deck at a later hour they were at Hammerfest, the northernmost town in the world, and not waiting for breakfast, they hurried ashore to spend the hour which they were told they should have there. It was a quaint place, crouching under

a precipitous hill close by the water's edge, with an excellent harbor, which was filled with shipping. There were Russian vessels which had come round the corner, as Mrs. Van Wyck said, and Russian sailors were rambling through the streets.

"The people must be honest here," said Sarah. "Do you see that door-key hanging on a nail outside? The people have gone off and left the key where they can get at it without trouble."

Hammerfest.

"There is no place for a thief to run to," said Charles. "He would have to take a boat if he wanted to get away at all. Nobody would think of climbing those steep, icy hills."

"Do you know what the latitude is?" asked Mrs. Bodley of her husband.

"My dear," said he, "I just looked it up, and I have forgotten

already. I'll look again," and then he announced that it was 70° 15′ north latitude.

"Where would that bring us in America?" she asked.

"I think at the northernmost point of Alaska. So you see that if we want to go as far north as Hammerfest, we can still be in United States territory."

"Yet how warm it is here!"

"Warm, Sarah! hot you mean. I am all in a perspiration. Now do you know what I am going to do? I am going to the post-office, and there I shall buy a Norwegian post-card and send a note to Aunt Lucy."

"Bravo!" said his father. "Let us all do it." So each bought a card and headed it, "The northernmost town in Europe," and in process of time Aunt Lucy Bodley received six post-cards, post-marked Hammerfest. Our friends were so pleased when they had done this, that they bought six more and sent them off to Cousin Ned Adams; and if it had not been that the hour was nearly over, they might have gone on until they had stripped the post-office of its supply of post-cards. They need not have hurried after all; for when they returned to the steamer they found that the captain had good-naturedly put off going to the North Cape until the afternoon, so that his passengers might climb the cape at midnight. Our friends used this additional time mainly in taking a long nap. Indeed, they were getting so confused by this perpetual daylight that they were losing ordinary account of time and seasons, and sometimes were puzzled to know whether they were eating breakfast or supper.

Contrary to expectation, and the company's table of stations, the Jonas Lie stopped at two or three places before reaching the

North Cape, but only for a short time at each; and, except at these places, there were no houses or traces of human life to be seen. The intention was to reach the North Cape just in time to make the ascent and see the sun from it at midnight. The sky was cloudy, and the sun did not show itself. However, the passengers did not give up hope, and the captain, to pass away the time, proposed an excursion up a little fjord, where there was a whaling station, and men were engaged in trying out the blubber.

"Does n't it smell?" asked Mrs. Bodley, anxiously.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," said the captain. "Very badly." So much, indeed, was said of the awful smell, that every one was curious to go and see what effect it had on his neighbor. It turned out, when they reached the place, that the men were not at work, and all that was to be seen were the remains of two whales. The Jonas Lie lay to, and a boat-load at a time rowed to the shore. Our friends did not go in the first load, but watched curiously to see what effect was produced upon those who did go. They looked through their opera-glasses and saw each person in the boat holding his or her nose with a handkerchief.

"It must be perfectly dreadful," said Sarah. "Why don't they come back and let us go?" They came back and gave such a report that the rest of the passengers scrambled into the boat with great alacrity, curious to see if it were really as bad as was represented. They rowed into a cove between the two monsters, and held a conversation with a man who had come down from the hut, where the work was done. The mate, who was in charge of the boat, did the talking and interpreted to the passengers. The whales were about sixty-five feet long. Everything had been got out of them, and they were abandoned; but some peasants would come

along presently and get what refuse they could scrape for a species of cod-liver oil. Then the whales would be towed out to sea and left to fall to pieces and become drift-bone, go to the bottom or be washed up on the coast. All this was told in a leisurely fashion, while our friends could hardly breathe.

"Why in the world don't they hurry?" said Charles, under his handkerchief. "I do believe the mate has got everything out of

The North Cape.

the man and is talking about the weather." The other passengers were equally impatient and began gesticulating to the mate, who laughed and ordered the men to row back to the steamer.

The fjord in which the whales lay was a short recess just west of the North Cape promontory. A few people live there who lie in wait for prey, so to speak, dart out with their boats, harpoon a whale and tow him in, sometimes alive, to their cooking-shed.

The Jonas Lie now steamed out of the fjord, and soon it was evident that the steamer was upon the open ocean. Great swells

sent the boat rising and falling, an experience which they had not known since they left Throndhjem, for they had been under shelter of the land, but now were receiving the force of the Arctic Ocean. The passengers were below at supper while this was going on, and when they came on deck again, there abreast of them was a promontory, and on their quarter towered the great rock of the North Cape.

"So this is the very tip-toppest point of Europe," said Sarah, gazing at the monster, which was shrouded above in mist.

"No, my dear," said her father. "It is not. It is so big and bold that people have agreed to overlook the fact that that knife-blade tongue of land which you see runs just a trifle farther north, about a half a mile, I believe."

Between the two projections was a little bay, into which the steamer now ran and lay quiet. It was too early yet to make the ascent, and so every one fell to fishing, to pass away the time. The truth was, it looked very, very doubtful if it was going to be clear enough to permit any one to land and climb the rock, and so they all said nothing about it, but fished away as persistently as if that was why they had come to this lonely, out-of-the-way place. The mist fell lower and lower, until at last climbing the cape was wholly out of the question. There was no earthly prospect of the sun appearing at twelve o'clock, — it was now ten, — so word was given, the lines were drawn in, the steamer put about, and soon the great cape in its cloak of mist disappeared from view.

"Well, I am disappointed," said Mr. Bodley. "I had set my heart on sitting at the edge of the North Cape, letting my legs hang over, and looking at the Midnight Sun above the Arctic Ocean. I think I mind it a little less now that I find the North Cape is not

the most northern point in Europe. What did you say was the name of the little fellow that runs out half a mile farther, Philip?"

"Knivskjoer-odde — Knife-Blade Cape," said Mr. Van Wyck.

"Very well, since I can't whittle something on the end of the knife-blade odde, I don't mind it so much."

"What a fine thing he must have thought he found who first discovered the North Cape," said Mr. Van Wyck.

"Do you suppose he knew it until he had sailed a good deal farther and found himself going south again?" asked his sister.

"Now, Philip," said his wife, mischievously, "own up and say frankly that you only made your remark in order to get a chance to recite Longfellow's poem on 'The Discoverer of the North Cape?'"

"Phippy, it is useless to hide my most secret thoughts from you. As a penalty you are to listen, if everybody else runs away, while I recite the poem."

"Oh, we are all wide awake. Think of the long nap we took at Hammerfest. Was that to-day? It seems ages ago."

"Very well; I don't need urging. So listen to a leaf from King Alfred's Orosius, done into verse by Mr. Longfellow."

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,
  Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
  Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
  Like a boy's his eye appeared;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
  Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere;
His cheek had the color of oak;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains;
To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,
From the harbor of Skeringes-hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.

"I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease;
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With sagas of the seas;—

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,

And the undiscovered deep;—
Oh I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And northward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red Midnight Sun.

"And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape
Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night:
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Othere,
"Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 't was a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,
Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand!"

Here Alfred, the Truth-Teller,
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain,
Stared at him wild and weird,

Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
"Behold this walrus-tooth!"

"Well," said Sarah, "it is a pity that we did not carry off some whale-bones to prove that we had been to the North Cape. A walrus-tooth! I saw ever so many of them in shops at Tromsö."

"That was a good touch," said Mr. Bodley, "where the poet hinted at the likeness of Othere to a walrus.

"'Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.'"

"I have no doubt," said Mrs. Bodley, "that the cove in which we saw the two whales is the very one where Othere and his men did such execution on sixty walrus, narwhales, and seals. I don't wonder they stayed only two days with so many carcasses about. But come, it is long past midnight," and with that they all went below.

CHAPTER V.

SOUTHWARD BOUND.

"WHAT a pleasure it is to turn southward," said Mr. Bodley, when they met in the morning. They had already left Hammerfest behind them, the whole party having slept over their stay there.

"Yes," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Much as I like traveling, I always enjoy the sensation which comes when we have been as far in one direction as we mean to go and turn round. I feel now as if we had started for home."

"It will be fun recognizing the places which we stopped at on our way north," said Charles. "They will seem like old friends." The Midnight Sun was one of these old friends, for they had the good luck to see it again that night, and Tromsö seemed very familiar, when they reached it early Saturday morning. The captain had proposed a favorite excursion for his passengers. There was an encampment of Lapps a few miles from Tromsö, and it would be an easy thing for a party from the steamer to visit it, and see the strange people among their reindeer, of which they kept a large herd. So he had telegraphed for horses to be in readiness for the ladies, while the gentlemen were to walk. But when Mr. Van Wyck came on deck early, he found the captain wearing a disappointed air.

"Beg your pardon," said the captain, "but this is a disappointing trip. No Lapps, no reindeer, no Midnight Sun."

"What do you mean? Have the Lapps run away?"

"No, but the snow has been so heavy that it has covered the ice on the fjords, and the reindeer can't cross."

"Why, I should think they could cross all the easier, if the snow and ice are there."

"Beg pardon. The ice would not be safe. It would break through at this season. They wait till it is clear, and then the reindeer swim the fjord. These outer fjords are open, but the reindeer are in the interior."

"And we shall see no Lapps?"

"There are Lapps in Tromsö."

"Oh yes, I know, those men, women, and children who have tents in the square and make shoes and baskets. They are just like the Indians at our watering-places in America. I care nothing for them. What I want to see is a regular Lapp hut." The captain nodded.

A Lapp Hut.

"Yes, you should see that. It is just a turf cabin. But you should see the reindeer."

It rained hard all day, and there was little to tempt one ashore; so our friends stayed under cover, and entertained themselves when the steamer was about to leave by watching a swarm of young Nor-

wegians who gathered to bid good-by to three of their companions who were going south. The captain also had some friends to see him off, and there was a lively scene. The steamer was not at the pier, but in the stream, and ever so many little boats danced about it, bringing visitors or carrying them away. The three Norwegians on board waved their handkerchiefs and took off their hats to the people in the boats. Then the boats landed, and more good-byes were said on the wharf. Each separate person seemed to give and receive a separate benediction, as the steamer steamed away.

The Jonas Lie had not left Tromsö far behind before there was a sudden cry of "Reindeer!" Out from the cabin rushed everybody, and there before them was a most interesting and novel sight. A herd of reindeer, more than a hundred in number, had been driven down to a point of land, where was the narrowest part of Tromsö Sound, and were to be made to swim across. The distance was about a quarter of a mile. The steamer had just passed this point when they were discovered, and the captain at once stopped the boat, to let his passengers see the sight. There were a number of Lapps and two boats at the point, together with several dogs. One party of the Lapps got into a boat, and tying a rope to one of the reindeer, perhaps the leader of the herd, set out to row across the sound, towing the deer after them. The other reindeer immediately plunged into the water and swam after their leader. They followed in Indian file, and from the steamer the people could see a line of branching antlers. When the last was in the water, the rest of the Lapps and the dogs got into the second boat and followed in the rear, to see that all got over. A dozen or more were feebler or poorer swimmers, and straggled behind, one even turning back faint-hearted toward the shore from which it had set out. Others in the

van were stronger, and passed the foremost boat, and so came first to land. As fast as the deer got ashore, they scrambled up the hill and cut up antics or fell to grazing.

"Do they ever lose any?" asked Mr. Van Wyck of the captain, as the steamer puffed away again.

"Beg your pardon. Almost always they lose some in crossing."

"I thought you said there were no reindeer near Tromsö."

"It was a mistake," said the captain. "Beg your pardon," and he walked off, apparently mortified that he should have been misinformed.

Rain, rain, mist, mist. That was the weather with which our friends became familiar as they crept down the coast, and stopped at one fishing station or another. Such quantities of herring as they took aboard! The captain announced at one place that they would only be detained four hours.

"Only four hours!" exclaimed Sarah. "Will the steam windlass be used?"

Yes, the steam windlass certainly would be used. A great boat lies alongside of the steamer, filled with barrels of herring. The chain from the hoist is lowered into the boat. Silence for a moment, while the grapples are fastened to two barrels of herring. Another rattle as the load is hauled up. Silence while it is swung over the ship's side. Another fearful rattle as the barrels descend into the depths of the hold. Silence for a moment as the hooks are disengaged. Another rattle as the clanging chain comes up, and this is repeated until five hundred barrels have been stowed away.

One day the captain pointed out a group of houses which they were passing.

"Do you see them?" he asked. "Once there lived a man who

owned all this coast as far north as you can see, and far down to the south, but in ten years he lost it all through drink and not minding his affairs. And then one of his neighbors spoke against him, and said that he caught poor people and chopped them up and sold them to the Turks. Yes, there was a little building where he kept potatoes, and they said that was the place. They had seen vessels sailing away from it in the morning."

"That does not speak very well for the intelligence of your people up here," said Mr. Van Wyck.

"Beg your pardon. It was some time since. But they had the same stories in Christiania not so very long ago."

Mr. Van Wyck laughed as the captain moved away.

"He seems anxious to relieve Sandfjord by throwing the burden upon a larger and more significant place," he said. "But do look at that poor woman!" A boat was taking freight and passengers from the steamer. One woman's *tine* — as the gaudily painted boxes which the peasants carry are called — was passed out, and the handle came off, causing it to fall into the boat. Out came a milky-looking fluid, dribbling over the side of the tine. The poor woman opened her box in haste, but turned round with a beaming face, and showed her friends that two small phials, probably of medicine, had not broken; and then that a precious looking-glass, about three inches square, was safe. A bottle of coffee or milk had broken and emptied its contents over a plate of butter, some bread, and a lot of clothes of various sorts.

"What a queer medley!" said Sarah.

"And have you noticed," said Charles, "what odd mittens the men wear? They have two thumbs on each hand. What do you suppose it is for?"

"The odd thumb looks like a fin," said Sarah.

"I fancy it must be for convenience in putting on and off in a hurry," said Mrs. Bodley. "You know it 's very awkward getting your mitten on the wrong hand. Now whichever hand you put the mitten on, and whichever way it faces, in goes the thumb."

"Do knit me a pair, mother," said Charles. "I think you must have been a boy to have made that discovery of the awkwardness of putting your mitten on the wrong hand."

"What do you think?" said Mr. Bodley, who came up to the party at this moment. "We are to go up the Raft Sund."

"On a raft soon, Nathan? Surely the steamer is not going to pieces," said his wife.

"My dear, you must learn some of my Norwegian. I said Raft Sund. I think that means Rafter Sound. At any rate, it is a picturesque sound which the steamer does not often visit; but the captain is good-natured. We have had a good many disappointments, he says, so we are to go up the sound."

"Could anything be finer than this?" asked Mrs. Van Wyck, pointing to the Lofoden Islands. "Why did we not see this when we came up? Was it in the night?"

"Night or mist, one or the other, Phippy; but it is fine indeed."

They were crossing the noble Vestfjord. All about were jagged rocks and high peaks, like the aiguilles of the Alps, serrated ridges, and here and there great masses of mountains piled high above the clouds. The surface of the water was dotted with countless islands and rocky islets, through which the steamer wound its way Lovely lights and shadows were to be seen. The sun would send its penciling of light upon some crag or green slope; and once there was the base of a rainbow, spreading a wonderful prismatic light over the foot of the strangest mountain forms on the horizon.

When the Jonas Lie entered the Raft Sund, a new pleasure awaited the eager passengers. The voyage was not unlike, in certain general effects, the passage of the Rhine. That is, the sound wound about as the river does, and crags and slopes hemmed it in on either side; but there was little that was smiling about this water, and there were no castles on the rocks nor vineyards on the slopes. A storm was before them and seemed always about to burst. The steamer drove by such tortuous ways, that, as one looked back, it was as if the gates of the hills had silently closed behind. Then one must needs admire the sweetness that now and again appeared in the midst of this wild, rude pass; a broken hill, which had once been a mass of unsightly rock and gravel, had been reclaimed by nature with a soft green moss or verdure of some kind like a covering that fitted tenderly into every angle and hollow of the mass; then the light from the sun would fall upon a bit, and here would be a pale green distant hill-side. At every turn were clusters of houses, and boys in fishing-boats waving their hats to the people on the steamer. Into the gloomy depths of the sound did the steamer plunge; but at last, as if tired of finding a way out in that direction, turned and retraced the way back into the more open fjord.

Once more Bodö was visited, that bright little town with its fine background of snowy mountain peaks, its snug little harbor, and especially with the glimpse which it allowed across the water, between two rocks which mark the entrance to the harbor, of a striking range of snowy summits, just filling the rocky frame as a complete picture.

"We have passed the point," said Mr. Van Wyck that evening, "where we can see the sun at midnight."

"Well," said his wife, "the next best thing is to see it set, go behind the door a little while and come out again. Let us sit up for that performance." So, after the children had been sent below, the older ones of the party stayed above for this little show. The sun set about half after eleven, and a short after-glow followed. That did not last long; there succeeded the still night which was light with the cool, colorless clearness so impossible to express in words, when everything was sharply defined but untouched by any warmth. The late moon now shone brightly. She had recovered her spirits and was hailed as an old friend.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "is n't it pleasant, Philip, to come to the end of a day? Why, we shall yet see stars. I have n't seen a star for ages."

"Yes, Phippy, I have no doubt you have seen the sun enough in the last fortnight to justify you in lying half an hour later in the morning for the next year. What a queer life we should lead of it at home if we were in such interminable daylight! It 's all very well when you are traveling and amusing yourself, but think of leading my jog-trot of a business life under such conditions!"

So they went sailing on over the most quiet sea they had ever traversed, the reflections in it perfect, and the only ripples those made by the boat or by the eider ducks that sometimes fluttered across the water with a peculiar motion, half swimming, half flying, after their amphibious style. For the most part, however, ducks and gulls were asleep either on the rocks or on the surface of the water. It was not long before a slight color was seen in the sky, thrown up by the yet unrisen sun; then the mackerel clouds above took on a ruby hue, and the water below was like wine. The color spread, and our friends looked eagerly for the rosy tints of dawn to

strike upon the high peaks in the west. If the boat had stayed where it was, they said, they should have seen the sun rise. But alas! the Jonas Lie began to crawl down a narrow fjord with high cliffs on either side, and as the fjord seemed interminable, the party

A Norwegian Wedding.

went below, a little before two, knowing that the sun was up, though they could not see it.

It chanced the next day that the boat was to make a three or four hours' stop near Mosjöen in the Vefsenfjord, to take in freight. It was near the place where, on the way up, they had spent part of a Sunday, and had seen the interior of a Norwegian church. Now

they landed and made their way through the village of Mosjöen. There seemed to be some stir in the village; but what was their delight, as they turned a corner, to find themselves in full view of a bridal procession. The bride and groom were in a cart and followed by a decorous crowd of friends and relations, marching in due order. A fiddler played a merry tune, and the little Norwegian pony jogged along as if he were quite aware of what was going on behind him.

"Oh, don't I wish we could fall into the procession," said Sarah, "and go to the house and see the fun!"

"If we had time, I have no doubt we should be welcomed by the family; for hospitality is a good Norwegian virtue," said her father.

"Look at the bride!" said Charles. "She is wearing a crown."

"To be sure. Every bride has her crown; some of them are very valuable, and all are well wrought. They are heirlooms in the family, along with other silver ornaments and articles of table ware. Each district has its own costume; and when the people go into Christiania or Bergen, one can tell where they come from by the clothes they wear. But these local customs of dress are gradually disappearing, I believe."

The Bride.

They hunted, as usual, for the silversmith's shop, after the procession was out of sight, and looked over his stock. He had a bride's crown, much like what they had just seen, and Mrs. Van

Wyck hesitated long over the question of buying it against Sarah's marriage.

"You see," she whispered to her husband, "Sarah may be married in ten years from now. Suppose she should marry a Norwegian. How handy this crown would be!"

"Yes, imagine her walking up the aisle at St. John's with this thing on her head! Now here are some silver buttons. I don't mind getting them. Buttons are always useful."

"Here is my choice," said Mr. Bodley, triumphantly, producing a quaint silver ring. "It will do excellently for a scarf ring. It is dated 1587. No label, mind you, but engraved in the silver. Philip, get out your Norwegian language and hold a little conversation with this dumb show of a shopkeeper."

"Did you put that date on?" asked Mr. Van Wyck in his prettiest Norwegian.

"I don't talk English," said the shopkeeper, promptly.

"Nathan, he does n't know his own tongue. Let us see the ring. What is this inscription? 'Sie Deus pro nobus, quis kontro nos.' Well done. There 's Latin spelled by ear evidently. Charles, tell us what it means."

"'If God be for us, who can be against us?'"

"Just so. I think the man who invented that spelling invented the date too."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Bodley. "I believe in the ring, date, Latin, and all, and I mean to buy it."

Shopping over, they returned to the steamer, and went merrily on to Throndhjem, and from Throndhjem to Christiansand, and then to Molde, where the steamer got rid of nearly all the passengers who had not before left. It seemed very quiet now, for

our friends had the steamer almost to themselves, and greatly did they enjoy the exceedingly beautiful scenery which followed in the lovely evening all the way from Molde to Aalesund. There were sunset lights and colors, and it was a pleasure to be back under the more homelike conditions of Nature.

"I feel as if I had escaped from an enchanted country," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Look! there is actually a star. 'I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish to-night.'"

"What is your wish, mother?" asked Sarah.

"It would not come to pass, my dear, if I were to tell it."

"That is the way with wishes," said Sarah, with a sigh. "I was just wishing for a letter from Aunt Lucy, and I mentioned it to father. Perhaps, if I had n't said anything, he would have produced one from his pocket. I almost envy those Norwegian emigrants whom we have been picking up all the way from the North Cape. I suppose they are going to Bergen to sail for America."

"Yes," said her father. "The captain says that the best of the men and women are leaving the country. So much the better for America; but I am sorry for Norway."

It was evening when the Jonas Lie reached Bergen, and our friends parted from the captain and mate and pilot; for they were to leave the steamer here and make their way across the country to Christiania again. They had been nearly three weeks on the boat, and they really felt a twinge at leaving it.

"It is like an old horse," said Sarah, "that has been dragging us about. I should like to pat it, if there was any good place."

"You might pat the boiler, Sarah," said Charles. "That must be the heart of the steamer, if any part is."

"Or the wheel," said her mother. "I always feel as if the wheel were what made the boat go."

"For my part," said Mr. Van Wyck, "I should go down into the engine-room and stroke the piston-rod."

"Or those little fellows that jump up with so much gravity," said Mr. Bodley.

But the Jonas Lie, if not forgotten, was soon put out of mind, as our friends made themselves at home in Bergen, and took their bearings a little before setting out on their journey "across-lots," as Mrs. Van Wyck said. They quite fell in love with the sturdy little

Fish Market in Bergen.

town, which braces itself against the sea, with its back to the mountains. They visited the fish market, and thought of Björnson's stories in which the young peasants seem to think and speak of Bergen as the one great town.

"I can't help fancying," said Mr. Bodley, "that Bergen looks as Boston did in the days of our very great grandfathers. Of course, the country is different; there are no mountains about Boston" —

"Beacon Hill," interrupted Charles.

"And Corey's Hill," said Sarah.

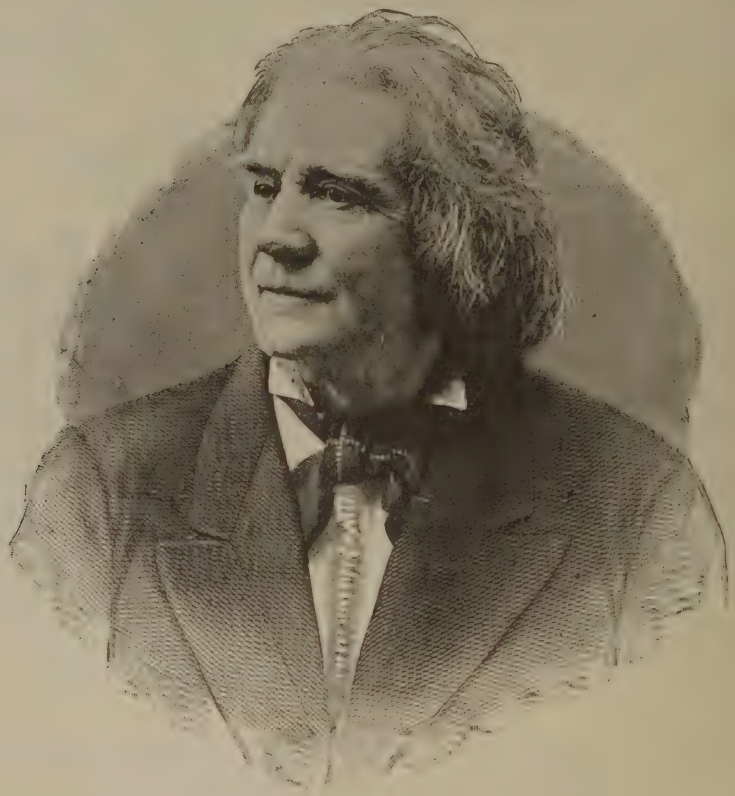
"You are young New Yorkers with your saucy gibes," went on Mr. Bodley. "Let me finish. What makes me think of the Boston of the end of the seventeenth century, for instance, are these crowded, narrow streets, with such an infusion of the old salt ele-

A Street in Bergen.

ment. When I was a boy I used to get glimpses of old Boston about the North End, and it was not wholly unlike this."

"Did you ever see so many odd turns, and such disorder in the arrangement of streets?" exclaimed Mrs. Bodley. And no wonder, for while some were straight enough, the Bergen people never seemed to have troubled themselves to level their rocky town, but had led their streets and lanes round and over hills and steeps in the

most confusing manner. Behind the streets in which they walked they could make out half-hidden passages and courts; and though all this could scarcely increase the charm of living, it certainly gave a picturesque air to the place.



Ole Bull.

"No wonder there is so much art in connection with Bergen," said Mr. Van Wyck.

"Art?" asked his wife.

"Yes. I do not know so much of the pictorial art, yet consider

what Björnson has made of it, and what vigorous work is done here in music and the drama."

"Oh, this was Ole Bull's home, was n't it?" said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"To be sure. He was born and bred here, and any one who knew him or has read the sketches of him that have appeared,[1] can readily see that he was a son of the soil, and his musical nature was fed from springs of popular life. That fiddle which we saw the other day at Mosjöen meant that the people had music as a familiar friend and not as an imported luxury."

Ole Bull playing.

"I should like to have heard him play in Bergen, amongst his own people," said Mrs. Bodley.

"So should I. He is the distinctest figure among all our great musicians, I think. Who that ever saw him come upon the stage could forget that graceful figure, that mingling of dignity and affectionateness which made him and his fiddle so enchanting?"

"Yes, enchanting is just the word," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "He always seemed to me to have an air about him as if he enjoyed an understanding with the little gnome who lived in the violin."

[1] Mr. Van Wyck was speaking before he could have read Mrs. Bull's faithful and genuine story of her husband's life.

"Longfellow has drawn his picture at full length," said her husband. "Nothing could be better than his lines; and he has hinted at your feeling, Phippy.

"'Last the Musician, as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
He lived in that ideal world
Whose language is not speech, but song;
Around him evermore the throng
Of elves and sprites their dances whirled;
The Strömkarl sang, the cataract hurled
Its headlong waters from the height;
And mingled in the wild delight
The scream of sea-birds in their flight,
The rumor of the forest trees,
The plunge of the implacable seas,
The tumult of the wind at night,
Voices of eld, like trumpets blowing,
Old ballads, and wild melodies
Through mist and darkness pouring forth,
Like Elivagar's river flowing
Out of the glaciers of the North.'

There is more than portrait there, but I could not help going on."

"I wish I had seen him," said Sarah.

"So do I," said her father. "If I had known that he was to die, I would have taken you to whatever place he was going to play in; but it chanced that you were too young or were not at home when he played most. There was some good reason."

"Let it be a warning to you, my dear papa," and she shook her forefinger gravely, "never to lose an opportunity when I may chance to see a genius."

"I never mean to," said her father, with energy. "I would not miss the few childish recollections of great men and great scenes which I possess. They are worth a great deal more than some of my maturer knowledge."

CHAPTER VI.

ACROSS LOTS.

BERGEN was the starting-point for our travelers, who meant to follow the winding waters of the Hardanger Fjord, then cross to the Sogne Fjord, and so across the Fillefjeld, and by Valders back to Christiania. They had studied carefully the various routes by which they could cross the country, and had decided that this offered the most attraction for the short time which was at their disposal. They wanted to see something of the interior of the country, and to get a little more closely to Norwegian life than was possible on their northern trip.

"That was like seeing an endless panorama," said Mr. Bodley. "I want to get round behind and see the man who turns the crank."

"There will be a good deal of panorama at the beginning, I fancy," said Mr. Van Wyck, "if I can trust the guide-book."

They left Bergen in the late evening by a little boat, The Viking,

which was to transfer them in the morning to the regular steamer which plies on the Hardanger Fjord, and early the next day they were at Lervik, waiting for the Folgefond, which was named for a great glacier under which it was in the habit of steaming. It was before breakfast that they were to get on the Folgefond; but they had their coffee on The Viking.

"How singular it is," said Mrs. Bodley, "that we get such good coffee in Norway. There is always abundance of cream, yet I have hardly seen a spear of grass in the country, and the cows look as though they could only give down a pint a day."

"Probably that pint is all cream," said her husband. "But it is curious. We have not missed delicious cream our whole voyage. The coffee, however, is the thing. They know how to make it. I 've not had a poor cup of coffee in Norway."

"Nor a good one in England," said his sister.

The Folgefond at last appeared and took our little party on board. They had the prospect of a long day of steaming before they should reach Odde at the foot of the fjord, and it was with a little sense of weariness that they again felt the throb of the engine, and saw the familiar sights. Nevertheless, they knew well that they should see different sights from what they had seen on the coast, for now they were penetrating the heart of the mountain district. Alas, for the bright promise of the day! the wind brought clouds, and the clouds rain, which fell in frequent showers all the morning, and after dinner, when the steamer entered the Graven Fjord, it came down in a steady pour. The people paced the decks like caged tame animals, and looked off on the wet hills dripping with waterfalls.

"Was it really worth while to come so far to see so much water?" sighed Mrs. Van Wyck.

Certainly rain had the most depressing effect on their spirits. There was, however, one small favor: the boat made only the shortest stay at each station, keeping its advertised hours of arrival and departure with admirable punctuality. A little variety was caused by the occasional irregular stoppages, not at stations, but for boats which hailed the steamer in the middle of the fjord. They would put out from some little hamlet with a single passenger, and lie in wait for the steamer, skillfully come alongside, as the engine stopped, and then at the risk of a splashing, which they sometimes caught, the man would spring aboard, his boxes would be tossed after him, the engine meanwhile starting again, and the rowers in the boat exceedingly anxious to get away before they were sucked into the screw's vortex. Quite often the boats were womaned, and not manned, and by young girls, no older than Sarah, who pulled lustily.

At last the rain ceased, the clouds broke away, the sun came out; and in a trice our friends were in the best of spirits again; for they knew that the finest scenery on the fjord was yet before them. There is a long and narrow arm of the Hardanger, extending to the south, and the steamer follows it to its very end. There was a great deal of life on the fjord, and the interest was continually deepening. On either side were lofty hills and mountains, with only this ribbon of water between. Far up were rocks and snow and ice, with waterfalls tumbling from the glacier; and below, at the foot, clinging to the precipitous sides, were villages and houses which sometimes really looked as if they must slip off.

"What in the world," asked Mrs. Bodley, "is that hanging on those trellises? It looks suspiciously like grass."

"So it is," said her husband, "or was. It is fast becoming hay.

They cut their little patches of grass and hang them on these extemporized trellises to dry. It could not dry fast enough or well enough on the ground. The sun gets at it better now, and the sun has a hard time evidently getting at any piece of grass-land here in Norway."

"What are those curious frames for, that stretch up the hill?" asked Charles.

"If you look closer, Charles," said his father, "you will see long ropes stretching from frame to frame. They are rope-ways for sending down the hay or what-not that is raised on little patches up there. There is a little more sun up there and a little scanty herbage, you see; but certainly it is farming under difficulties."

"The Norwegian builds his house here as he does on the coast," said Mr. Van Wyck. "There he finds a harbor, and no matter how rocky and forbidding its immediate surrounding, he plants his house and a village grows up. It is the harbor that makes it. Here he finds a little patch of grass, and no matter how inaccessible it may appear, he builds his house near it."

It was marvelous to see where some had established themselves. High up the cliff, where the peasant must always climb, would these farms be perched, and one place on the east side was a mere patch of green at a dizzy height, which, so far as the eye could see, was equally inaccessible either from above or below. Yet here, on these farms, men were living who were counted rich, as riches go in this country. It certainly was impressive to see the glittering glacier high up, spread over the mountain-top and hanging over the sides; while below it were rocks and waterfalls, then straggling trees, and a little lower only the houses and farms; while at the base, upon the fjord, would be a few more houses with a mill fed

from a waterfall, and a pier for the boat. Near the pier was pretty sure to be a substantial house with all the signs of comfort and good taste about it.

Before the boat reached Odde, the mountains came even nearer, and on the east side rose to great height. Perhaps they were not remarkably high, but they formed a stupendous crag, with another facing it, the two giants separated by a ravine down which tumbled cascades.

"These are certainly the mightiest rocks I ever looked on," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Is it because I am so near them?"

"It is partly that, I fancy," said her husband, "and partly the character of the rocks themselves. Their faces are so seamed and scarred; they look so old and weather-worn. There is no hint of vegetation about them except a few lichens."

"They are perfectly appalling," she said vehemently. "I really am afraid of them. They are so grim, so immovable. I don't know why, but they seem to invite some giant just to try to see if he can push them. Do let 's get past."

"I think they would be more fearful if they were not so immovable," said her husband, dryly. "However, we are going past them, and shall soon be at Odde."

The steamer reached Odde, where it was to lie all night, at about half after nine in the evening. The ladies and Sarah and Charles stowed themselves away; but Mr. Bodley and Mr. Van Wyck said they were cramped and wanted to stretch their legs, so they stepped along the only road they saw, through the little village. It led southward, by the side of a brawling, snowy-white stream, and by an easy ascent of perhaps twenty minutes, placed them at the head of the rapids, whence they looked back on the village at their feet.

They were in a narrow gorge, and kept on until they came to a bridge crossing the head of the stream. There, to their surprise, they found the water issuing from a long lake, or mountain tarn. The sky had been overclouded and it was rather dark.

"Let us keep on this road and see where it goes to," said Mr. Bodley.

"I see a waterfall," said Mr. Van Wyck. "In fact, I see two. We 'll go as far as to them."

The road presently became only the width of a cariole track, hugging the cliff on one side and built up above the water on the other. Large stones, placed at distances of four or five feet, protected one from going over the side, and in places the cliff leaned over toward the road. It grew darker, though it was always twilight, and there were drops of rain. Then the stars came out, and the sky showed patches of blue. The road wound and wound, and the cataracts always seemed just a little way ahead. They could see one across the lake, tumbling down from the ghostly Folgefond glacier, and the other they caught glimpses of, but never could seem to reach. There were hollows in the cliff above them, forming deep shadows, and in the gloom they fancied the tops, which they could sometimes descry, to be thousands of feet above them. After four or five miles of walking, they turned back.

"That waterfall is a will-o'-the-wisp," said Mr. Van Wyck. "I don't propose to chase it all over Norway."

It was midnight before they were again at the village. Everybody on the steamer was fast asleep, but the doors were wide open, and our two travelers found empty sofas, upon which they stretched themselves for the rest of the night. The next day the steamer retraced its way from Odde, and left our friends at the little station of

Eidfjord. They stopped here that they might make an excursion to one of the famous waterfalls of Norway, the Vöringsfos.

"This, I suppose, is the beginning of our real excursionizing in Norway," said Sarah. "We can't count the journey to the North Cape, when we just sat in the steamboat and let it take us where it would."

"Very well, Sarah," said her father, "let us see how you will stand the first day's jaunt."

It was not a very severe walk to the waterfall, though it was a long one. There is a society in Norway, like the Appalachian Club, which not only entertains itself with climbing mountains, but cuts paths and builds huts. It had been at work here and made the path easier than it would have been. A lake was first crossed in boats, and then the way led through a wild and desolate region, with towering cliffs on either side of a foaming stream. Long before they reached the fall they could hear the roar of the water, and could see afar off the mist rising high above the fall.

"How high is the fall, father?" asked Charles.

"Four hundred and seventy-five feet," said Mr. Bodley, promptly. "I just read it in the guide-book. Come! don't you want to go near it?"

The ladies remained behind; but Mr. Bodley and Mr. Van Wyck and Charles put on their rubber coats and followed a wet bank and then crawled over some slippery rocks trying to get near the falls; but there was such a blinding spray which struck them like hail, that at last they could go no further. They stood with their backs to the falls, turning their heads half way, now and then, in a vain attempt to stand the pelting and see the cataract, which was all the while tumbling between its walls of rock, and making a terrible

noise. It was no use: they could get no nearer, and so they came back to the bridge where the ladies were.

"Now," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "how unnecessary all that was! We were perfectly comfortable here, and have been enjoying the fall, while you poor people have made yourselves sloppy and have seen nothing."

"Well, I hope you have saved some sandwiches for us," said her husband. "I must say there are few things so revolting as to jeopardize your skin for the sake of seeing one of the great bursts of nature and then come back to find your wife calmly eating sandwiches on a bridge."

But there was enough left for the ferocious Mr. Van Wyck, and after they had all rested, they took their way back leisurely to the inn at Vik; the whole excursion had kept them on their feet eight hours. The next morning they took a boat with three good rowers and pulled across the fjord to the Ulvik Fjord.

"This is like taking a carriage," said Mr. Bodley. "These people use boats to go from place to place in, just as we should drive. They have a regular tariff, of so much a mile; and Vik is one of the stations where they are obliged to keep boats for travelers, just as elsewhere they are obliged to keep horses."

"I should think it would be nearer to row straight across to Ulvik, instead of keeping along the winding shore," said Sarah.

"No, it is easier to row under the shelter of the land, and we do not really lose any time I think."

This was very clear when it became necessary to pull across the open fjord to the opposite side. They were met by wind which roughed the water so that the rowers pulled laboriously until they were again under shelter upon the banks of the Ulvik Fjord.

"Wolf-creek," explained Mr. Van Wyck, learnedly. "The wolves are gone; but the creek remains, and the name of wolf."

"It ought to be Lamb-creek," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "This is the most smiling and pastoral little spot we have yet seen."

"Do you remember that it has passed into our literature?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"Why, no."

"To be sure. Did you never read Bayard Taylor's 'Lars?'"

"No."

"Well, Phippy, as soon as you get back to America you must read one of the most thoroughly interesting pastorals in the language. Lars is a Norwegian who kills a man in a quarrel and flies to America, where he becomes a Quaker, marries a Quaker girl, and comes back here to the scene of his conflict to meet the avenger of his antagonist, and to disarm him by gentleness. That is the bare story, and it is filled with delightful contrasts."

"And Ulvik is one of the scenes?"

"Yes, it was here that the story opens, with Lars among his Norwegian kinsfolk, and if we carry out Philip's plan we shall cross to Graven, where another scene was laid."

They dismissed the boat at Brakenaes, and engaged two boys to carry the ladies' bags, for most of the luggage had been sent on by the steamer to Christiania, and they were traveling now light-handed. Then they set merrily out to climb the hill-side above Ulvik Fjord, for they meant to walk to Graven, a distance of about fourteen miles.

"What an odd idea to bury a man alone right here by the road-side," said Charles, surveying a stick which was thrust into the ground and bearing a head-board on which was inscribed the name of Anders Ericssen.

"Here 's another," said Sarah, as they went a little further on.

"Why do you bury Anders Ericssen here and not in the churchyard?" Mr. Van Wyck asked one of the boys in his choicest Norwegian. The boy stared at him, looked at his comrade, and then burst into a laugh. The two boys at once began explaining; but it did not make their Norwegian twice as easy to be understood. By dint of patient inquiry, however, Mr. Van Wyck solved the riddle.

"It seems," he said, "that the road is kept in repair by the farmers whose land lies by the way. Each is bound to keep in order a certain part of the road, his share being in proportion to the size of his farm, and these stakes indicate just who is responsible for the road which lies between them."

"Somewhat as in New England taxes are worked out," said Mr. Bodley.

"Yes, only there is not this public register of a man's faithfulness or remissness. Anders Ericssen, for example, has looked after his piece very carefully."

It was a pretty hard walk, and they were nearly five hours at it, stopping to rest as they chose. They were very glad to stop when they came in view of Graven Fjord, for just then the sun came out for a few minutes, and bathed in light the lovely water below them. They passed few houses after they left the slope near Ulvik. Here and there was a saeter with a few horses and cows and sheep, but not a human being did they meet. After they reached the shore of the fjord, they still had to walk two or three miles before they came to the station where they were to dismiss the boys and take horse over the highway. They managed to get a few eggs to eat, for they were ravenously hungry, and here they made their first acquaintance with *fladbröd*, of which they had often heard.

"So this is flat-bread, is it?" said Mrs. Van Wyck, eyeing a pile of it which had been placed on the table. "It is as thin as the thin gingerbread which mother used to make."

"But in what enormous sheets this thin and crisp flat-bread is made!" said Mrs. Bodley. "I really must nibble a little of the edge."

"Is it like gingerbread, mother?" asked Charles, who watched her curiously.

"Try it yourself, Charles."

"It crumbles in the mouth, but tastes like preserved sawdust. I am so hungry, though, that I think I will eat an acre or two."

The meal, which Sarah called a breakfast at four o'clock in the afternoon, was taken in a room where there was a half-made bed, a swinging cradle, and odds and ends of the family sitting about in silent admiration. When it was over, the announcement was made that the horses were ready.

"Are we to have carioles?" asked Charles, eagerly.

"Three carioles and two stolkjæres," counted Mr. Bodley. "We shall have to toss up." But it ended in the ladies dividing the stolkjæres between them, while Mr. Bodley and Mr. Van Wyck and Charles took possession of the carioles.

"What a queer looking object the cariole is!" said Mrs. Bodley.

"Yes," said her husband, "it is a case of arrested development. A little more and it would be a sulky, perhaps even a chaise."

"It is a little like a country doctor's sulky, without any top," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Is it comfortable, Charles?" she asked.

"Splendid," said the boy, who had climbed into his, and sat on the small seat, uncertain whether to thrust his legs straight out before him on the narrow floor of the vehicle, or to let them hang

over the sides. The post-boy jumped upon a little tail-board behind Charles, where he crouched or sat or kneeled, as the mood took him, and drove the horse, though it was not long before Charles got the reins into his own hands. The stolkjære was a cart without springs, holding two.

"I think the inventor of fladbröd must have discovered the stolkjære," said Mrs. Van Wyck, after they had jounced and jolted awhile in it. "Charles," she called out, "is it really comfortable?"

Vossevangen.

"I can't quite get the hang of it," said he. "I feel so helpless. It makes me half lie down, and I bounce up and down like a rubber ball."

"Sit up straighter," said his father. "You 'll soon adjust yourself to it;" and soon he did succeed in making himself at home in the queer vehicle. The horses were all small, coffee-colored, bright lit-

tle beasts that jogged along good-naturedly, and seemed to take an interest in the scenery. Shortly after leaving the station they began to climb a series of zigzags which led up the valley of the Skjerv. They crossed by a strong stone bridge over the Skjervesfos, which foamed through the arches and fell far below them. It was a gloomy valley and a most picturesque drive, and when they were fairly at the top the boys made the horses scramble over the road with a will, and in a little more than a couple of hours they had covered the fourteen miles which lay between their starting-point and Vossevangen.

The party dismounted from their vehicles at the very unpromising-looking house which was known as Dykesten's or Vossevangen's Hotel, for the *s* had to struggle for a place on the sign-board. There was time for a stroll before supper, so they hunted up an old woman who let them into the church, which was said to date from the thirteenth century. There was little to see inside, but the old woman herself was very picturesque. Mr. Van Wyck acted as spokesman of the party, and aired his Norwegian with great alacrity.

"She is a most sympathetic old woman," he remarked to his friends, between the sentences of the conversation which he held with her. "She is asking after the relationship of all the party, and how many fathers and mothers we have at home."

"But what did she laugh so heartily about just now, Philip?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"Oh, it was a piece of my American humor. We were speaking of the age of the church, and I remarked that it was older than both of our ages put together. It really is delightful to find a Norwegian peasant who can appreciate my jokes."

"You ought to attach her to the party, father," said Sarah. "I

am sure it would make your life a more joyful one, for mother and I never do laugh as much as we ought at your jokes."

"No. You always say, 'Oh, father!' as if I had just missed of committing a crime."

"They all have relations in America," said Mr. Van Wyck, "but they are usually in Iowa or Wisconsin or Minnesota or Montana. This good old woman was disappointed that I had never seen her boy Peter in Skalkaho, Montana."

The next morning they kept on their way to Gudvangen, four stations distant. The mode of traveling by the country roads in Norway is a very simple one. You take your horse and cart or cariole to the next station from your starting-point, and there you can change and take another, which the station-master is bound to provide to the station next beyond, each time changing boy, horse, and cariole. The boy drives you, or lets you drive, and afterward takes the cariole back. But if you choose, you can arrange with your driver to take you as much farther as you both may desire; no boy, however, is obliged to go with you more than to the next station, which is perhaps ten or twelve miles distant, perhaps even fifteen. The stations are simply farms which have been made posts by the government. The farmer is obliged to keep a certain number of horses on hand, to provide a boy, and also to give lodging and meals when desired. There is a fixed tariff, and every traveler can count on being treated like every other traveler.

Our party, when traveling in this way, was variously distributed, sometimes in carioles, sometimes in stolkjæres. They might, if they had chosen, have hired a carriage for long distances, but they were all so in love with cariole driving that they had no mind to try any other mode. The variety of boys that they enjoyed gave them end-

less entertainment. It is the custom to give the boy who drives you a little gratuity on parting with him, and he always holds out his hand to shake hands with you, after receiving it. Sarah undertook to teach her boys English.

"It is much easier than learning Norwegian," she said; "and, besides, it will be of so much more use to them all their life than Norwegian possibly can be to me."

Stalheim and Jordalsknut.

The road was an interesting one, but the interest culminated when they reached Stalheim. They climbed a little ascent and suddenly found themselves on the brow of a precipitous descent into the valley below on the other side. They jumped out of their carioles and carts, and looked down, down, into the gorge below them. The road led by a series of zigzags down the Stalheimsklef upon which they stood. It was a masterly piece of engineering and masonry, almost a plumb line on its side from top to bottom, as it wormed its way down the precipice. Immense heights, especially that of Jordalsknut, looked down into the valley.

They all walked down the road, much preferring that to driving. Two superb waterfalls were on either hand, so that at each turn of the road one was always before them, while at the foot was a green meadow with a clear river flowing through it. They returned to their vehicles at the foot of the cliff, and drove rapidly forward along the bank of the river toward Gudvangen. The mountain

Gudvangen.

appeared to close in the pass, and at last our friends were in a narrow defile. Gudvangen itself was a single street with two or three houses on either side, the whole jammed into a crack between frowning mountains, with just room enough to keep dry between the fjord, at the head of which it lay, and the river which flowed through the Naerodal.

CHAPTER VII.

OVER THE FILLEFJELD.

"WHAT a place to live in!" said Sarah, as they all stood, early the next morning, on the deck of the steamer which was to carry them from Gudvangen to Laerdalsören. No wonder she was dismayed. Two or three lonely houses crouched sunless beneath the

Laerdalsoren.

cliff, and an air of desolation hung over the fjord. They had been rowed out in boats to the steamer, and each boat was crowded with luggage and people, some sitting, some standing.

"I fancy we look like an engraving," said Charles. "I have seen just such pictures."

The sun came out before they were fairly out of this arm of the fjord, and when they reached Laerdalsören, the end of the steamer's course, everything was bright and lovely. A crowd of men and boys were at the steamboat pier, with carts and carioles, eager to secure passengers.

"How homelike this is!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "I should think we were among our own people." They were not meaning to stop at all in the village, so they bargained for their several vehicles, and were soon merrily on their way, meaning to scurry over the road, which led up the heights of the great backbone of mountains which runs through Norway.

"Father," said Sarah, who was sharing a stolkjære with him, "where is the Doverfield? I used to study about it in my geography."

"The name fjeld or field or fell is given to certain parts of the mountain plateau of Norway, and the Dovrefjeld is the most famous of the ranges. That lies to the north, however. We are to cross the Fillefjeld, more to the south. There are no passes through these mountains, as in Switzerland, among the Alps, but the table-land is easily accessible, and above it rise higher peaks like Jotunheim, which we shall see if it is clear."

"How is your horse, Charles?" Sarah asked, as her cousin drove alongside in his cariole.

"Capital," said he; "and what do you think? This cariole has stirrups. See, I can put my feet in them and stand up. It is just as if I were riding a carriage horse-back. Besides, I 've learned how to suit myself to the dancing-jig motion of the cariole. It is the perfection of traveling."

"So it is," said Mr. Van Wyck. "We are as independent as it

is possible for people to be. We can stop where we choose, stay as long as we want to, and start off at any hour of day or night."

"What a queer noise the boy makes when he wants to stop the little horse," said Charles. "This way — brrrr. Hallo!" He had made the sound so successfully that his pony almost sat down on his haunches.

"Why do you have such long reins, Charles?" continued his cousin. "They are ropes, are n't they?"

"To be sure they are. I 've rope enough to hang the whole party with; but see how convenient the length is. I can make a whip out of the extra part," and so saying, he gathered up the long end of the rope, flung it at the pony's back, and off he set, out of talking distance.

They had left Laerdal at ten, and for the first part of the way had traveled over a tolerably level country; but after leaving Blaafaten the road followed the foaming stream which came down the mountain side. It rose higher and higher, crawling round and round cliffs out of which it had been dug, and overlooking the boiling torrent below. It was a little after noon when the party reached Husum, where they stopped to get their midday meal. It was a nice clean station, and furnished eggs and coffee and salmon in abundance.

"I am afraid we must give up our salmon after this," said Mr. Bodley. "We have had salmon ever since we came to Norway, but then we have been on the coast all the while. Back in the mountains we can hardly expect to find it fresh."

When they left Husum and continued their journey up the mountain, Sarah chanced to have a cariole to herself, and she was greatly entertained by her skydsgut (pronounced *shoos-goot*) or post-boy,

Olaf Husum. All the people take for their name that of the farm on which they live; and as Olaf was the son of the farmer at Husum, he was Olaf Husum. He was only nine years old. Sarah had picked up a little Norwegian in her travels, and began plying him with short and easy questions. It was not very difficult to ask questions, but the boy's tongue was at once loosed, and he rattled away merrily while Sarah followed a long distance behind in her mind, painfully examining such words as she had caught. He amused

Husum.

himself with all sorts of pranks. He had extemporized some whistles out of disused cartridge shells, and would suddenly whistle most improperly in Sarah's ears, and then stretch forward and laugh. He even pinched her once or twice, but his supreme pleasure was in opening and shutting her umbrella, which he carried while she drove. He was such a little fellow, small for his years, that Sarah felt him very much on her mind, especially as he was on the point of tumbling off his perch every time the horse started forward.

The road wound much as before through a fine ravine, and then came out by the curious old church at Borgund. Olaf ran himself quite out of breath to find the man who had the key. The party had all dismounted, and when the man came they followed him over a stone wall and through a field to the deserted church.

"Is n't it used now?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"No," explained the man, in good English. "The new one here was built a few years ago. This is the property of the Antiquarian Society of Christiania."

Church of Borgund.

The curious church was twisted to the eye, and was surmounted by dragons' heads, while serpents were carved in the door-posts. Inside it was as dark as a pocket. They appeared to have brought with them the only light that entered when they opened the door.

"How could the people see to worship!" exclaimed Mrs. Bodley.

"They had candles, madam," said the man, "wax candles."

There was a passage like a cloister which ran round the inside,

and the interior seemed scarcely able to hold more than forty or fifty persons.

"It looks, inside and out," said Mr. Bodley, "as if they worshiped the Devil here."

"I suppose," said his wife, "that all this fantastic work corresponds to the fooling in wood and stone in the Gothic cathedrals which we have been seeing."

"It is more likely," said Mr. Van Wyck, "that it is due to Byzantine influence. You know there was frequent intercourse between Norway and Constantinople."

"How old is the church?" asked Sarah.

"It is from the twelfth century," said the man. "Do you see this inscription on the door? In English it is, 'Thorer wrote these lines on St. Olaf's fair. This church in the church-ground.'"

"What an extraordinary simpleton Thorer must have been," said the irreverent Sarah, "to carve such a piece of commonplace. What language is it in?"

"It is Runic. This is Runic on the door-key, also," and he showed them the key, which they had not noticed before, — a ponderous thing, curiously carved.

"How strange the old church looks out here in the field," said Mrs. Bodley. "I do hope the Antiquarian Society won't take it into their heads to move the building to Christiania, so as to have it on hand for a show. It would lose some of its charm if it were taken out of its setting."

Our friends mounted their vehicles again and drove on to Haeg. Sarah's little Olaf left her here; but she had another Olaf, not much older, Olaf Haeg. The little fellow did not want to go. He cried, but there was no help for it: go he must, and he sat discon-

solately on the tail-board, his legs hanging dejectedly over. Sarah made an effort to cheer him with animated conversation. She asked him to guess where she came from. She tried him with the name of Andersen, with the titles of Björnson's stories, but could get scarcely more than monosyllables from him. He brightened a little, however, when she began to teach him the English numerals, and they counted by turns in English and Norwegian, almost as far as Maristuen.

Maristuen was a forlorn little station, high up the mountain side; but the next station, Nystuen, was at the very top, and though they had driven all day, they determined to push on and spend the night there. The road led through a desolate, treeless, and lifeless waste, save for a saeter, which they passed, where cows, goats, pigs, and horses showed themselves, but no people. A little after nine o'clock in the evening they reached Nystuen, which stands on the top of the divide.

"It is like an Alpine hospice on a small scale," said Mr. Van Wyck, and it had this air. Long, low, rambling buildings were crowded together in a rocky waste. A desolate moor stretched on either side, and a dismal tarn, weedy and dark, stood hard by. The place was crowded with travelers going the other way, whose carioles and carts stood about the yard. The people were very good-natured, however, and gave our friends an excellent supper and then stowed them away in different buildings, as they could find accommodation.

The next day opened with rain, and it was very evident that they should not see Jotunheim; so they resigned themselves to the inevitable, and after an early breakfast set off down hill, and a long hill it was. They had driven about fifty miles the day before, and meant to drive a little farther this day. It was a pleasure to come

upon the beautiful lake by Vang and to follow along its banks, and afterward between Tune and Öilo to drive by a massive road built up from the rushing stream below under an overhanging cliff, and protected from falling snow and stones by a wooden shed, through which they drove.

"It seems to me that we are always driving by water," said Charles. "It rained when we started; we had the Vang lake and now we have this stream. I suppose we shall come to a fjord before we get through."

Between Tune and Öilo

"Yes, that is the charm of Norway," said his mother. "One is never far from the sound of many waters."

"Except for the road," said Mr. Bodley, "I could almost fancy myself in New Hampshire. We have no such superbly-built roads there; but the scenery is like it." It was even more like it when, in the afternoon, they drove through pine woods, with squirrels darting across their path, and later came into the Conway-like district of Valders.

"What is that odd-looking tuft on the stick above that barn?" asked Sarah of her father, with whom she was driving.

"To be sure!" he exclaimed. "The rest must see it;" and by hallooing and pointing, he managed to call the attention of all the party to it.

THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

"I am glad we have seen that," he said to Sarah. "I have been hoping we should come upon one. Have you never heard of the pretty Norwegian custom of fastening bunches of oats to the roofs of houses at Christmas time for the birds to feed from? I suppose this is a sheaf which was not taken down after it had been stripped. The farmers sell sheaves in the towns for this purpose, just as Christmas wreaths and trees are sold with us."

"What a pretty notion to give the birds a Christmas-tree!" said Sarah.

"Yes, and there is a charming poem by Wergeland, a Norwegian poet, suggested by it. I bought a copy of his writings in Christiania, and if you won't tell any one, Sarah, I'll tell you a secret. I am translating the poem, and when I get it done, I will show it to you."

"And to Charles?"

"Oh, yes. I am not shy when I do anything of this sort. But I don't want to be bothered by being asked by everybody how I am getting on with it. It's slow work; so don't you tell and don't you ask me either."

It was late in the evening before they reached Fagerlund, where they spent the night, and the next day kept on to Odnaes, where they were to give up carriage-driving and take a steamboat, and afterward the railway, to Christiania. On the road they had dinner at Tomlevolden, an excellent example of a flourishing Norwegian farm. There was a collection of sheds and outbuildings, flanking a large house, or rather two houses, making three sides of a square. The main house had a gallery in the second story, into which the staircase led. The rooms were all large and scrupulously clean. In the kitchen was a great open fire-place with embers, and a kettle

over it; but a new cooking-stove evidently did most of the work. The farmer himself was a large, heavy man, who ordered everybody about; and his daughter, a pretty, red-haired girl, who seemed to find her work irksome, got dinner. A piano was in the large parlor, and a great array of photographs hung upon the wall or were placed in a morocco book.

"This is like a New England farm-house, where they take summer-boarders," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "It is different, of course, in some respects; but the people are the same. The daughter of the house teaches school, may be, in the winter, and in summer waits on the boarders. She hates to do it, for she knows she is just as good as they are, and might herself be boarding."

"Yes," said her husband, "the trouble is that she thinks too much about it, and fancies a great many things which are not so. The summer-boarder does not feel nearly so superior as the daughter of the house thinks."

Odnaes was the end of their land journey. Here they spent the night at a good inn, and the next day took the steamer on Lake Randsfjord, which is almost like a river, so narrow and long is it. The banks were very pretty, sometimes wooded, sometimes cultivated, and dotted with snug, tidy-looking farms. Except for having no islands, it made our travelers think of Lake Winnipiseogee in the White Mountains at home. The scenery no longer had a wild character. It was clear that they were well out of the mountains.

"I really am sorry to leave the mountains," sighed Sarah.

"Yes," said her mother. "It is astonishing how quickly one gets intimate with mountains. I think one mountain always in sight would be rather overpowering; but give me three or four weeks' constant traveling among them. It is like being at a party of

mountains all the while. It is not nearly so alarming as sitting down *vis-à-vis* with one solitary peak."

"We have one more famous sight before us," said Mr. Van Wyck, after they were seated in the train at Randsfjord, at the foot of the lake; "only, according to the guide-book, we should be coming this way."

"We can turn our heads, can't we?" said his wife.

Indeed, it was almost a sight to turn their heads. The road after leaving Drammen made a great circuit and a rise before it passed through a tunnel; and just as they were to enter the tunnel they turned and saw a superb panorama of the fjord and town of Drammen and the meadows of Lier at their feet.

"Oh, what a pity this had not burst upon us after we had been through a dark tunnel!" said Mrs. Van Wyck, as the train glided out of the lovely world, and issued a few moments afterward in a confined country. "It really is worth while to take the train back just to see that view."

They did not take it back, however. They had the mild eagerness of travelers to reach their destination; and when they stepped from the railway-train into the station at Christiania, it seemed almost as if they were at home again.

"At any rate," said Charles, who was the most homesick one of the party, "we are so much nearer New York."

It was the first week in August, and when our travelers rose the next morning, they found warm, pleasant weather. It was a pleasure to get again into light summer clothes, after wearing heavy winter ones, as they had done ever since leaving Christiania for the north. It was as if they had gone out of one climate into another, had stayed a month, and then had come back to find the first just

what they had left it. They spent two or three more days in town, shopping, buying photographs and little models of carioles and stolkjæres, and knives such as all Norwegians, even Norwegian boys, appeared to carry in their belts, and at last, on Saturday afternoon, took the boat which was to carry them to Copenhagen.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and the party sat on deck watching the receding city and the shores of the fjord. They were on one of the large and fast boats and touched only at Dröbak and Horten, until they should come to Göteborg.

"I should like to come back and spend a winter in Norway," said Mr. Van Wyck. "I don't think one can fairly know a place until one has lived in it during that part of the year which lasts longest, and the winter in Norway is longer than the summer."

"Let us do it some time," said his wife. "You can study the Norwegian language and literature, and Sarah can go to school. Very few Americans go abroad to study in Christiania."

"I wonder what I should learn in school which I could not learn at home," said Sarah.

"I am afraid you would need to be Norwegian yourself to appreciate some of the studies," said her father. "There is something very interesting to me in the education of children in a country like Norway, which has a dim antiquity, whose modern history is not especially marked by great deeds, and whose present position is not a commanding one. There is a strong tendency to make much of the early, half-legendary history, and the children are all carefully brought up on the old sagas. The stories form the beginning of their national history. They are told not exactly as veritable facts, nor again as mere myths."

"They are given, I suppose, as 'they say,'" said Mr. Bodley.

"Exactly; they have an imaginative form, and are allowed to take a place in the child's mind as part of the regular furniture of his education. Then they are identified with a patriotic spirit, and are clung to more tenaciously since they are not driven out by later and better attested historical facts, for these as a rule are not singularly worth preservation."

"Then," said Mrs. Bodley, "the deeds of the heroes are connected with mountains and waterfalls, so that they have a romantic setting."

"Yes, and they represent conflict with Swedes, Danes, and Scotch, and as these are all now superior in wealth and influence, there is some consolation in thinking that once Norway was their master. All this goes to feed the sentiment of nationality."

"Yet how many Norwegians are leaving their country for America," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"It is not strange," said her husband. "The great business of Norway has been its carrying-trade, and it has a large fleet of wooden ships, but the English with their iron steamers have come in and gotten possession of a large part of the business. The continued improvements in machinery, by which less coal becomes necessary, tends to diminish the cost of freight by steamers, and merchants are ready to pay a little higher rates if they can know exactly when to expect their goods, which they can do with steamers, but not with sailing vessels. This has helped to make Norway poorer. Then, a few years ago, the government went crazy on the subject of railways, and undertook enterprises which private persons would have been slow to engage in. The consequence is a heavy debt. The administration is a costly one, also. There is a small population and a host of office-holders. Besides, the military laws

withdraw the young men from their work in the most important part of the short season. Everybody is subject to drill, although the time required is less and less as the man grows older, until finally he is exempt. All these things serve to crowd people out of the country, and those who have already gone to America grow well-to-do fast, and send for their friends and relations."

"Well," said Mr. Bodley, "I am sorry for Norway, but I am glad our country is receiving such sturdy, honest, and industrious people. By the way, who do you think lives at Frogner, that interesting manor-house which you remember we saw when we were in Christiania the first time, and were on our way to Oscar's Hall?"

"Did you find out, father?" asked Charles.

"Yes, I had occasion to-day to call on the American consul, and he was the most hospitable of men. He said his wife would at once call on the ladies, and then we must come out to his home in Frogner. I told him we were just starting for Copenhagen, and could not, but I wish I had gone to see him earlier. I found we had some friends in common, and he said he had no doubt his wife, who was an American, would know you, Phippy, for she came from Cambridge."

"What a pity!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "I should like dearly to have seen the interior of a real Norwegian house."

"He told me of a curious incident which came to his notice as consul. One Fourth of July, when a fishing vessel was lying in Barnstable harbor, all the crew went ashore for a frolic, and when they came back the vessel was gone — stolen. No trace could be found of it, and the State Department at Washington sent circulars to its representatives in foreign ports, advising them to look out for it, and stating that it was supposed to have been stolen by some

Swedes. About a week after the circular came, Consul Gade's brother, who lives in Bergen, heard that a strange vessel was in one of the fjords above Bergen, where it had unloaded a cargo of American mackerel, and was sending it into Bergen by lighters. He at once looked into the matter, and, with his brother, secured the capture of three Swedes, who, it turned out, had stolen the vessel in Barnstable harbor, painted out her name, run her, with scarcely any knowledge of navigation, to Iceland, where they had bartered some of her cargo and then brought her down to the Norwegian coast. The cargo and the ship were both subsequently sold for the benefit of the owner, and he got nearly the full value. Our government had some correspondence with the Norwegian government, but finally, as piracy could not technically be proved, they left the prisoners in the hands of the courts here to treat as they would."

"Well, the old vikings are not all dead," said Charles. "I suppose they were some descendants of Thorfinn, who were looking about Cape Cod to see if their ancestor left anything there about the year 1000, when he was last over."

"Pooh!" said Sarah. "The old vikings fought for what they wanted. They did not sneak off with a mackerel schooner. But how surprised the captain and crew must have been when they came back to the schooner and found her gone!"

"It served them right for leaving their vessel without a watch," said Mr. Bodley.

"Sarah," said her father, "if you will go down to my state-room and bring me my portfolio, I will let these good people share our secret."

"Have you been having a secret with Sarah, Uncle Philip?" asked Charles.

"To be sure I have; it began one day when we were driving through Vestre Slidre."

"That was where we saw the Christmas sheaves on the roof of the house, was n't it?"

"Why, Charles, you are burning. You are close upon the heels of our secret."

"I 'm sure I can't get any nearer," said the boy. But as Sarah appeared with her father's portfolio, there was not time to guess anything more.

"You remember that statue of Wergeland, do you not, in the Carl Johann Gade Park?"

"Yes."

"Well, Wergeland wrote a pretty story in verse which turns on the peasant's custom, and I have been exercising myself in Norwegian by translating it. I think it will do very well as a leave-taking of Norway, for it will soon be too dark for us to see the shore any longer. I did not attempt to render the poem into verse — yes, I did, too," said the conscience-stricken man — "but I only tried a few lines, and then gave it up. I have made a sort of paraphrase." So Mr. Van Wyck read: —

THE LITTLE BIRDS ON THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

Green, green is the forest in the valley of Solöen, but the birds that used to sing in the trees are mute. The sigh of the poor peasant has made them dumb, and worse than this, the harsh bell of the sheriff has driven them away. You can hear the harsh jingle-jangle of that bell as far down the valley as the little village of Mo, yet last Christmas there were two little birds that met there and chattered to each other.

"Come, pussy Finch, come with me! come with me!" cried one. "I know where there is a proper nice Christmas sheaf. There is a poor fellow who lives back of the woods, who has put up his sheaf this year the same as ever, for all he is on his last legs. He only had three sheaves to last him all winter, and one of these he has fastened to the pole for the birds. I call that generous. Yes, he did it for Jesus Christ's sake, he said. Now, you small Finch, why do you look at me in that fashion? don't you believe me? Come after me; I 'm your cousin, the gray Sparrow. I call myself gray, though I 'm really yellow, for I 've been dressing for Christmas. That sheaf! that sheaf! it is perched on the peasant's roof, and we 'll soon be in it. We 'll bury ourselves in that sheaf! There 's a merry Christmas for the birds. We 'll fill our crops. The Christ-child was born for the birds as well as for men. Come! come!"

So sang the lively little fellow, and his cousin flew off with him. They got safely by a Magpie that was teetering on a weathercock. A Cat looked up at them from a bridge where she sat. She looked sharp, and crouched, ready to spring when the chance came. But they were so hungry that at first they neither saw nor heard anything, but plunged, head-first, into the sheaf. They were so snugly hidden that only the very highest star could make them out in their secret place. There they stayed from Christmas eve to Christmas morn. The whole night was not too long for them. They were there when the bells rang for the people to go to church on Christmas Day. Then they flew off and lighted on the church spire, where a cock of gold was perched. They mounted the cock himself, and clung with their little claws to his comb, and away up there on that tip-top they looked up and saw the heavens full of angels. And they heard one of the angels say: —

"Never forget, my children, to say Thank you after every meal."

They looked at each other in dismay. True, true! They had actually forgotten to say, Thank you!

"To think of it!" said the Sparrow. "And there was the Magpie!"

"And the Cat!" said the Finch.

"We must go back and say Thank you."

On the way back they met the poor farmer, crying bitterly.

"What shall I do! what shall I do!" he was saying. "The sheriff is coming on New Year's Day, and he will turn me out of doors."

The little birds listened. Verily, this was hard, indeed; and thereupon they lifted their little cry to God.

"Oh, surely," they said to the poor farmer, "the good God will look down on you in your need, on you who gave us one of your three sheaves. 'T was for Jesus' sake you did it, and we are God's children, too, though we are so very small, Cousin Finch and I. He would not see one of us harmed. We just came back to say Thank you for the good feast you gave us. May God make the poor man's heart glad!"

Up flew the little birds again to the Christmas sheaf. As they peeped in, they set up a joyous cry.

"A miracle! a miracle! Now let the sheriff come when he will. For every grain of corn here is a solid ducat, shining out of the straw this holy day. A thousand of them! yes, a thousand and ten. Now good-by to all your trouble."

The old Magpie on the roof croaked hoarsely: —

"The fields of kindness bear golden sheaves. When the sheriff gets his gold, may it turn into acorns!"

"No, no, you wicked old Magpie! Let it turn into corn, but the good peasant's corn turn into gold."

And with that away flew the Sparrow and the Finch.

"Don't you remember those children, father," said Sarah, "whom we saw at the Victoria, going up to their father after dinner and thanking him?"

"Yes, they were saying *Tak for maden*, just as the Angel bade the sparrow and finch remember to do."

"We will introduce the custom into America," said Mrs. Bodley.

"We 'll begin now," said Sarah, going up to her father. "'Tak for maden,' papa. Thanks for the crumb of a story."

"I 'm sorry it could n't have been in rhyme," said Mr. Van Wyck, "for Wergeland's little poem sounds very prettily in the Norwegian. I am afraid, though, that if I had attempted to give it in verse I should have found it less easy to get round some of the troublesome words which I could n't find in my dictionary!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOME OF ANDERSEN.

When our travelers came upon deck early the next morning, they found that the steamer was entering the harbor of Göteborg. Buoys with numbers were ranged along the course, affording hitching-posts for vessels and steamers lying in the roadstead. It was between six o'clock and half after, and they were to have an hour

in port; so, after a cup of coffee, our friends set out for a little walk.

"We certainly must not lose the opportunity of visiting Sweden," said Mr. Bodley, "and this will be our only one."

"Does it have anything to do with American history?" asked Charles. "Did the vikings push off from the place?"

"No, but it was the port from which the Swedes sailed who settled on the Delaware in the seventeenth century. You see we can't get far away from America."

Leaving the pier they came at once upon a broad canal, on either side of which ran a wide thoroughfare. Bridges crossed the canal now and then, and a little park edged the water. The buildings were shops and warehouses, and at last substantial hotels. A pretty park lay beyond the hotel; but they left it and crossed to other canals. The city was the cleanest, brightest little place they had ever seen, and everywhere there was an air of thrift and comfort. The canals were cleaner than those they had seen when in Holland, and ran under bridges and buildings in the most alluring manner.

"I should just like to take a boat and paddle about this city," said Charles. "Why! one could row everywhere."

They saw a spirited statue of Gustavus Adolphus in one of the public squares; but it was too early to see many people in the streets. They went back to the steamer, which they reached just in time, and were off again for Copenhagen. It was a twelve hours' journey to the Danish city, and the day was a lovely one. As they came in full view of the city, the captain, who was near them, tapped Charles on the shoulder.

"Did you never read the stories of H. C. Andersen?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Charles, "all of them."

"Good. That is the villa Rolighed among the trees yonder, where he died. It belongs to the banker, Mr. Melchior."

"Rolighed," said Mr. Van Wyck. "That must mean Resting-place."

"Just so," said the captain.

"Well, I am glad that it is one of the first things we have seen in Copenhagen," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "I confess I have no special associations with the city except those relating to Hans Andersen."

"And Thorwaldsen," added her husband.

"Yes, and Thorwaldsen."

"I've played Copenhagen," said Mr. Bodley, demurely.

"Nathan, I'm shocked!" said his wife. "You have n't played it since you knew me!"

It was, indeed, the city of Andersen to all the party, and they were ready to discover the places with which they had become familiar through reading the story-teller's little stories. They went first, however, to their hotel, the Hôtel d'Angleterre, upon one of the great squares of the city. All the buildings which they passed looked large and tall, and the city wore a more distinguished air than Christiania or Göteborg. The rooms which they occupied looked out upon the Royal Theatre, with its bronze statues of Holberg and Oehlenschläger, famous Danish dramatic authors. A horse-car track ran near by, and the children were amused with the double-decked horse-cars. They had seen before, at home, seats upon the roof of a horse-car, but each of these cars had a roof to the seats. It looked, as Sarah said, like a baby-house where one could see what was going on in the second story. There was an odd kind of an omnibus, also, very like a horse-car on small, low wheels, which seemed much in need of a track, and went over the pavement as if in search of one.

The Hôtel d'Angleterre had a court-yard with a high glass roof. Plants and flowers were growing freely under cover, and as the roof was very high, one might easily think one's self out-of-doors. The great dining-room extended along one side, while breakfast-rooms occupied another side, and there were tables in the court-yard for those who wished to take their meals *al fresco*.

After a light tea, — for they had dined on the steamer, — our friends sallied forth. Mr. Van Wyck, who was a great admirer of Andersen, had taken pains to inform himself beforehand of the haunts of the story-teller. So he led them at once to a house near by in the King's New Market, where he said Andersen had his rooms the last part of his life.

"Don't you remember his description of his quarters?" he asked. "He had only two rooms, but they were sunny, adorned with pictures, books, and statues, and kept freshly decorated with flowers, which ladies were constantly sending him. The café he mentions as one of the largest and most frequented in town. A lawyer lived on the same floor, and a photographer on the story above. 'So you see,' he says, 'I cannot die away from a lawyer, and a photographer is at hand to secure my picture for posterity.'"

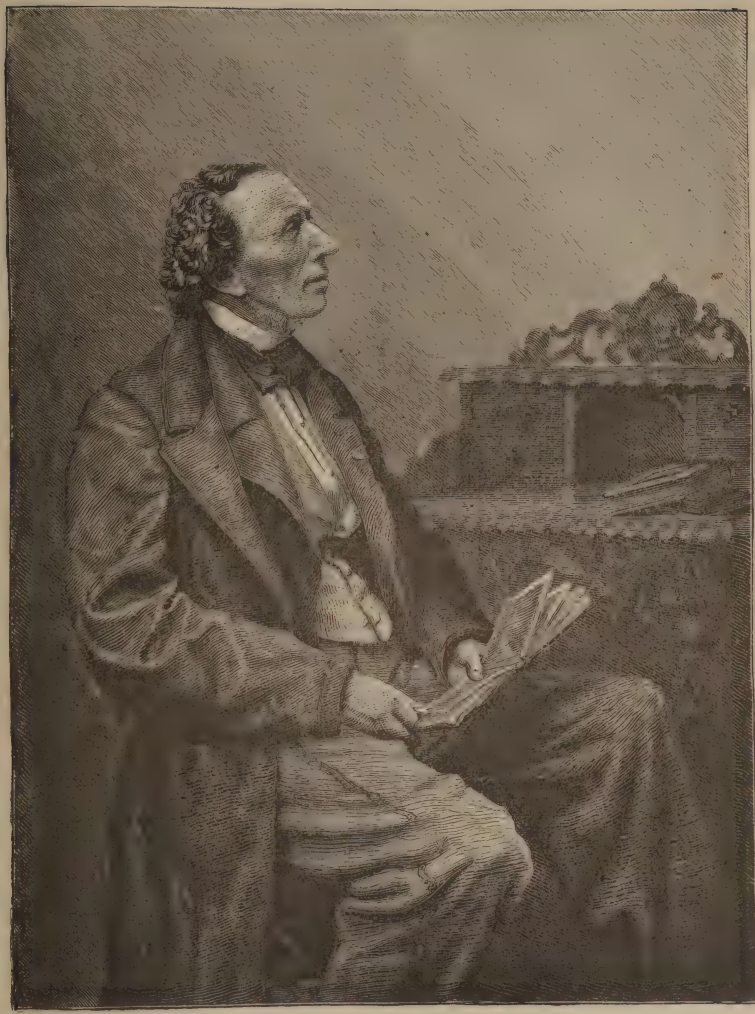
"But he did die away from a lawyer," said Mr. Bodley.

"Yes, fortunately he was with friends at the last. One would not like to think of Andersen as dying without good friends about him; he was so dependent on sympathy."

"Do you know what I want to see?" asked Mrs. Bodley. "You will laugh, it is so simple. I want to see East Street."

"And why East Street, Blandina?" asked her husband.

"Because the place occurs so frequently in Andersen's stories. I have come to think of it as *the* street of Copenhagen. Don't you



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

remember how he speaks of it at the beginning of his story of 'The Galoshes of Fortune?'"

"I remember," said her brother. "I have often said the passage over to myself: 'Every author has some peculiarity in his descriptions or in his style of writing. Those who do not like him magnify it, shrug their shoulders, and exclaim, "There he is again!" I, for my part, know very well how I can bring about this movement and this exclamation. It would happen immediately if I were to begin here, as I intended to do, with "Rome has its Corso, Naples its Toledo." "Ah, that Andersen! there he is again!" they would cry. Yet I must, to please my fancy, continue quite quietly and add, "but Copenhagen has its East Street."'"

"I think Copenhagen must have changed since Andersen wrote," said Mrs. Bodley. "At any rate, East Street is not much of a show street."

"No," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "I could almost imagine myself on Washington Street at home."

"Phippy, Phippy!" exclaimed her husband, "when will you learn to leave Boston alone, and call New York home?"

"Never!" said the energetic little woman. "You may put one elevated road on top of another, and it will not give me any more of a home feeling about New York."

"I should think not," said Mr. Bodley. "You know, Philip, we chose Second Avenue because we thought it least like New York."

"I never would have gone there at all to live," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "if the elevated road had been invented then."

Our friends rambled about the streets for some time, looking with interest for anything which might remind them of Andersen, as everything did in a more or less definite manner.

"What is this?" said Mr. Van Wyck, suddenly stopping before the name of a street which crossed their way. "'Hyskenstræde?' This must be the Small Houses Lane that figures in Andersen's story of 'The Old Bachelor's Night-Cap.' Don't you remember the street with no pavement, with holes into which folks tumbled, and the line of low booths in which the German merchants kept their wares?"

"To be sure; but I see nothing of all that here," said Mrs. Bodley.

The Unhappy Volunteer.

"No, nothing but the name remains. The street is only a commonplace thoroughfare with a block of high, flat-faced buildings on each side."

"I should like to see Frederick's Hospital," said Sarah.

"Why, what is there to be seen at a hospital?" asked Charles.

"Oh, I don't want to go inside; but if you will only take me past it, I can tell whether what I wish to see is there still."

Their rambles did in time bring them before the hospital, a plain, uninteresting-looking building, which stood back from the street.

"I am quite content," said Sarah. "I wanted to see if the iron fence was still in front of the yard. Don't you remember how, in 'The Galoshes of Fortune,' the volunteer tried to squeeze between the iron rails, and at first only got his head through, then had the good sense to wish himself free, and so got his whole body through? You know the galoshes enabled him to have whatever he might wish for."

"Well," said Charles, "if I were in that somewhat dismal place I certainly should put on the galoshes if they would take me out of it."

It was not till the next day that they visited Rosenborg Castle and Garden, to see the statue of Andersen which had been erected there.

"What a charming place for his statue," said Mr. Van Wyck, as they came in sight of it and saw children playing with their nurses under its shadow. The garden was a shady spot, greatly resorted to by children. Long avenues, overarched by trees, led through it, and at one end, in a little plat of flowers, stood the statue. It was of bronze, and represented the story-teller seated, with a thin book held open by a finger of his left hand, while his right was stretched out with a gesture.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "He is going to tell a story."

"That is exactly it," said her husband; "and you know Andersen frequently did read his stories. He read them, or half-recited them, to circles of his friends and to working-men's clubs."

"Yes, and don't you remember," said Charles, "that he used to read them beside the sick beds of some of his little friends? I once saw a picture in a magazine which showed him doing this."

"I wonder if he was fond of children," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Why, Phippy! what a question!" said Mrs. Bodley.

"I don't know," she replied. "I have met very estimable people who did not like children."

"But Andersen! it sounds almost profane."

"Phippy is not far out of the way, Blandina," said her brother. "I have known people who liked to see children at play, to watch them, to study their minds even, and who felt a strong sympathy

with them, yet did not caress them or care to have them for very near companions. I have heard something of this sort of Andersen. You know this statue was proposed in his life-time, and several sculptors competed for the work. One of them produced a pleasing design, which seemed to most people very appropriate. It represented the great story-teller, with two children by his knee, while he told them stories. Andersen objected positively to this conception, for he said he was not in the habit of taking children thus into his arms."

"I am glad there is a stork on the pedestal," said Charles; "there is always a stork in Andersen's stories."

"There is the group of the 'Ugly Duckling,' too," said Sarah.

Upon the face of the pedestal, encircled by a laurel wreath, were the dates of birth and death, "2 April 1805 — 4 August 1875." Upon the left side, over the bronze bas-relief of a child riding a stork, are the words, "Minde om Eventyr-digteren" (In Memory of the Wonder-Story Teller). Upon the opposite side, above the bronze swan and ducks, are the words, "Reist af det Danske folk, 1880" (Erected by the Danish people, 1880).

"What a pity Andersen did not live to see the statue!" said Mr. Van Wyck. "He would have enjoyed walking here every day and looking at himself in enduring bronze."

"Was he, then, so very conceited?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"No. That word gives a wrong impression about him. He was an over-grown child who wanted everybody to look at him when he was doing anything which pleased him. Have n't you seen children who were innocently egotistic? 'See me throw this stone!' they say; or, 'Look how nicely I can draw a horse.' That was the way with Andersen. In fact, I always think of him as a man who has

STATUE OF H. C. ANDERSEN.

suffered an arrested development in certain of his feelings and in certain intellectual endowments. Somebody has called him the first child in literature."

"He can't be said to have a handsome face," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"No, nor a graceful figure; but the sculptor, by giving the face the glow of animation and making the figure eager and unconscious, has achieved a real success in a perfectly honest and truthful manner."

Our friends rambled from Rosenborg Garden out to the cemetery, which lay upon the outskirt of the city, that they might find Andersen's grave. The cemetery had evidently been laid out from the necessity of providing burial, for which the several city churchyards were inadequate. At any rate, it was divided into sections which bore the names of the various parishes in the city. Andersen's parish was that of "Vor Frelser," or, Our Saviour.

"How very neat everything is, and how free from ostentation," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Yes," said her husband, "what a contrast there is to our vulgar display at home. I wonder whether it is the result of regulation and law, or of inherent good taste in the people. These tablets — how simple they all are! and how well kept all the small family lots. It makes one ashamed when one thinks of Mount Auburn and Greenwood, and remembers how poor humanity tries even in death to appear a little better than his neighbor."

"It is n't the dead, Uncle Nathan," said Sarah; "it 's the living who make the fuss over the dead."

"Well, the living were brought up by the dead. I think if the dead could put their own obituary notices in the paper, with their

new knowledge, they would add to 'Friends are kindly requested not to send flowers,' the words, 'Descendants are urgently asked not to put up a big monument.'"

"I don't think the Danes are wholly free from pride," said Mrs. Bodley. "See how particular they are to put the titles of their dead friends on their stones. Etatsraad — what does that mean?"

"State-councillor," said her brother. "It is something like an Honorable, only a little more select. But look at this stone: 'Wine-merchant Pedersen!'"

"When they have no titles, they put on their occupations to distinguish them," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Here is one to Musical-instrument maker Frederik Richter."

"And just look at this, Phippy," said her husband, laughing. "'This monument is erected to the veteran chocolate manufacturer, Reimer Timotheus Kehlet.'"

"Now I like that," said Mr. Bodley. "One really finds out something about these people. How much better it is than to sing their praises. As soon as you see a list of virtues on a man's tombstone, you have an instinctive desire to get round on the other side of the stone, and see what his defects were. But to be told that a man was a veteran chocolate manufacturer, you see him at once in his white apron and paper cap, stirring the rich dark fluid in a narrow vessel."

"But he probably did not boil chocolate and pour it out to his customers, Nathan," protested his sister.

"Yes he did, in his early days. That was the way he laid the foundations of his fortune, and he never gave up the shop. Certain of his customers used to insist on old Kehlet making their chocolate for them. Oh, I see it all in my mind's eye."

By and by, in their wanderings they came to the grave of Andersen. Like the rest, it was quiet and unobtrusive. A neat Scotch granite stone stood in a small inclosure, in which, also, roses bloomed; there was ivy and a prickly thorn, and a border of box. On the stone was the inscription: —

DIGTEREN
HANS CHRISTIAN
ANDERSEN
F. 2den April 1805
D. 4de August 1875.

Den Sjæl Gud i sit Billede har skabt
Er uforkraenhelig kan ei gaae tabt
Vort Jordliv her er Evigheden's Frø
Vort Legem døer, men Sjælen kan ei døe.
(H. C. A.)

"Well, Uncle Philip," said Charles, "you are the linguist of the party. What does it mean?"

"I can translate the first part on the spot," said Mr. Van Wyck, "but I shall have to get my dictionary out for the last. It is evidently a verse out of one of Andersen's poems. Of course, the words above are clear enough: 'The poet Hans Christian Andersen, born April 2d, 1805; died August 4th, 1875.'"

"Why do they call him a poet, father? I thought he wrote stories."

"He wrote several volumes of poems, Sarah, but that was not the reason why he was called poet. If he had written only the little wonder-stories, which you know, he would still have been called poet. The Germans and the Scandinavians have a more generous and liberal interpretation of the word. They apply it to any one who invents romances, whether they are in prose or verse."

"The word is nearer the Greek, then, than in our own use," said Mr. Bodley. "At least, the fundamental meaning of poet and poem in Greek is the maker or creator, and the thing made."

"Don't you remember," said Mr. Van Wyck, "how Andersen himself, in the 'Story of my Life,' refers to the matter, and complains that when he called himself a poet as another man might call himself a painter, he brought ridicule upon himself?"

"Well, I think our distinction is right, after all," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "It may require us to be more discriminating in our language, and to say romancer where a Dane or a German would say poet; but if we save the word poet for persons whose distinction is that they have written real poetry, I think we make the word more exclusive and more dignified."

"But there are plenty of poor poets, Phippy," said her husband.

"Well, call those verse-makers, then."

"August 4th," said Charles, reading the words on the stone. "That was only a few days ago. What a pity we could not have been here then."

"Somebody else was here," said Sarah, "and left that wreath at the foot of the stone."

Yes, there lay a faded wreath, evidently left for a memorial by some friend; perhaps by one of those ladies who always kept fresh flowers in the vase on the poet's table.

"I am afraid I am only a verse-maker," said Mr. Van Wyck, that evening, as he produced his translation of the lines on Andersen's stone, "but I think I have hit the meaning," and he read the words:

"The soul, which in God's own image is made,
Was eternally born, — it never can fade;
Eternity's seed in our life doth lie, —
The body may fall, the soul cannot die."

"I think that is better on a tomb-stone than a reference to chocolate-making," said Mrs. Bodley.

"There 's a fitness in both, Blandina," said her husband. "Don't you see that the chocolate-maker might have had this thought, though he did not express it? Andersen was a poet, and so a bit of his poetry is on his stone."

"It would not have done," said Sarah, "to have put a chocolate-pot on Mr. Kehlet's stone."

CHAPTER IX.

RAMBLES IN COPENHAGEN.

Our travelers quite fell in love with Copenhagen, and yet it would be somewhat difficult to say in just what the charm of the place consisted. They strolled through its streets and entered its shops, visited museums and picture-galleries, and took their ease in the Hotel d'Angleterre.

"My only objection to the hotel is its name," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Why cannot these people get along without borrowing French words?"

"Yes, just as your favorite Boston, my dear, has its Hotel Vendôme."

"I admit that shame at once, Philip. It is without excuse, and it does not make this case any better. They have plenty of heroes in Denmark, besides, from whom they could name hotels."

"Yes, they could name one from Nils Juel, whose statue we saw this morning."

King Christian

"Or from King Christian. I have been humming to myself all day the first line of Longfellow's translation of the National Song of Denmark, —

"'King Christian stood by the lofty mast.'"

"Say it all, mother," said Sarah, "for it has something about our friend Nils Juel in it."

So Mrs. Van Wyck, with something of the ardor of the childish Phippy, stood up and recited, —

KING CHRISTIAN.

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES EVALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly:
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiol',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

"That is a spirited song!" said Mr. Bodley. "I used to wish that I belonged to a little nation like Denmark. It must be so much easier to make one's patriotism cover a small territory, than to spread it over a vast area like the United States, where one cannot possibly know, even in the most cursory fashion, the people of the different parts of the country."

"What treason, Nathan!" said his wife.

"You would find the disadvantage, Nathan," said Mr. Van Wyck, "of having everything measured by a small standard. Give me a big country with its great variety of life. One can never lack for large interests upon which to expend his thought in America."

"Oh, I am a proud American," said Mr. Bodley; "but I have my moments when America is too big for my imagination."

Our friends went one day to the Museum of Northern Antiquities. The Danes are justly proud of it, for it has grown rapidly from small beginnings until now it occupies a disused palace. Most of the old castles and palaces appeared to be put to the excellent use of holding museums and collections. The museum is arranged chronologically: one enters where examples of the older Stone Age are shown, and passes from one room to another, until he issues from the last apartment, which contains illustrations of the seventeenth century, below which the collection does not extend. The greater and more important part is devoted to antiquities before 1300. There was too much to see, and our friends walked past case after case of flint implements and primitive pottery. But in the fourth room, devoted to the Bronze Age, and containing chiefly the results of very extensive grave-searching, they stood fascinated before the remains of two men lying in boxes under glass covers. One of these, a young man of seventeen or twenty, who had not yet, as the catalogue coolly remarked, cut his wisdom teeth, had long, black hair; and the woolen covering, dug up with him, was drawn up to his nose.

"He looks as if he were trying very hard to keep warm," said Sarah; "but just look at this other, with his woolen night-cap on, lying calmly beneath his blanket."

"Just think of it!" said Charles. "The catalogue says they have been dead two thousand years, and here they are dug up to be stared at by all these people who are filing by! I think they might have been left in peace."

"They do not appear much disturbed," said Sarah.

In other rooms were many illustrations of religious art and service. There was one quaint application of native life in a church chandelier made of a pair of stag's horns. There was a picture of John the Baptist, in which the martyr holds his head obligingly near a brass platter, and the executioner holds a big butcher knife in both hands, ready to let it fall.

"I must say," said Mrs. Bodley, "I am glad to see most of these relics in a museum, rather than in a church, and to think that people can study them as part of the history of their ancestors, and not use them in their own worship."

"Yes," added her husband, "they seem as little suited to daily use as the stone hatchets and spear-heads that we have been looking at."

There were not many buildings in Copenhagen which called for special attention. The Exchange was a picturesque, red-brick building of the Dutch Renaissance style, surmounted by a twisted dragon spire; and one of the churches had a curious spiral staircase winding outside of the spire. Inside of this church the great organ rested on the backs of two carved wooden elephants. In another church which had a square interior, there were very few seats on the floor; but on each of the three sides were three galleries, with curtains before them, so that if the congregation chose, it could draw its curtains and go to sleep while the minister prosed in the pulpit on the fourth side. One of the churches — Trinity Church —

had a round tower connected with it. Once this tower was used as an observatory.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Bodley, "Tycho Brahe, whose statue we saw, used to take a squint at the stars from its top. At any rate we'll go up before we are statues and look down and off. When can we go, Philip? You keep the run of the sights."

"Between twelve and one," said that gentleman; and as it was then twelve, they all set off for the Round Tower. It stood before them, in full view as they looked up one of the thoroughfares, — a gigantic cylinder, with a small round house on the top, and quite devoid of any architectural beauty and ornament. The peculiarity of ascent was in the absence of any staircase. A broad, paved roadway wound up the tower, going round and round a central pillar, as a staircase might wind. The road was about twelve feet wide, and the people going up took the inner circle, while those coming down took the outer.

"I really believe," said Charles, "that one might drive to the top."

"To be sure," said his uncle. "Emperors and kings and queens and such people have amused themselves by driving up to the top. You see the grade is not so steep as that of many hills."

"I don't see what they would do if they met a carriage coming down!"

"Just as if," said Sarah, "one emperor would be driving up when another was driving down!"

Near the top the road ended, and one could not actually drive to the tip-top. There was a flight of broad stone steps, and then a narrow strip, and one stood outside upon a broad lookout surrounded by a railing. There were thirty or forty other people with them.

They looked off in every direction, recognizing buildings which they had visited; but the sky was not clear, and they could not see much beyond the confines of the city. They trotted down the pavement again, children racing past them. The walls, especially near the top, were scrawled over with names and dates. Rossini's was there in particularly bold letters.

"How queer one's legs feel," said Charles, "after trotting down a tall tower. I wonder if Tycho Brahe did n't sit down when he got to the bottom."

In their walk this day they passed again the present astronomical observatory, with the statue outside of Tycho Brahe. The boulevard, along which they walked, was the site of the old wall and moat which in ancient days surrounded the city. It made a singular dividing line, for upon one side were the old houses of the old town, upon the other side, facing them, the new houses of the brisker, newer, more Paris-like portion.

"How Paris does set the fashion in cities," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Everywhere, here in the north, in Christiania and Copenhagen and in other places where we have been, modern French ideas of architecture appear to prevail. I hope the people won't tear down all their old buildings to make room for French flats."

It was in the evening of this day that they visited Tivoli. Tivoli is a summer-garden to which all Copenhagen resorts, and it was easy to find the way by following the crowd. It was a children's day, and especial provision had been made for their entertainment. Jugglers and strong men went through their feats. The man was there who could lift a cannon and hold it when it was fired off, and could take two iron bars on his shoulders, hold a man astride of his neck, and then when two other men hung upon the ends of

the bars, could swing them round till their legs almost flew out horizontally. There were whirligigs, where, to the sound of music, children were riding with smiling faces upon horses which always pursued and never caught each other, or driving in chariots attached to equally swift steeds. Tyrolese, with exaggerated costumes, were singing jodels in a balcony; while the audience below sipped coffee and chocolate. There was a theatre in the open air. The stage only was under cover, and there were no seats before it, but the people stood upon a gentle slope. The drop scene was a great peacock's tail. The peacock faced the audience, and his tail covered the front of the stage. At a signal the tail divided in the middle, and fell aside, while the peacock descended into a trap, and a curtain rolled up, showing an interior. Two concerts were always in full blast in different parts of the garden, and everywhere were little cafés crowded with people drinking coffee or beer or chocolate.

"What in the world is this place?" exclaimed Charles, as they came to a great structure of boards, and heard a thunderous noise in it or on it. The building was perhaps a hundred and eighty feet in length. At each end were two towers, side by side, one perhaps forty, the other twenty-five feet in height, and they alternated at the two ends. That is, a tall tower stood opposite a short tower at the further end of the building, while a wave line connected the two.

"Do let 's go up," said Sarah, and the whole party, filled with curiosity, climbed the staircase in one of the tall towers, up which other people were going. They learned from a notice that this was a *Rutschban.*

"A rutschban?" said Mr. Van Wyck. "From the name and from the looks of the thing, it must be a Rush-railway."

They were in a small room, crowded with people, and they could look down the railway track. At the entrance stood a car on four small iron wheels, the car being very stout and holding two people, with plenty of room to spare. It stood upon rails, or rather its wheels were in grooves, and the course extended down the slope, marked by the wave lines which they had seen at the top of the

The Rutschban.

building, terminating in a rise at the opposite lower tower. Two people would get into the car, and a leathern boot would be buttoned over them. The car would be started down the incline by the attendant, and away it would go down the first slope, and by its impetus rise to the next height, go over and down and up again, at each rise pitching a little lower, until the last slope, when it rushed up the hill, bumped against a buffer, and the two travelers got out. The

car would then be seized, dragged aside, put upon a lift, hauled up to the higher tower at the side, and sent back with other passengers, or else empty, down a corresponding road terminating in a similar low tower by the side of the one from which it first started. Here it would be hoisted again into place, ready for a new round trip.

"O Phippy," said Mrs. Bodley, "how can people dare to go down that dreadful road? Just look at them!"

"Yes, just look at them," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "That gentleman getting in looks like a bank president; and there are a couple of lovers." For as fast as one car had rushed up the final slope, another was started down the first incline. The two people in a car would hold each other in. They almost lost their hats; they bowed and fell back upon the huge "thank you-ma'ams," as Sarah called them; they looked frightened, and they looked bold; they smiled, and they almost cried.

"No one seems to scream," said Mr. Bodley, "or else there is such a noise that we don't hear them. Come, Blandina, want a coast?"

"Would you, oh would you, Nathan?"

"Certainly, hop in."

"Phippy, you go first, and tell us how it feels," said the timid Mrs. Bodley.

"No, no," said Mr. Van Wyck, "that is n't fair. I 'll tell you what: we will all go in three successive cars, and wait for each other at the foot of the further tower. Sarah, you get in one with me. Charles, do you go with your Aunt Phippy; and Nathan, you can follow with Blandina. Will you do it?"

They all nodded, and Mr. Van Wyck and Sarah boldly got into the first car which stood ready. They paid their fare, about two and a half cents apiece, and Mr. Van Wyck, with one arm about

Sarah, jammed his hat down over his brow, turned and smiled frigidly as they started, then turned quickly and looked straight ahead as they thundered down the slope.

"Is n't it awful?" gasped Sarah. She felt that thrilling sensation in the pit of her stomach which one has in a swing when descending, and then they shot up the slope, but oh! they went down another, and she was sure her hair stood on end, if it ever did, as she saw the abyss before her. There was no stopping; a moment's delicious reprieve came at the summit of each rise, but it was followed by a headlong plunge, and finally, with one wild rush, the car flew up the last incline. Sarah and her father staggered down the staircase of the tower. They had intended to watch the others come, but they forgot their intention; they had an uneasy longing to get their feet on terra firma. In a few moments they were joined by the others, and they all looked as if they had lost their wits.

"Well!" said Mrs. Bodley, and she could say nothing more.

"It is an awful joy!" said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"It is simply fiendish," said Sarah.

"Come, come," said Mr. Bodley. "I would n't have missed it for anything."

"And I would n't go through it again for anything," said Mr. Van Wyck.

"How did you like it, Charles?" asked his mother.

"I 'd like to try it again," said that youth.

"O Charles!" said Sarah, "do you want to look any whiter?"

The Rutschban was such a climax that they were all willing to saunter toward the gate and make their way toward the hotel.

"How thoroughly," said Mr. Bodley, "all the people seemed to be enjoying themselves."

"Yes," said his wife, "and how decorous they were, and how heartily they applauded all the music and all the acting. The Danes must be a very sociable people."

"I am afraid we could not have anything of the kind in New York," said Mrs. Van Wyck; "and yet there are Gardens there, and I suppose just such entertainments."

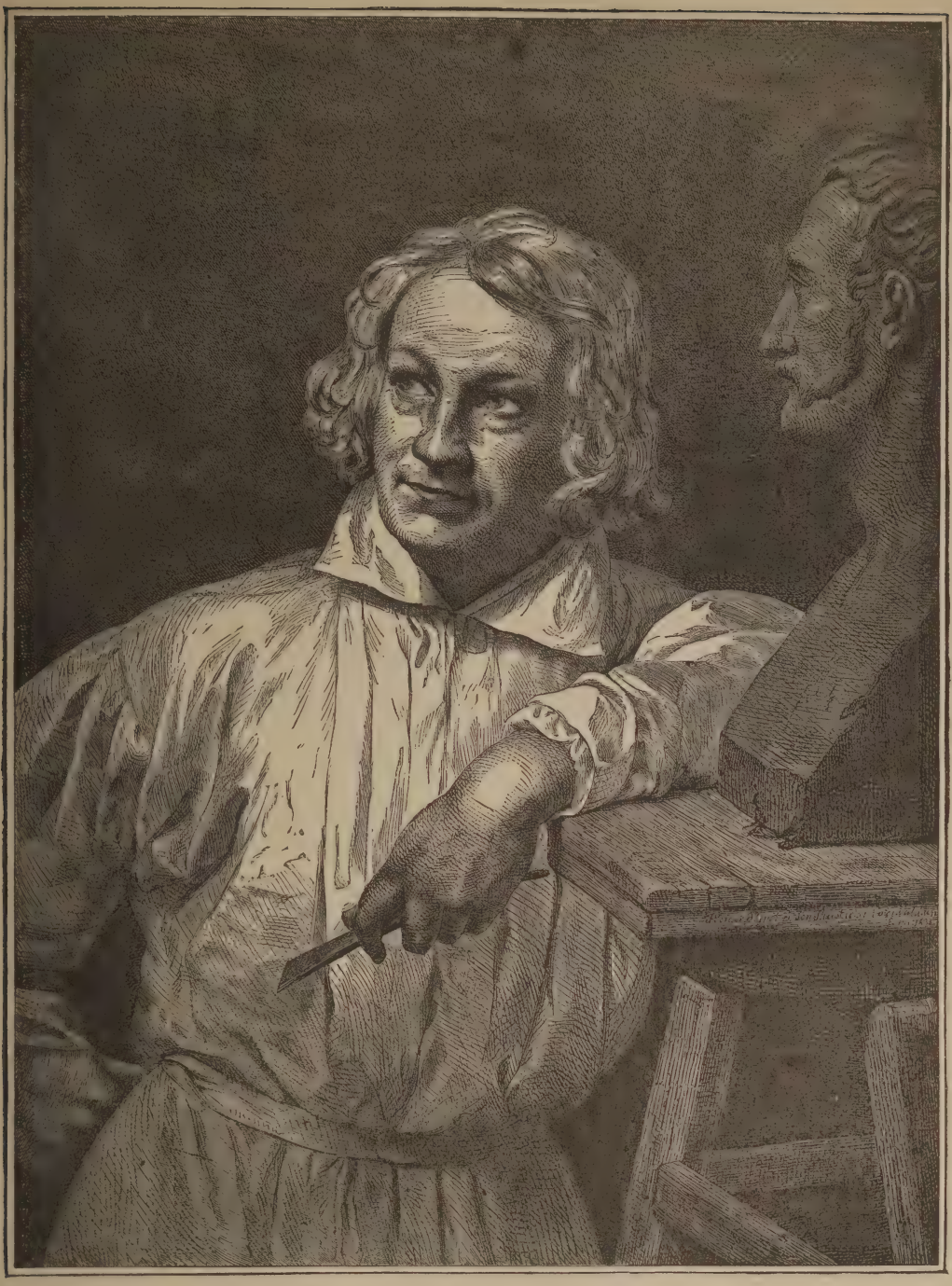
"Has it occurred to you, Phippy," said her husband, "that we were the only foreigners at Tivoli? Think of living in a city like Copenhagen, where all the people are of your own race and kin! If there are lower classes, they are not foreigners; they are not separated from you by that difference."

"Philip is right," said Mr. Bodley. "The Danes are very democratic in their amusements, and there are, I am told, absolutely no places which have a class distinction. At Tivoli we have seen the richest and gentlest beside the poorest and humblest. Any one who can pay a few öre can go inside, and everybody goes. It all turns on this in my mind: that there is no foreign population to speak of in Copenhagen, and especially that the poorest are still Danes, as their fathers were before them."

"Yes, it will be a long time before our new and old Americans will have to find distinctions by going back to their ancestors. There are no longer Dutch and English in New York. One day there will not be Americans and Germans and Irish, for we can't help continuing to call these new-comers, no matter how good Americans they mean to be, by the names they brought with them."

"For my part," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "I think we shall be all Americans when we play together, and not when we vote together."

"Wise Phippy!" said her husband. "You are talking almost in epigrams!"



THORWALDSEN, THE SCULPTOR.

CHAPTER X.

BERTEL THORWALDSEN.

"How many people in Copenhagen have their names ending in *sen*," said Charles one day. "I looked at the shop-signs this morning, and it seemed as though every other one was Andersen or Olsen or Pedersen or Hansen, or some other sen."

"Don't you remember Andersen's little story," said his mother, "called 'Children's Prattle'? There was a large children's party, and one of the little girls said that people whose names ended in sen were nobodies, whereupon another little girl whose father's name was Madsen became very angry, and a poor boy who had been turning the spit for the cook and overheard the talk, grew very sorrowful, for his name ended in sen. By and by, Andersen says, all these children had grown up, and the little boy whose name ended in sen was the most famous of all of them, for he was Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor."

"I wonder," said Mr. Van Wyck, "if Andersen did not get that story from Thorwaldsen. They were good friends, you know. There is another of his stories in which Thorwaldsen figures, — the story of 'Holger the Dane.' An old grandfather, a ship-carver, tells his grandson about the mythic Holger, who sleeps in the crypt of Kronborg Castle, clad in iron and steel, his head bowed on his arm, while his hair has grown to the marble table on which he rests. Every Christmas Eve an angel comes and tells him that his dreams of a happy Denmark are true, and that he may sleep on in quiet; but when Denmark is in real danger, Holger will rouse himself, and

strike a blow for freedom. So the old grandfather falls into a reverie and tells his little boy of famous Danes who have been great on land and sea, and the last whom he names is Bertel Thorwaldsen, the son of a figure-head carver, like himself."

The Old Ship-Carver and his Grandson.

"I remember also," said Mr. Bodley, "how Andersen, in his autobiography, tells of Thorwaldsen clapping him on the shoulder in the twilight, when they were staying at a friend's house, and saying, 'Are not we little folks to have a story to-night?'"

It was after this chat that our friends went to visit Our Lady's Church, where was a series of statues by Thorwaldsen. The church is one of great simplicity and bareness, but built with a massiveness which gives it a certain dignity. It has one long, broad, and high nave, surmounted by a barrel vault, marked off in blue squares. Galleries also run round the church; and above the gallery, as one enters at the west door, is a large organ reaching to the ceiling. The effect of the interior is greatly increased by the arrangement of Thorwaldsen's statues, which constitute the attraction of the church. In the apse, as an altar-piece, is the Christ. The Twelve Apostles, St. Paul taking the place of Judas, are arranged, six on a side, down the church; and, above the Christ, in the semicircular apse, is a bas-

relief cornice representing the procession to Calvary, the figures full of life and boldness.

"Have n't I seen that statue of the Saviour before?" asked Sarah, as they stood in front of it.

"To be sure," said her father. "We have seen it several times in copies in Norway and Denmark, and I believe it is common in Sweden also. It has taken its place as the Scandinavian representation of the Saviour. It is a distinct embodiment of the Lutheran or Protestant conception."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bodley, eagerly, "it is the Friend instead of the Sufferer."

The figure stands with head slightly bowed, the hands extended, not in pain as on the cross, but in invitation and in benediction.

"It is not so much Thorwaldsen's idea of the Christ," said Mr. Van Wyck, "as it is his record of a conception common to multitudes of minds impregnated by Protestant teaching. It does not suggest physical suffering, nor emotion altogether, but it is largely intellectual. He is addressing the minds as well as the hearts of men."

"After all," interrupted Mr. Bodley, "Thorwaldsen brought his love of Greek art into this conception. This is a Greek statue. It is perfectly balanced. See how the hands answer to each other; notice the parted hair, the divided beard, the unfailing regularity of features and form."

They lingered longest before the central figure, and they looked also at the font which was formed by a kneeling angel in marble, holding out a sea-shell. The apostles were distinguished by their characteristics or by the symbols of their life.

"How quickly," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "one runs out of one's

special knowledge of the apostles, and has to know them by some label. Here is the rugged Peter, now. No one would hesitate over him; and the eloquent Paul."

"And here is the doubting Thomas, with his chin resting on his hand," said Mrs. Bodley, "and the seraphic John."

"But you would hardly know the others," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "if they did not have something in the nature of labels, like Andrew with his particular kind of cross, and James with his pilgrim staff and hat, Simon Zelotes with his saw, and Thaddeus with his axe."

"That is hardly our fault. The Bible does not give us much help in individualizing them."

"I don't think Thorwaldsen troubled himself to look farther than for the conventional type," said Mr. Van Wyck. "A man who had brooded over the New Testament and made it part of his deepest life would not have been satisfied with such external representations. Don't you remember the figures of apostles and prophets by Shields in the windows at Eaton Hall, near Chester, in England? There was work of a different sort."

From Our Lady's Church our friends thought they would go to the Thorwaldsen Museum, and so make a Thorwaldsen day of it. They had frequently passed the museum before, and had stopped to spell out the fading frescoes upon the outside, but had not as yet entered it. The building was erected by the city to receive the collection of his own works and of those of other artists belonging to him, which Thorwaldsen had bequeathed to the city. Here, also, the remains of Thorwaldsen had been brought for burial.

"You see," said Mr. Van Wyck, "the building is a tomb as well as art-gallery, and that accounts for its somewhat gloomy and forbidding look."

"It reminds me of the Tombs in New York," said Mr. Bodley.

"How queer these pictures on the walls are," said Charles. "Here are men lowering Thorwaldsen's marbles from the ship, and here is the way people are receiving the statues." In fact the frescoes, which ran about the outside of the building at the height of one's head, contained a history of Thorwaldsen's triumphant reception by the city.

Our friends entered the building and found that there was an open court in the centre, about which were halls and corridors filled with Thorwaldsen's works in marble or in plaster, and also in sketches for sculpture. They walked at first all through the rooms just to get a preliminary notion of the contents.

Thorwaldsen in his old age.

"What an astounding fertility he had," exclaimed Mr. Bodley.

"Yes, but do you not notice," said Mr. Van Wyck, "how the same subjects recur again and again, sometimes in plaster, sometimes in marble? I wish they had grouped the works differently. If they had gathered, for instance, into one room all the copies they have here of his treatment of Amor and Psyche, it would have been very interesting."

"I think the loveliest thing here," said his wife, "is this group of Amor and Psyche united in heaven. How exquisitely tender and fine!"

"And you must have noticed his series of Amor's dominion over the world. In heaven he is on Jupiter's eagle with a thunderbolt; on earth he is the lion-tamer with Hercules' club; on the sea he is borne by a dolphin with the trident of Neptune; and in Hades he is the tamer of Cerberus. By the bye, Charles, who was Amor, of whom Thorwaldsen is so fond?"

"Why, Love, I suppose."

"Just so. Thorwaldsen fell in love with the classic fable, and delighted in repeating it in all manner of forms. He had not much originality, but he had an exquisite sense of beauty, and he was quite satisfied to do over and over again the old Greek fancies."

"I will tell you what I was most interested in," said Sarah. "It was to see the originals of Night and Day. I have seen plaster casts of those works ever since I can remember."

"Yes, I suppose they hang over thousands of bedsteads in the United States," said her Uncle Nathan, philosophically; "simply thousands."

"How graceful his work is," said Mrs. Bodley. "His dancing girls really do dance."

"There is little that is not suggested by Greek art and story," said Mr. Van Wyck, "except the portrait statues, but here is a curious illustration of the story of Adam and Eve."

These two persons are represented as seated together while Adam holds Abel on his knee. An altar fire burns near. Abel holds an apple in his uplifted hand, and Cain, who is on the ground, spurns another apple with his foot, while he is eager to get Abel's away from him. The serpent looks on complacently."

"Odd, is n't it?" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "It looks as if Thorwaldsen tried to produce in marble the opposite of a Holy Family."

THORWALDSEN'S GRAVE IN THE COURTYARD OF THE MUSEUM

After they had looked until they were tired at the white statues and other pieces of sculpture they entered the courtyard, decorated in Pompeian style, and looked at the grave of Thorwaldsen, covered with roses and evergreen.

"What a fine resting-place!" said Mr. Van Wyck; "and what a noble monument to raise over one's grave. I really do not think of another sepulchre so fine. Think of an artist buried thus in the midst of his works!"

"It would be like Cousin Ned buried in a library," remarked Charles, gravely.

"But it would have to be a library composed entirely of his own writings," said his cousin.

"Well, if he published ten books, as he says he is going to, and each book sold ten thousand copies, and all the copies were collected into one building" —

"Come away," said Sarah, impatiently. "Charles is losing his head. Whoever heard of an author buying back all his books after he had sold them!"

"See!" said Mrs. Bodley, "from where we are we can see into the hall where the copies of Christ and the Twelve Apostles are." They could get just a glimpse of the majestic figures, and it was a pleasant last sight as they turned away.

Before they returned to their hotel our friends made a call upon the establishment of the Widow Ipsen, to see the terra cotta for which the house is famous. Here were many reproductions of Thorwaldsen's work in miniature, but they found themselves looking with most interest upon some little figures of the Sandman with his umbrella, and the little Match-Girl.

"After all," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "how we come back to Ander-

sen! This little Sandman is a droll figure, but we should not think much of it did it not at once recall to us Andersen's story of 'Ole Luck Öie.' I really must get it."

"Well, Phippy, if you will get a Sandman, I will get a little Match-Girl," said Mrs. Bodley.

"I have no doubt you can get them in half-a-dozen places in New York," said Mr. Bodley.

"Yes, but that is different from getting them in one place in Copenhagen, in Andersen's city."

They went, also, to the Royal Porcelain Works, and brought away a plaque with Andersen's profile on it, looking for all the world like Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Bodley said.

"This is really a pious pilgrimage," said his sister. "We haven't actually made any discoveries about Andersen; but I can't help thinking we owe something to the excellent man; and I haven't the remotest notion how else to pay the debt, except by walking about in the streets where he walked."

"But all this lingering in his haunts does help to make his stories real," said Mr. Van Wyck. "It is like one's visit to London after reading Dickens's stories. One may then go home and read them all over again with new zest."

"It is more like going to Salem to make sure of Hawthorne," said Mrs. Bodley; "for Dickens's London is a more real place than the actual London."

"Or like going to Acadia to hunt for the footsteps of Evangeline," said Mr. Bodley. "For my part, I don't think it is Andersen's characters that we look for in Copenhagen, but Andersen himself."

"It is a wonder to me," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "that the poets

and historians have not made more of Denmark than they have. I don't mean, of course, Danish poets and historians, but English and Americans. They are really near cousins to us."

"Did n't Shakespeare write 'Hamlet?'" asked Sarah.

"Yes, but there is as much Denmark in the drama as there is Italy in 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.'"

"Individual Danes have been very important," said Mr. Bodley; "but Denmark itself has not played a very significant part in the drama of history. I suppose that is the reason why Motley chose Holland, and no one seems to have chosen Denmark. Yet the Danes are really much more interesting than the Dutch."

"Longfellow has not forgotten Denmark," said Mr. Van Wyck. "He evidently brought away pleasant associations with Danish life, to judge from his poem, 'To an Old Danish Song-Book.'"

"Now begin, father," said Sarah. "Listen, all; father has put down his eye-glasses. It 's a sure sign of a lecture or a poem."

"I've a good mind to give you a private lecture, Sarah, upon respect to parents."

"Oh, my dear father, I more than respect you, — I love you."

"Well, for that astounding declaration you shall be rewarded by hearing the poem."

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

Welcome, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside,
While the sullen gales of autumn
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art;
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,
As the russet, rain-molested
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine
Scattered from hilarious goblets,
As the leaves with the libations
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
Days departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I wandered
By the Baltic, —

When I paused to hear
The old ballad of King Christian
Shouted from suburban taverns
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,
Who, in solitary chambers,
And with hearts by passion wasted,
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes
Where thy songs of love and friendship
Made the gloomy Northern winter
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Skald,
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,
Chanted staves of these old ballads
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Hamlet,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
Sang them in their smoky barracks ;—
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend;
They, alas! have left thee friendless!
Yet at least by one warm fireside
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,
So thy twittering songs shall nestle
In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestation,
And recalling by their voices
Youth and travel.

"What a pity that we could not carry away from Copenhagen something which would bring back as many memories," exclaimed Mrs. Bodley.

"There is your Sandman with his umbrella," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Does n't Andersen make him a delightful story-teller? I fancy that when you catch sight of him on your shelf at home there will be an instantaneous recollection of ever so many Copenhagen scenes. The only thing wanting will be your power to make a poem in words."

The Sandman.

"How constantly Longfellow recurs to the north in his poetry," said Mr. Van Wyck. "He seems to have far more kinship with it than with the south."

"It is the attraction of opposites, I think," said Mr. Bodley, "as I believe I have said before. Not that Longfellow has much of a torrid zone in him, but his gentleness lays hold of the ruggedness and fierceness of the north, and then by a natural association anything connected with Scandinavia interests him."

"Well, I am sorry to leave Copenhagen," sighed Mrs. Bodley, who was moving about the room, putting up various articles.

"When were n't you sorry to leave a place, mother?" asked Charles.

"But Copenhagen is such a home-like spot," she argued, "and I am used to it now."

"I am glad for my part," said Sarah energetically, "that we are bound homeward. I am almost reluctant to go to Odense, since it seems like turning our steps backward."

"Yet go to Odense we must," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "We are on an Andersen pilgrimage. If we have seen his burial-place we certainly must see his birthplace."

CHAPTER XI.

ANDERSEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

It was an early start which our friends made for Odense, for they had limited themselves to a single day, meaning to take the town on their way out of Denmark. They did not need to return to Copenhagen; they would go on their way as far as Korsör, and then, leaving their baggage, take a flying trip across the Great Belt to Odense and back, in time to take the night boat from Korsör to Kiel.

"All along the way we ought to see traces of Andersen," said Mr. Van Wyck; "for he came from Odense to Copenhagen when he was a boy."

"But not by rail," said his wife.

"No, he traveled with the driver of a post-carriage who was returning from Odense to Copenhagen."

"Look!" said Sarah, suddenly. "I have seen the first memorial of Andersen," and she pointed to five storks which were perched upon the roof of a barn past which the train was whizzing.

"Well done, Sarah," said her father. "I have been looking for a stork on a roof ever since we came to Denmark, and here you have seen five all at once."

The Memorial Storks.

They reached Roeskilde in less than an hour, and caught a glimpse of the cathedral in which Denmark's kings are buried; they passed Sorö, a pretty, wooded place by a lake, where the Danish author Ingemann had lived; and they came to Slagelse.

"Here is where Andersen was sent to school by Collin, his Copenhagen friend," said Mr. Van Wyck. "You remember he went up to Copenhagen to seek his fortune, and after two years of varying experience fell in with Mr. Collin, who befriended him. Andersen, with his childish ignorance, thought he could at once make a place for himself in the theatre, and he was ready for anything, to sing or play or to write a play. The rich people to whom he went amused themselves for a while with the odd little fellow; but Collin took a more substantial interest in him, saw that he had genius, but no training, and so sent him to school."

"And he went to school here in Slagelse?"

"Yes, and it must have been a lively place. He says that when he arrived late in the evening at the inn, he asked the landlady if there was anything remarkable in town, and she replied, 'Yes, a new English fire-engine and Pastor Bastholm's library.'"

"We won't stop for those celebrities," said Mr. Bodley.

"No; if we stopped at all, I should want to go to the top of a hill near Slagelse, where there stands or stood a cross of St. Anders, and where Andersen used to go and gaze across the Belt to Fünen and think of home and dream of being a poet. I think the home-sickness of men of genius has not received sufficient attention."

At last the train stopped at Korsör, and here our friends deposited their baggage and took the steamboat which was to carry them across the Great Belt, a distance of eight or ten miles. Half way across was an island, Sprogö, with a light-house upon it; on the other side of the Great Belt was Nyborg. Here they took another train, and just at noon entered Odense.

"I suspect there is not much to see here," said Mr. Bodley, "and I, for one, am ready for a stroll. Of course we must see Andersen's house, and if he has celebrated anything, why, Philip, we depend upon you for pointing it out."

"We shall not see the house where Andersen was born," said Mr. Van Wyck. "That was pulled down some time ago, to make room for a fine building; but they have kept the house where he spent his childhood. You remember" —

"Now, Philip, that is very polite of you. I notice you always begin your little lectures on Andersen in that way. For my part I don't remember, and you may tell me anything you like as a new fact."

"Very well, then. Hans Christian Andersen" —

"Stop, father," said Sarah, suddenly. "There he is now, or rather his shop."

"Well, Sarah, you make all the discoveries to-day," laughed her father, as they stood and looked with amusement upon a house-furnishing store kept, as the sign said, by H. C. Andersen. "Andersen is a common enough name; but the combination of letters is a coincidence."

"Our Andersen furnished houses, I am sure," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "What would a house be without his stories, and especially without his suggestion of the animation of furniture. When I was a child and read about the top and darning-needle and tin soldiers and all the other odd little characters, I fell to making the legs of the chairs and sofas talk with each other and dance about. I remember distinctly a party in which all the parlor furniture took part, and in which a kitchen chair, which had got in by accident, wept bitterly for mortification over the treatment it received. — But go on, Philip; I interrupted you."

"We all interrupted him," said Sarah. "Do, father, begin at the beginning, and tell us about Andersen's birth."

"Don't you remember?" began that gentleman. "No, you don't, I remember. Well, Andersen begins his 'Story of my Life,' or really 'Wonder-Story,' more accurately, in these words: 'My life is a lovely story, happy and full of incident. If, when I was a boy, and went forth into the world poor and friendless, a good fairy had met me and said: "Choose now thy own course through life and the object for which thou wilt strive, and then, according to the development of thy mind, and as reason requires, I will guide and defend thee to its attainment," my fate could not, even then, have been

directed more happily, more prudently, or better.' Then he tells how his father was a poor shoemaker, who had made a bedstead out of the wooden frame which had borne the coffin of a deceased count; and on this funereal bedstead, with some of the remnants of the black cloth still attached to the frame, Andersen was born. When he was still a child, his father died; and when Andersen's mother was married again, they moved to Monk-Mills Street, where they had a little, narrow garden. Now, the first thing we must find is Monk-Mills Street, and I think it must be near St. Knud's Church, for Andersen says he lived in St. Knud's parish."

It was an easy matter to find the church, and as they walked about studying the signs of the streets, a little boy, who had been watching them, pulled off his cap, made a bow, and offered to show them Andersen's house, for he could readily see that the strangers were in search of it. They were, in fact, close by it, and Sarah, as usual, was the first to discover it. A little house projected a few feet from its neighbor, and a tablet on the projecting wall bore the inscription: —

Til dette Hus
Knytte sig
Digteren
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN
Kjæreste Barndoms minder.

Odense Commune satte denne steen
Den 2d April 1875
Digteren's 70 aarige Födselsdag.

"Now for the English of it, Philip," said Mr. Bodley.

"Very well, I will render it inscription-wise, and you can imagine the long and short lines like those on the tablet."

With this house
The Poet
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN
associated
The fondest recollections of his childhood.

The Odense municipality placed this stone here
April 2, 1875,
The Poet's seventieth birthday.

"Don't you — I 'll begin again. On Andersen's seventieth birthday his native town was illuminated and gave him a brilliant festival. He closes his autobiography with an account of it, and reckons it the proudest moment of his life. An old woman in his childhood had prophesied that he would be a famous man and that Odense would be illuminated in his honor, and the prophecy came true."

"I wonder how many old women have made similar prophecies," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "which have forgotten to come true. But how Andersen must have enjoyed the ovation."

"He would have enjoyed it heartily, no doubt, if he had not suffered all the time from toothache. There is something very grotesque in the way in which he tells how this humiliating physical torture interfered with the intoxication of the hour. 'I stepped to the open window,' he says; 'there was a blaze of light from the torches; the place was quite full of people. They sang, and I was overcome in my soul. I was physically overcome, indeed, and could not enjoy this summit of fortune in my life. The toothache was intolerable; the icy air which rushed in at the window made it blaze up into a terrible pain, and in place of fully enjoying the good fortune of these minutes, which never would be repeated, I looked at

the printed song to see how many verses there were to be sung before I could slip away from the torture which the cold air sent through my teeth. It was the pitch of suffering; when the flames of the torches piled together sank down, then my pain decreased. How thankful was I to God!'"

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "And how like a child to tell all about it!"

"Uncle Philip," said Charles, "what kind of shop does J. J. Schmidt keep?" J. J. Schmidt was the name on the sign-board which decorated Andersen's house.

"Furniture and bedclothes, Charles, as I make it out."

"I wonder why it is," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "that houses in which great men have been born usually drop in the social scale."

"That is natural enough," said her brother. "Great men usually are born with iron spoons in their mouths, and when we come to look at their houses, we drop from the height to which these great men have risen. Let 's go and look at St. Knud's Church. I don't care to go inside of a house which has been altered so much as this evidently has been."

"The surroundings have been altered, rather than the house itself," said Mr. Van Wyck; "there used to be a garden, — a little narrow garden, and a path leading down to the river, — but here is a street cutting across, so that there can be no lane leading straight from the house to the river."

They went to St. Knud's Church, and looked in vain for the grave of Andersen's father in the church-yard. The church was either entirely new or so restored as to show little sign of age, but in the crypt were many old grave-stones and tablets, some apparently removed from places they had formerly occupied. Here, also, was the wooden coffin of Saint Knud himself.

"Phippy," said Mr. Bodley, "do you remember a visit we made, when children, to Newburyport? We drove there with father and mother and Lucy, and Ned rode horseback."

"I was just this moment thinking of the very journey, Nathan, and I know what put it into your head. You were reminded by St. Knud of those awful remains of Whitfield which they showed us."

"Just so. This poor saint has the same mahogany head-piece that Whitfield had."

"I should think they might have let out a tuck in his shroud."

The shroud covered all the bones except those at the end of his stubby legs. The saint was under a glass cover, so that he could be examined easily; and beside him was his brother, whose head showed even more dilapidation, being quite caved in. The rest of his bones were laid artlessly in a pile on the top of his shroud.

"He was restless in the night," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"Do come away, Phippy," said Mrs. Bodley. "I really think this is not fit for the children to see."

"Father," asked Sarah, "was the old gentleman whom we saw just now any relation to the King Canute who made that remarkable speech to his courtiers, when he sat in his rocking-chair on the beach? The name sounds like it."

"My dear child, you must leave your American style at home when you cross the water. Yes, Canute and Knud are all the same. The saint down-stairs was a grand-nephew of King Canute, or Knud, as the Danes call him. He meant to dispute the possession of England with William the Conqueror, but William succeeded in sowing dissension among Knud's followers, and the army and fleet never crossed to England. Knud was killed when kneeling before the altar in a church which stood here, and has since disappeared. His brother, whom we saw by his side, died defending him."

"How near we came to being Danes!" said Charles.

Our friends strolled about the neighborhood of the church, and to their delight found the spot described by Andersen in his story of "The Bell's Hollow," where the bell flew from the church spire and sank into the deepest part of the Odense River, where it still rings, and can be heard at times, the people say, when some one is to die. They went back to Andersen's house, and, keeping down the road which ran near it, turned toward the river again. They came upon a long, rambling house, which had a curious inscription over the door: —

Et dobbelt nyttigt Huus som dobbelt nytte bringer
Det lærer flittighed og Bitteriet tringer.
Vor store Friderich vor Konge eye god
Paa begge deele har saa viislig raadet bod.
1752.

"I don't remember anything about this in Andersen," said Mrs. Bodley, looking hard at the old house.

"Nor I," said her brother, "unless it should be the 'House of Correction,' which used to frighten him and fascinate him so."

"What does the verse say, Philip?" asked Mr. Bodley. "I can read the 1752 part."

"Give me a few minutes and I will translate it for you, though the words don't look to me quite right."

"You see, Blandina," said Mrs. Van Wyck, shaking her parasol at her, "he is getting to be a very profound scholar. He professes to be deep in the Odense variation of the Danish tongue."

In a few minutes Mr. Van Wyck produced, with some doubt in his mind, the following lines: —

"Twice useful is that house which double use permits,
Lessons it gives to giddy youth, and checks the sharper wits.

Frederick the Great, our King, as good as he was brave,
On both these points his wisest counsel gave."

"Rather enigmatical," said Mrs. Van Wyck, with a critical air. "Still it might answer for a House of Correction where boys were taught before they were wicked, and men were corrected after they were wicked. But why lug in our great, brave, and good king?"

"Perhaps he built the house."

They found the river again, flowing now at the foot of some gardens, and looking very much as Andersen described it. "What sort of a river is it?" he asks. "Every child in the town of Odense knows it. It flows round the foot of the gardens, from the lochs to the water-mill, away under the wooden bridges. In the river grew yellow water-lilies, brown, feather-like reeds, and the soft, velvet-like bulrushes, so high and so large. Old, split willow-trees, bent and twisted, hang far over the water by the side of the monks' meadows and the bleaching greens; but a little above is garden after garden, the one very different from the other: some with beautiful flowers and arbors, clean and in prim array, like dolls' villages; some only filled with cabbages; while in others there are no attempts at a garden to be seen at all, only great elder-trees stretching themselves out, and hanging over the running water, which here and there is deeper than an oar can fathom."

"This is about where Andersen must have come down from his house," said Mr. Van Wyck, eying the neighborhood carefully.

"Oh, joy!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Van Wyck. "Just look!" and she pointed to the water near them in silent admiration.

"The Ugly Duckling!" said Sarah.

To be sure! At any rate, a brood of young ducks had taken to the water, and were engaged in spitefully pecking at a forlorn creature in the party.

"At the foot of Andersen's garden!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. "This was truly worth coming to Odense to see."

They all watched the scene with the greatest interest.

"Fortunately," said Mrs. Bodley, "I never saw a young swan, and so I have no scruples about believing this unfortunate little creature to be Andersen's Ugly Duckling."

"How readily people have taken the story as a parable of Andersen's own life!" said Mr. Van Wyck. "For my part, I do not believe that he wrote the story with any suspicion of its truthfulness

The Ugly Duckling ventures into the World.

as a picture of his life. He may easily have seen just such a sight as this, have caught the fancy, and worked it out sympathetically. If he had thought much about himself he would very likely have spoiled the story by betraying his self-consciousness. After it was all done, and people talked about it, very likely he saw the coincidence."

They lingered about the river, but were warned that they had not much time left, and so strolled back into the town.

"What quantities of cheap shoes seem to be made here!" said Charles.

"Do you know," said his mother, "I am going to buy a pair of the first shoemaker I see;" and it was not long before they came to a humble shop, — just such a shop. Mrs. Bodley said, as Andersen's father might have worked in. She bought a pair of small shoes, such as a child might wear, with coarse leather tops and wooden soles. They only cost the equivalent of twenty-five cents, and certainly were not elegant.

"Why did you buy those shoes, Aunt Blandina?" asked Sarah.

"It was a sudden freak, child. I happened to think that Andersen's earliest recollections were of his shoemaker father, and then I thought of his story of 'The Red Shoes,' which fascinated me when I was a child. We had a gloomily-bound row of 'Littell's' in the book-case. This story was in one of them, and I used to take it down and read it till I felt a cold chill creep down my back."

"Your shoes are a rival to mine, which I got at Scheveningen," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "They are about the same size, only mine are wooden throughout."

"But mine have the shadow of an association."

"To be sure. And I really think we have worn Andersen pretty much to a shadow. Well, Denmark is a dear little country, and I should like to come again when Philip has learned the language perfectly, — perfectly, Philip, — and travel to the sea-coast of Jutland."

"Father does know the language very well," said Sarah, stoutly. "We don't have a bit of trouble."

"That's right, Sarah. I can count on you to believe in me. Really, by piecing out my Danish with a little French or German and an occasional English word, I have made it last. You are right, Phippy. We must come some day and see the sand-hills of Jutland."

They were rolling out of Odense now and on their way to Nyborg. Again they crossed the Great Belt, and at Korsör had time for a good supper before they needed to take their places on board the Fyen, which was to carry them to Kiel. The boat was waiting for the Copenhagen train, and so our friends had time to stow themselves away before the crowd came tramping on board, and soon after the steamer had got under way they were sound asleep, at the end of their long day.

CHAPTER XII.

THE END OF JOURNEYING.

THE blowing of the whistle the next morning brought our friends early on deck, to find that the whistle was a fog-warning whistle. The men were throwing the lead, and there were various signs that the boat was feeling its way. The dense fog forbade any view of the harbor, and they could make out nothing until they were securely at the dock. A walk through the streets to the station showed mingled signs of German and Danish occupation; but after the travelers were on board the train bound for Hamburg, there came to be a marked change in the aspect of things.

"Everything seems to be on a bigger scale," said Mr. Bodley. "The railroad and all its equipments seem to be more solid. The buildings and farm-houses have the air of greater wealth and solidity."

"Yes," said Mr. Van Wyck, "and see those great, heavily-loaded vans on the neighboring tracks. They give one a notion of great energy."

"No wonder. We are in Germany."

The party had been to Hamburg before, but were not sorry to renew old impressions. They were still more glad to enter Holland by the same route which they had taken at the same time the year before. They spent a few days in the towns, visited Belgium also, and then crossed to England, where they had two or three weeks before they should sail for home. They spent a couple of days with their English kinsfolk at Salisbury, and at last, upon the 28th of September, set sail from Liverpool in one of the steamers of the Allan line, bound for Quebec and Montreal.

"It is exactly a year," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "since we bade Cousin Ned good-by on this very steamer. That is, he sailed on the last Thursday in September, and so do we."

"Why do we go home this way, father?" asked Charles Bodley. "I should think you would sail direct for New York or for Boston."

"Do you want to know why we chose this way? Your mother and Aunt Phippy have so often expressed a desire to go home by land that we thought we would gratify them."

"Nonsense, Nathan," said his wife. "You know you said you wanted to go by the north of Ireland, so as to see the Giant's Causeway."

"Two reasons are better than one, my dear; we can share them between us."

"Is there less water this way?" asked Sarah.

"You can easily see by reference to the map that the distance from land to land is shorter than by any other route. Sometimes these steamers are only out of sight of land four days."

"That is all very well," said Mr. Van Wyck, "if the weather is clear; but I should n't like to make the Strait of Belle Isle in a fog."

"Oh, we shall not have any fog at this season of the year," said the cheerful Mr. Bodley.

"I 'll tell you what I should like to do," said Charles. "I 'd like to follow in the footprints of our Viking ancestors and skip across from Norway to Iceland, then from Iceland to Greenland, and then stumble on America."

"What a splashing you would make if you followed in their footprints!" said Sarah.

"Well," said Mr. Bodley, "the route we take is the nearest to that. It was a good while before the early voyagers ventured to sail directly across the Atlantic. They either coasted down to the Canaries and then crossed, or they did very much what Charles wants to do."

They did not see the Giant's Causeway after all, for the steamer passed it after dark, and they were more than four days from land to land, for they had head-winds and storms which delayed them; but early on Friday of the week following their departure they were roused by a movement on deck, and found they were in sight of land. It was Belle Isle covered with snow. Part of the coast of Labrador also was visible, looking very cold and cheerless under its white covering. They were soon in the strait, and all the morning watched the land, never very far away; but in the afternoon it be-

gan to recede. On Saturday morning the southeast corner of Anticosti came in sight, and then the steamer struck across the gulf for the south shore of the river St. Lawrence. The wind was blowing freshly from the southwest, chopping the water and causing the steamer to twist and stumble in a most uncomfortable fashion. At last in the middle of the afternoon high bluffs came in sight, and then everybody knew that as soon as the steamer came under shelter of them neither wind nor water would vex them much.

So it proved. At dinner-time they were in quiet waters, steaming up the river, past little settlements which looked very winning.

"How good this smell is!" said Mrs. Van Wyck, sniffing the fragrance of deciduous trees, brought by the breeze straight from shore.

"See the brush-fires!" said Charles. "I 'd like to be throwing branches on!"

It was pleasanter still the next day, Sunday. The steamer stopped at Rimouski to discharge mails and a few passengers, and then moved steadily all day up the great and beautiful river. There was an American brightness about the day which warmed our friends within and without.

"Is n't it good to get back to America!" said Mrs. Bodley, with a long sigh.

"Indeed it is," said her husband. "I should think Europe would have been stifled until it found our land!"

"Most patriotic Nathan!" said Mr. Van Wyck. "I am afraid it is only Americans who appreciate the beauty and hope of America."

"Hark!" said Mrs. Van Wyck. It was the evening hymn of the emigrants which came softly from the forward part of the steamer. "Poor things!" said she, when there was silence again. "What a change it is to many of them!"

"Poor things, Phippy!" said her brother. "They are to be envied, not to be pitied. Think of the great meaning of this emigration from Europe to America! What history is in process of making! Here are grandparents and grandchildren, groups of families, and no doubt on the passage itself are formed friendships and associations destined to work a change in the fate and fortune of persons. Then consider how many steamers and sailing vessels carry just such companies, moving from one continent to another. It cannot last, I suppose, a great while upon the present scale; but one of these days historians will look back upon it and make more of this feature of history than of kings and presidents. They will head their chapter 'The Great Migration,' and will tell their readers that it was a greater event than the descent of the Northern hordes upon Rome, and second only in importance to the first great migration of the Aryan tribes."

"Hear! hear!" said Mr. Van Wyck. "Why, Nathan, you will write a history yet."

"No, no. I leave all that to Ned. Mine is the humbler task of interesting children in such matters."

About nine o'clock they made a bend in the river, and began to discern the lights twinkling on the rock of Quebec. The rain, which had been falling in the early part of the evening, held up for a time in an accommodating fashion, and our friends all stood on the wet decks, with the moonlight breaking in now and then, and watched eagerly the signs of the end of the voyage. They could just catch the gleaming of the Falls of Montmorenci, but were most charmed by the pretty effects which the rock with its scattered lights gave. The steamer moved slowly toward Point Levi, and as it came to a halt opposite the Grand Trunk wharf its guns and those in the for-

tress of Quebec spoke sharply but playfully to each other, and the steamer sent up a succession of fiery rockets. The steamer was worked up to the dock and made fast. The voyage was ended.

Here let us leave our good friends after our journeys with them through Holland, England, Norway, and Denmark. We knew the older people when they were children — when they were simply Nathan and Phippy and Lucy. For my part, I, the writer of these simple chronicles, have other friends to whom to say farewell. I bid good-by to the many children and their parents who have followed me year after year as I have set down the observations and thoughts which were part recollections of my own childhood, part the creations of a playful fancy, part the new discoveries which come to us when we who were children have children. This is the last of the Bodley Books. I can hardly dismiss them without an honest regret; but other thoughts, other fancies, crowd upon me. It is not well to wear out one's welcome; a hearty welcome I have had, and I will not be so churlish as to think it does not turn into a Godspeed as I enter new fields.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *September* 5, 1884.

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